

3

MISCELLANEOUS
W O R K S
OF
EDWARD GIBBON, Esquire.
VOL. II.

MISCELLANEOUS

W O R K S

EDWARD GIBSON, Esq.

MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS

BY JOHN GIBSON

ILLUSTRATED BY J. GIBSON

BY JOHN GIBSON

EDWARD GIBSON, Esq.



PRINTED FOR W. WOOD, 1, BISHOP'S LANE, CHANCERY

BY J. GIBSON, 1, BISHOP'S LANE, CHANCERY

W. WOOD, 1, BISHOP'S LANE, CHANCERY

W. WOOD, 1, BISHOP'S LANE, CHANCERY

1770

MISCELLANEOUS
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OF
EDWARD GIBBON, Esquire.

WITH
MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS,
COMPOSED BY HIMSELF:

ILLUSTRATED FROM HIS LETTERS,
WITH OCCASIONAL NOTES AND NARRATIVE,
BY JOHN LORD SHEFFIELD.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

D U B L I N:

PRINTED FOR P. WOGAN, L. WHITE, JOHN CHAMBERS,
P. BYRNE, JOHN MILLIKEN, JAMES MOORE, J. RICE,
W. JONES, JOHN HALPEN, PETER MOORE,
H. FITZPATRICK, N. KELLY,
AND G. FOLINGSBY.

1796.

MISCELLANEOUS

W O R K S

LORD GLENORIE

MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS

COMPOSED BY A NARRATOR

ILLUSTRATED FROM HIS LETTERS

WITH OCCASIONAL NOTES AND A PREFACE

BY JOHN GORDON



CONTENTS

OF THE

SECOND VOLUME.

LETTER	Page
39. <i>MR. Gibbon to Mr. Holroyd.</i> —East India Affairs. May 11, 1773.	1
40. <i>The Same to the Same, at Edinburgh.</i> —David Hume, &c. Aug. 7, 1773.	2
41. <i>The Same to the Same, from Port-Eliot, Sept. 10, 1773.</i>	4
42. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> - - - Jan. 1774.	6
43. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —Colman's Play. Jan. 29, 1774.	7
44. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> - - - 1774.	8
45. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> - Feb. 1774.	8
46. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —Boston Port Bill. March 6, 1774.	9
47. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —American Affairs. March 29, 1774.	10
48. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —Account of Mr. Clarke's Death. - - - April 2, 1774.	11
49. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> - - - April 13, 1774.	11
50. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> - - - April 21, 1774.	13
51. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —Account of a Masquerade. May 4, 1774.	14
52. <i>Mr. Gibbon to Mrs. Gibbon.</i> - May 24, 1774.	15
53. <i>The Same to Mr. Holroyd.</i> - May 24, 1774.	16
54. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —General Romanzow. Aug. 24, 1774.	17
55. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —Mentions the Offer of a Seat in Parliament. - - - Sept. 10, 1774.	18
56. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> - Dec. 2, 1774.	19
A	57. <i>The</i>

LETTER	Page
57. <i>Mr. Gibbon to Mr. Holroyd</i> —Mentions his Intention of speaking on American Affairs. <i>Jan. 31, 1775.</i>	19
58. <i>The Same to Mrs. Gibbon.</i> - <i>Jan. 31, 1775.</i>	20
59. <i>The Same to Mr. Holroyd</i> .—American Affairs. <i>Feb. 8, 1775.</i>	21
60. <i>The Same to the Same</i> .—Parliamentary. <i>Feb. 25, 1775.</i>	22
61. <i>Mr. Gibbon to Mrs. Gibbon</i> .—Doubts whether he should speak in Parliament. <i>March 30, 1775.</i>	23
62. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> - <i>May 2, 1775.</i>	24
63. <i>The Same to Mr. Holroyd</i> .—Account of his History. <i>Aug. 1, 1775.</i>	25
64. <i>The Same to Mrs. Gibbon.</i> - <i>Aug. 1775.</i>	26
65. <i>The Same to Mr. Holroyd</i> .—Political. <i>Oct. 14, 1775.</i>	27
66. <i>Mr. G. L. Scott to Mr. Gibbon</i> .—On the first Volume of his History. - <i>Dec. 29, 1775.</i>	28
67. <i>Mr. Gibbon to Mr. Holroyd</i> .—Political. <i>Jan. 18, 1776.</i>	29
68. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> - <i>Jan. 29, 1776.</i>	29
69. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> - <i>Feb. 9, 1776.</i>	30
70. <i>Dr. Robertson to Mr. Strahan</i> .—On Mr. Gibbon's first Volume. - <i>March 15, 1776.</i>	30
71. <i>Mr. Ferguson to Mr. Gibbon</i> .—On the same Subject. <i>March 19, 1776.</i>	31
72. <i>Mr. Hume to Mr. Strahan</i> .—On the same Subject. <i>April 8, 1776.</i>	32
73. <i>Mr. Ferguson to Mr. Gibbon</i> .—Account of Mr. Hume's Health, &c. - <i>April 18, 1776.</i>	33
74. <i>Mr. Gibbon to Mr. Holroyd</i> .—Madame Necker's visit to England. - <i>May 20, 1776.</i>	35
75. <i>The Same to the Same</i> .—American News, and Publication of the first Volume. -	36
76. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> - <i>June 24, 1776.</i>	37
77. <i>Dr. Campbell to Mr. Strahan</i> .—On Mr. Gibbon's first Volume. - <i>June 25, 1776.</i>	38
78. <i>Mr. Gibbon to Mr. Holroyd</i> .—American Affairs. <i>Aug. 1776.</i>	38
79. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> - - <i>1776.</i>	39
	80. <i>Mr.</i>

C O N T E N T S.

vii

LETTER	Page
80. <i>Mr. Wallace to Mr. Strahan.</i> —On Mr. Gibbon's first Volume. - - - - -	Aug. 30, 1776. 40
81. <i>Mr. Gibbon to Mr. Holroyd.</i> —American Affairs; Attacks upon the first Volume. - - - - -	1776. 41
82. <i>Mr. Gibbon to Dr. Watson.</i> —On Mr. Gibbon's first Volume. - - - - -	Nov. 2, 1776. 42
83. <i>Dr. Watson to Mr. Gibbon.</i> —On the same Subject. - - - - -	Nov. 4, 1776. 43
84. <i>Mr. Gibbon to Mr. Holroyd.</i> —American Affairs. - - - - -	Nov. 7, 1776. 43
85. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —Political. - - - - -	Nov. 22, 1776. 44
86. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —American Affairs. - - - - -	Jan. 18, 1777. 44
87. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> - - - - -	46
88. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —American Affairs. - - - - -	1777. 46
89. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —La Fayette. - - - - -	April 12, 1777. 47
90. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> - - - - -	April 19, 1777. 48
91. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> - - - - -	April 21, 1777. 48
92. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> - - - - -	April 23, 1777. 49
93. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —Sets out for Paris. - - - - -	May 6, 1777. 49
94. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —From Calais. - - - - -	May 7, 1777. 50
95. <i>Dr. Robertson to Mr. Gibbon.</i> —With a Copy of his History of America. - - - - -	June 5, 1777. 50
96. <i>Mr. Gibbon to Dr. Robertson.</i> —History of America. - - - - -	1777. 51
97. <i>Dr. Robertson to Mr. Gibbon.</i> —In Answer. - - - - -	1777. 53
98. <i>Mr. Gibbon to Mr. Holroyd.</i> —Account of his Visit to Paris. - - - - -	June 16, 1777. 55
99. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —The same Subject. - - - - -	Aug. 13, 1777. 57
100. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> - - - - -	Nov. 1777. 60
101. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> - - - - -	Nov. 14, 1777. 60
102. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —American Affairs. - - - - -	Dec. 2, 1777. 61
103. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> - - - - -	Dec. 1777. 61
104. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —Capture of Burgoyne's Army, - - - - -	Dec. 4, 1777. 62
	105. Mr.

LETTER	Page
105. <i>Mr. Gibbon to Mr. Holroyd.</i> - Feb. 28, 1778.	62
106. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —American Affairs.	
	Feb. 23, 1778. 63
107. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —Departure of the French Ambassador. - March 21, 1778.	64
108. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> - June 12, 1778.	65
109. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> - July 1, 1778.	66
110. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> - July 7, 1778.	67
111. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —Spanish Preparations.	
	Sept. 25, 1778. 67
112. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —Anticipation. Nov. 1778.	67
113. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —Private Business. 1778.	68
114. <i>Dr. Watson to Mr. Gibbon.</i> - Jan. 14, 1779.	69
115. <i>Mr. Gibbon to Mr. Holroyd.</i> —Sir Hugh Palifer.	
	Feb. 6, 1779. 70
116. <i>Dr. Robertson to Mr. Gibbon.</i> —On his Vindication.	
	March 10, 1779. 71
117. <i>Mr. Gibbon to Mr. Holroyd.</i> - May 7, 1779.	72
118. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> - May 1779.	72
119. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> - 1779.	73
120. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —On being appointed Lord of Trade. - July 2, 1779.	74
121. <i>The Same to Mrs. Gibbon.</i> —Mentions the second and third Vols. of the History. Sept. 17, 1779.	75
122. <i>Mr. Gibbon to Mr. Holroyd.</i> —On his Election for Coventry. - Feb. 7, 1780.	76
123. <i>The Same to Mrs. Gibbon,</i> - March 10, 1780.	77
124. <i>The Same to Mrs. Gibbon.</i> —Lord George Gordon.	
	June 6, 1780. 77
125. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —Upon the Riots in 1780.	
	June 8, 1780. 78
126. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —The same Subject.	
	June 10, 1780. 79
127. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —The same Subject.	
	June 27, 1780. 79
128. <i>The Same to Colonel Holroyd.</i> - July 25, 1780.	80
129. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> - Nov. 28, 1780.	81
130. <i>The Same to Mrs. Gibbon,</i> - Dec. 21, 1780.	81
	131. Mr.

C O N T E N T S.

ix

LETTER	Page
131. <i>Mr. Gibbon to Mr. Holroyd.</i> —With his second and third Volumes. Feb. 24, 1781.	82
132. <i>Dr. Robertson to Mr. Gibbon.</i> —On his second and third Volumes. May 12, 1781.	82
133. <i>Mr. Gibbon to Lady Sheffield.</i> 1781.	84
134. <i>Sir William Jones to Mr. Gibbon.</i> June 13, 1781.	85
135. <i>Lord Hardwicke to the Same.</i> Sept. 20, 1781.	87
136. <i>Dr. Robertson to the Same.</i> —With a Character of Hayley's Essay on History. Nov. 6, 1781.	88
137. <i>Mr. Gibbon to Mrs. Gibbon.</i> —Account of a Visit to Mr. Hayley. Nov. 2, 1781.	89
138. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —Change in the Ministry ; Character of Mr. Hayley's Poetry. July 3, 1782.	90
139. <i>The Same to Lord Sheffield.</i> —New Administration. 1782.	91
140. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —Compares his Situation to that of a Dragon. Sept. 29, 1782.	92
141. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —Political. Oct. 14, 1782.	93
142. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> 1782.	94
143. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> Jan. 17, 1783.	95
144. <i>The Same to Dr. Priestley.</i> —Upon receiving his History of the Corruptions of Christianity. Jan. 23, 1783.	96
145. <i>Dr. Priestley to Mr. Gibbon.</i> —In Answer. Feb. 3, 1783.	97
146. <i>Mr. Gibbon to Dr. Priestley.</i> Feb. 6, 1783.	100
147. <i>Dr. Priestley to Mr. Gibbon,</i> Feb. 10, 1783.	100
148. <i>Mr. Gibbon to Dr. Priestley.</i> Feb. 22, 1783.	101
149. <i>Dr. Priestley to Mr. Gibbon.</i> Feb. 25, 1783.	101
150. <i>Mr. Gibbon to Mr. Deyverdun.</i> —Upon his Intention of quitting London and living at Lausanne. May 20, 1783.	102
151. <i>Mr. Deyverdun to Mr. Gibbon.</i> —In Answer. June 10, 1783.	107
152. <i>Mr. Gibbon to Mr. Deyverdun.</i> —Upon the same Subject. June 24, 1783.	114
153. <i>Mr. Deyverdun to Mr. Gibbon.</i> —In Answer. 121	
154. <i>Mr. Gibbon to Mr. Deyverdun.</i> July 1, 1783.	124
155. <i>Mr.</i>	

LETTER	Page
155. <i>Mr. Gibbon to Lord Sheffield.</i> —Upon his Intention of quitting England. - July 10, 1783.	125
156. <i>The Same to Mr. Deyverdun.</i> - July 31, 1783.	126
157. <i>The Same to Lord Sheffield.</i> - Aug. 18, 1783.	127
158. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> - Aug. 20, 1783.	128
159. <i>Mr. Deyverdun to Mr. Gibbon.</i> - Aug. 20, 1783.	128
160. <i>Mr. Gibbon to Lord Sheffield.</i> - Aug. 22, 1783.	133
161. <i>The Same to Lady Sheffield.</i> - Aug. 30, 1783.	134
162. <i>The Same to Lord Sheffield.</i> - Sept. 8, 1783.	135
163. <i>The Same to Mr. Deyverdun.</i> - Sept. 9, 1783.	136
164. <i>The Same to Lord Sheffield.</i> - Sept. 11, 1783.	137
165. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> - Sept. 12, 1783.	138
166. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> - Sept. 13, 1783.	139
167. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —From Dover and Boulogne. - Sept. 17, 1783.	140
168. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —Account of his Journey to Langres. - Sept. 23, 1783.	141
169. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —His Arrival at Laufanne; Mention of the Abbé Raynal. Sept. 30, 1783.	142
170. <i>The Same to Lady Sheffield.</i> —Manner of passing his Time at Laufanne. - Oct. 28, 1783.	144
171. <i>The Same to Lord Sheffield.</i> —Comparison of Lord Sheffield's Situation as a Politician, with his at Laufanne. - Nov. 14, 1783.	146
172. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —Political; India Bill, &c. Dec. 20, 1783.	149
173. <i>Mr. Gibbon to Mrs. Porten.</i> —Account of his Situation. - Dec. 27, 1783.	152
174. <i>The Same to Lord Sheffield.</i> —On the Dismissal of the Coalition, Administration, &c. Jan. 24, 1784.	155
175. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —Political. Feb. 2, 1784.	158
176. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —Upon losing his Seat for Coventry; Exhortation to relinquish Parliament and Politics. - May 11, 1784.	160
177. <i>The Same to Mrs. Gibbon.</i> —Account of his Situation. - May 28, 1784.	165
178. <i>The Same to Lord Sheffield.</i> - June 19, 1784.	169
179. <i>Mr.</i>	

C O N T E N T S.

xi

LETTER	Page
179. <i>Mr. Gibbon to Mrs. Gibbon</i> —On Business.	
O ^r . 18, 1784.	169
180. <i>The Same to Lady Sheffield</i> .—Extraordinary Persons at Lausanne, M. Necker, Prince Henry, &c.; Account of his Situation.	
O ^r . 22, 1784.	171
181. <i>The Same to Lord Sheffield</i> .—On Business; Necker on Finance.	
March 13, 1785.	178
182. <i>The Same to the Same</i> .—On the Report of Mr. Gibbon's Death; English at Lausanne.	
Sept. 5, 1785.	182
183. <i>The Same to the Same</i> .—Some Account of his Studies.	
Jan. 17, 1786.	188
184. <i>The Same to the Same</i> .—Affecting Letter on Mrs. Porten's Death.	
May 10, 1786.	190
185. <i>The Same to Sir Stanier Porten</i> .—On the same Subject.	
May 12, 1786.	193
186. <i>The Same to Lord Sheffield</i> .—Observations on Lord Sheffield's Publications, &c.	
July 22, 1786.	194
187. <i>The Same to Mr. Cadell</i> .—On his three last Volumes.	
Dec. 16, 1786.	197
188. <i>The Same to Lord Sheffield</i> .—On the same Subject, the Commercial Treaty, and Caroline de Lichfield.	
Jan. 20, 1787.	199
189. <i>The Same to Mr. Cadell</i> .	
Feb. 24, 1787.	203
190. <i>The Same to Lord Sheffield</i> .—On the Conclusion of his History.	
June 2, 1787.	204
191. <i>The Same to the Same</i> .	
July 21, 1787.	205
192. <i>The Same to the Same</i> .—Announcing his Arrival in London.	
Aug. 8, 1787.	207
193. <i>The Same to the Same</i> .	
1787.	207
194. <i>The Same to Lady Sheffield</i> .	
Dec. 18, 1787.	208
195. <i>Dr. Robertson to Mr. Gibbon</i> .	
Feb. 27, 1788.	210
196. <i>Mr. Gibbon to Lord Sheffield</i> .	
June 21, 1788.	211
197. <i>The Same to the Same</i> .—On his Departure.	
June 1788.	212
198. <i>The Same to the Same</i> .—Hastings's Trial; Sheridan's Speech.	
June 1788.	213
199. <i>Dr. Robertson to Mr. Gibbon</i> .—With Thanks for his three last Volumes.	
July 30, 1788.	213
200. <i>Dr.</i>	

LETTER	Page
200. <i>Dr. A. Smith to Mr. Gibbon.</i> —With Thanks for his three last Volumes. - Dec. 10, 1788.	215
201. <i>Mr. Gibbon to Mr. Cadell.</i> —On the several Divisions of his Works. - Feb. 11, 1789.	215
202. <i>The Same to Lady Porten.</i> —On Sir Stanier Porten's Death. - June 27, 1789.	217
203. <i>The Same to Mr. Cadell.</i> —On a seventh Volume of his History. - Nov. 17, 1790.	218
204. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> - April 27, 1791.	220
205. <i>The Same to Mrs. Gibbon.</i> —French Affairs.—Emigrants. - May 18, 1791.	221
206. <i>Dr. Robertson to Mr. Gibbon.</i> —Upon his Disquisition on India. - Aug. 25, 1791.	223
207. <i>Mr. Gibbon to Mrs. Gibbon.</i> —On French Affairs, &c. - Aug. 1, 1792.	225
208. <i>The Same to the Right Honourable Lady * * * *</i> , at Florence, - Nov. 8, 1792.	227
209. <i>The Same to the Same.</i> —On the Murder of the King of France. - April 4, 1793.	231
210. <i>The Same to Lord * * * *</i> . - Feb. 23, 1793.	234
I. <i>Abstract of the Books Mr. Gibbon read—with Reflections,</i> - - - - Page	241
1. Critical Researches concerning the Title of Charles VIII. to the Crown of Naples, -	246
2. Hints of some Subjects for History, -	263
3. Examination of Dr. Hurd's Commentary upon the Epistles of Horace addressed to the Pisos and to Augustus, - - -	267
4. Examination of Longinus's Treatise upon the Sublime, - - - -	315—320
II. <i>Extracts from his Journal,</i> - - -	336
1. An Examination of Juvenal's Satires, -	337
2. ————— of Nardini's Description of Ancient Rome, - - - -	362
3. ————— of Cluverius's <i>Italia Antiqua</i> , -	409

LETTERS,

&c. &c.

N° XXXIX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

DEAR HOLROYD,

Boodler's, May 11, 1773.

I AM full of worldly cares, anxious about the great twenty-fourth, plagued with the Public Advertiser, distressed by the most dismal dispatches from Hugonin. Mrs. Lee claims a million of repairs, which will cost a million of money.

The House of Commons sat late last night. Burgoyne made some spirited motions—"That the territorial acquisitions in India belonged to the state (that was the word); that grants to the servants of the company (such as jaghires) were illegal; and that there could be no true repentance without restitution." Wedderburne defended the nabobs with great eloquence, but little argument. The motions were carried without a division; and the hounds go out again next Friday. They are in high spirits; but the more sagacious ones have no idea they shall kill. Lord North spoke for the inquiry, but faintly and reluctantly. Lady * * * * is said to be in town at her mother's, and a separation is unavoidable; but there is nothing certain.

Adieu.

Sincerely yours.

VOL. II.

B

N° XL.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. HOLROYD *Esquire* at
Edinburgh.

DEAR HOLROYD,

BENTINCK-STREET, Aug. 7, 1773.

I BEG ten thousand pardons for not being dead, as I certainly ought to be. But such is my abject nature, that I had rather live in Bentinck-street, attainted and convicted of the sin of laziness, than enjoy your applause either at old Nick's or even in the Elysian Fields. After all, could you expect that I should honour with my correspondence a wild barbarian of the Bogs of Erin? Had the natives intercepted my letter, the terrors occasioned by such unknown magic characters might have been fatal to you. But now you have escaped the fury of their hospitality, and are arrived among a cee-vi-leezed nation, I may venture to renew my intercourse.

You tell me of a long list of dukes, lords, and chieftains of renown to whom you are introduced; were I with you, I should prefer one *David* to them all. When you are at Edinburgh, I hope you will not fail to visit the sty of that fattest of Epicurus's hogs, and inform yourself whether there remains no hope of its recovering the use of its right paw. There is another animal of *great*, though not perhaps of *equal*, and certainly not of *similar* merit, one Robertson; has he almost created the new world? Many other men you have undoubtedly seen, in the country where you are at present, who must have commanded your esteem: but when you return, if you are not very honest, you will possess great advantages over me in any dispute concerning Caledonian merit.

Boodle's and Atwood's are now no more. The last stragglers, and Godfrey Clarke in the rear of all, are moved

moved away to their several castles; and I now enjoy, in the
 midst of London, a delicious solitude. My library, Ken-
 sington Gardens, and a few parties with new acquaintance
 who are chained to London, (among whom I reckon
 Goldsmith and Sir Joshua Reynolds,) fill up my time,
 and the monster *Ennui* preserves a very respectful distance.
 By the bye, your friends Batt, Sir John Russel, and
 Lascelles, dined with me one day before they set off; for
 I sometimes give the prettiest little dinner in the world.
 But all this composure draws near its conclusion. About
 the sixteenth of this month Mr. Elliot carries me away,
 and after picking up Mrs. Gibbon at Bath, sets me down
 at Port Eliot: there I shall certainly remain six weeks, or,
 in other words, to the end of September. My future
 motions, whether to London, Derbyshire, or a longer
 stay in Cornwall, (pray is not "motion to stay" rather
 in the Hibernian style?) will depend on the life of Port
 Eliot, the time of the meeting of parliament, and perhaps
 the impatience of Mr. * * * * *, Lord of Lenbo-
 rough. One of my pleasures in town I forgot to men-
 tion, the unexpected visit of Deyverdun, who accompa-
 nies his young lord (very young indeed!) on a two months
 tour to England. He took the opportunity of the Earl's
 going down to the Duke of * * * * *, to spend
 a fortnight (nor do I recollect a more pleasant one) in
 Bentinck-street. They are now gone together into York-
 shire, and I think it doubtful whether I shall see him
 again before his return to Leipzig. It is a melancholy
 reflection that while one is plagued with acquaintance at
 the corner of every street, real friends should be separated
 from each other by unsurmountable bars, and obliged to
 catch at a few transient moments of interview. I desire
 that you and my Lady (whom I most respectfully greet)
 would take your share of that very new and acute obser-
 vation, not so large a share indeed as my Swiss friend,
 since nature and fortune give *us* more frequent opportuni-
 ties of being together. You cannot expect news from a

defart, and such is London at present. The papers give you the full harvest of public intelligence; and I imagine that the eloquent nymphs of Twickenham * communicate all the transactions of the polite, the amorous and the marrying world. The great pantomime of Portsmouth was universally admired; and I am angry at my own laziness in neglecting an excellent opportunity of seeing it. Foote has given us the Bankrupt, a serious and sentimental piece, with very severe strictures on the licence of scandal in attacking private characters. Adieu. Forgive and epistolize me. I shall not believe you sincere in the former, unless you make Bentinck-street your inn. I fear I shall be gone; but Mrs. Ford† and the parrot will be proud to receive you and my Lady after your long peregrination, from which I expect great improvements. Has she got the brogue upon the tip of her tongue‡?

N° XLI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

DEAR HOLROYD,

PORT ELIOT, Sept. 10th, 1773.

BY this time you have surely finished your tour, touched at Edinburgh, where you found a letter, which you have not answered, and are now contemplating the beauties of the Weald of Sussex. I shall demand a long and particular account of your peregrinations, but will excuse it till we meet; and for the present expect only a short memorandum of your health and situation, together with that of my much-honoured friend Mrs. Abigail Holroyd. A word too, if you please, concerning father

* Miss Cambridges.

† His housekeeper.

‡ Mr. and Mrs. Holroyd made a tour to Ireland and Scotland this summer.

father and sister; to the latter I enclose a receipt from Mrs. G. who is now with me at Port Eliot.

Blind as you accuse me of being to the beauties of nature, I am wonderfully pleased with this country. Of her three dull notes, *ground, plants, and water*, Cornwall possesses the first and last in very high perfection. Think of a hundred solitary streams peacefully gliding between amazing cliffs on one side, and rich meadows on the other, gradually swelling by the aid of the tide into noble rivers, successively losing themselves in each other, and all at length terminating in the harbour of Plymouth, whose broad expanse is irregularly *dotted* with two-and-forty line of battle ships. In plants indeed we are deficient; and though all the gentlemen now attend to posterity, the country will for a long time be very naked. We have spent several days agreeably enough in little parties; but in general our time rolls away in complete uniformity. Our landlord possesses neither a pack of hounds, nor a stable of running horses, nor a large farm, nor a good library. The last only could interest me; but it is singular that a man of fortune, who chooses to pass nine months of the year in the country, should have none of them.

According to our present design, Mrs. G. and myself return to Bath about the beginning of next month. I shall probably make but a short stay with her, and defer my Derbyshire journey till another year. Sufficient for the summer is the evil thereof, *viz.* one distant country excursion. Natural inclination, the prosecution of my great work, and the conclusion of my Lenborough business, plead strongly in favour of London. However I desire, and one always finds time for what one really desires, to visit Sheffield-Place before the end of October, should it only be for a few days. I know several houses where I am invited to think myself at home, but I know no other where I seem inclined to accept of the invitation.

I forgot

I forgot to tell you, that I have declined the publication of Lord Chesterfield's Letters. The public will see them; and upon the whole, I think with pleasure; but the family were strongly bent against it; and especially on Deyverdun's account, I deemed it more prudent to avoid making them my personal enemies.

N^o XLII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

January 1774.

I HAVE a letter from Hugonin, a *dreadful* one I believe, but it has lain four days unperused in my drawer. Let me turn it over to you.

Foster is playing at what he calls whist; his partner swearing inwardly. He would write to you to-night, but he thinks he had rather write *next* post; he will think so a good while. Every thing public, still as death. Our Committee of the Catch Club has done more business this morning than all those of the House of Commons since their meeting. Roberts does not petition. This from the best authority, and perhaps totally false. Hare married to Sir Abraham Hume's daughter. You see how hard pressed I am for news. Besides, at any time, I had rather talk an hour, than write a page. Therefore adieu. I am glad to hear of your speedy removal. Remember Bentinck-street.

N° XLIII.

The Same to the Same.

January 29th. 1774.

I AM now getting acquainted with authors, managers, &c. good company to know, but not to live with. Yesterday I dined at the British Coffee-house, with Garrick, Colman, Goldsmith, Macpherson, John Hume, &c. I am this moment come from Colman's Man of Business. We dined at the Shakespeare, and went in a body to support it. Between friends, though we got a verdict for our client, his cause was but a bad one. It is a very confused miscellany of several plays and tales; sets out brilliantly enough, but as we advance the plot grows thicker, the wit thinner, till the lucky fall of the curtain preserves us from total chaos.

Bentinck-street has visited Welbeck-street. Sappho is very happy that she is there yet: on Sheffield-place she squints with regret and gratitude. Mamma consulted me about buying coals; we cannot get any round ones. Quintus is gone to head the civil war. Of Mrs. * * * I have nothing to say. I have got my intelligence for insuring, and will immediately get the preservative against fire. Foster has sent me eight-and-twenty pair of Paris silk stockings, with an intimation that my lady wished for half-a-dozen. They are much at her service; but if she will look into David Hume's Essay on National Characters, she will see that I durst not offer them to a Queen of Spain. *Sachez qu'une reine d'Espagne n'a point de jambes.* Adieu.

N° XLIV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. HOLROYD *Esquire*,

1774

WE have conquered; * * * was amazed at the tempest just ready to break over his head. He does not desire to go to law, wishes to live in peace, has no complaints to make, hopes for a little indulgence. *Hugonin is now in the attitude of St. Michael trampling upon Satan; he holds him down, till Andrews has prepared a little chain of adamant to bind the foul fiend.* In return, receive my congratulation on your Irish victory. Batt told me yesterday, as from good authority, that administration designed a second attempt this session; but to-day I have it from much better, that they always discouraged it, and that it was *totally an Hibernian scheme.* You remark that I saw Batt. He passed two hours with me; a pleasant man! He and Sir John Russel dine with me *next week: you will have both their portraits; the originals are engaged.*

N° XLV.

The Same to the Same.

February 1774.

DID you get down safe and early? Is my lady in good spirits and humour? You do not deserve that she should, for hurrying her away. Does Maria coquet with Divedown*? Adieu. Bentinck-street looks very dismal. You may suppose that nothing very important has occurred since you left town: but I will send you some account of America after Monday, though indeed my anxiety about

* Dr. Downes.

about an old manor takes away much of my attention from a new continent. The mildness of Godfrey Clarke is roused into military fury; but he is an old Tory, and you only suppose yourself an old Whig. I alone am a true Englishman, Philosopher and Whig.

N^o XLVI.

The Same to the Same.

BOONLES, Wednesday Evening, March 16th, 1774.

I WAS this morning with * * *. He was positive that the attempt to settle the preliminaries of arbitration by letters, would lead us on to the middle of the summer, and that a meeting was the only practicable measure. I acquiesced, and we blended his epistle and yours into one, which goes by this post. If you can contrive to suit to it your Oxford journey, your presence at the meeting would be received as the descent of a guardian angel.

Very little that is satisfactory has transpired of America. On Monday Lord North moved for leave to bring in a bill to remove the customs and courts of justice from Boston to New Salem; a step so detrimental to the former town, as must soon reduce it to your own terms; and yet of so mild an appearance, that it was agreed to, without a division, and almost without a debate. Something more is, however, intended, and a committee is appointed to enquire into the general state of America. But administration keep their secret as well as that of free masonry, and, as Coxe profanely suggests, for the same reason.

Don't you remember that in our pantheon walks we admired the *modest beauty* of Mrs. * * * *? *Eh bien*, alas! she is * * *. You ask me with whom? With * * * *, of the guards; both the * * * *'s; * * * *, a steward of * * * *'s, her first love, and half the town besides. A meeting of * * * *'s friends assembled about a week

a week ago, to consult of the best method of acquainting him with his frontal honours. Edmund Burke was named as the orator, and communicated the transaction in a most eloquent speech.

N. B. The same lady, who at public dinners, appeared to have the most delicate appetite, was accustomed in her own apartment to feast on pork-steaks and sausages, and to swill porter till she was dead drunk. * * * is abused by the * * * family, has been bullied by * * *, and can prove himself a Cornuto, to the satisfaction of every one but a court of justice. O rare matrimony!

N° XLVII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

March 29th. 1774.

AMERICA. Had I written Saturday night, as I once intended, fire and sword, oaths of allegiance and high treason tried in England, in consequence of the refusal, would have formed my letter. Lord North, however, opened a most lenient prescription last night; and the utmost attempts towards a new settlement seemed to be no more than investing the governors with a greater share of executive power, nomination of civil officers, (judges, however, for life,) and some regulations of juries. The Boston port bill passed the Lords last night; some lively conversation, but no division.

Bentinck-street. Rose Fuller was against the Boston port bill, and against his niece's going to Boodle's masquerade. He was laughed at in the first instance, but succeeded in the second. Sappho and Fanny very indifferent (as mamma says) about going. They seem of a different opinion. Adieu.

N° XLVIII.

The Same to the Same.

DEAR HOLROYD,

April 2d, 1774.

YOU owe me a letter; so this extra goes only to acquaint you with a misfortune that has just happened to poor Clarke, and which he really considers as such, the loss of a very excellent father. The blow was sudden; a thin little man, as abstemious as a hermit, was destroyed by a stroke of apoplexy in his coach as he was going to dinner. He appeared perfectly well, and only two days before had very good-naturedly dined with us at a tavern, a thing he had not done for many years before. I am the only person Clarke wishes to see, except his own family; and I pass a great part of the day with him. A line from you would be kindly received.

Great news, you see, from India. Tanjour four hundred thousand pounds to the company. Suja Dowla six hundred thousand. Adieu.

N° XLIX.

The Same to the Same.

April 13th, 1774.

AT length I am a little more at liberty. Godfrey Clarke went out of town this morning. Instead of going directly into Derbyshire, where he would have been overwhelmed with visits, &c. he has taken his sister, brother, and aunts to a villa near Farnham, in which he has the happiness of having no neighbourhood. If my esteem and friendship for Godfrey had been capable of any addition, it would have been very much increased by the manner in which he felt and lamented his father's death.

death. He is now in very different circumstances than before; instead of an easy and ample allowance, he has taken possession of a great estate, with low rents and high incumbrances. I hope the one may make amends for the other: under your conduct I am sure they would, and I have freely offered him your assistance, in case he should wish to apply for it.

In the mean time I must not forget my own affairs, which seem to be covered with inextricable perplexity. * * *, as I mentioned about a century ago, promised to see * * * and his attorney, and to oil the wheels of the arbitration. As yet I have not heard from him. I have some thoughts of writing *myself* to the jockey, stating the various steps of the affair, and offering him, with polite firmness, the *immediate* choice of Chancery or arbitration.

For the time, however, I forgot all these difficulties, in the present enjoyment of Deyverdun's company; and I glory in thinking, that although my house is small, it is just of a sufficient size to hold my real friends, male and female; among the latter my Lady holds the very first place.

We are all quiet.—American business is suspended and almost forgot. The other day we had a brisk report of a Spanish war. It was said they had taken one of our Leeward Islands. It since turns out, that we are the invaders, but the invasion is trifling.

Bien obligé non (at present) for your invitation. I wish my Lady and you would come up to our masquerade the third of May. The finest thing ever seen. We sup in a transparent temple that costs four hundred and fifty pounds.

N^o L.

EDWARD GIBBON Esquire to J. HOLROYD Esquire.

DEAR HOLROYD,

April 21st, 1774.

I BEGIN to flag, and though you already reproach me as a bad correspondent, I much fear that I shall every week become a more hardened sinner. Besides the occasional obstructions of Clarke and Deyverdun, I must intreat you to consider, with your usual candour, 1. The aversion to epistolary conversation, which it has pleased the dæmon to implant in my nature. 2. That I am a very fine gentleman, a subscriber to the masquerade, where you and my Lady ought to come, and am now writing at Boodle's, in a fine velvet coat, with ruffles of my lady's choosing, &c. 3. That the aforefaid fine gentleman is likewise an historian; and in truth, when I am writing a page, I do not only think it a sufficient reason for delay, but even consider myself as writing for you, and that, much more to the purpose than if I were sending you the little tattle of the town, of which indeed there is none stirring. With regard to America, the Minister seems moderate, and the House obedient.

* * *'s last letter, by some unaccountable accident, had never reached me; so that your's, in every instance, amazed me. I immediately dispatched to him groans and approbation. * * *, however, gives me very little uneasiness. I see that he is a bully, and that I have a stick. But the cursed business of Lenborough, in the midst of study, dissipation and friendship, at times almost distracts me. I am surely in a worse situation than before I sold the estate, and what distresses me is, that

His ego nec metas rerum, nec tempora pono.—

Both

Both Deyverdun and Clarke wish to be remembered to you. The former, who has more taste for the country than * * * *, could wish to visit you, but he sets out in a few days for the continent with Lord Middleton. Adieu.

N^o LI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

DEAR HOLROYD,

May 4th, 1774.

LAST night was the triumph of Boodle's. Our masquerade cost two thousand guineas; a sum that might have fertilised a province, (I speak in your own style,) vanished in a few hours, but not without leaving behind it the fame of the most splendid and elegant *fête* that was perhaps ever given in a seat of the arts and opulence. It would be as difficult to describe the magnificence of the scene, as it would be easy to record the humour of the night. The one was above, the other below, all relation. I left the Pantheon about five this morning, rose at ten, took a good walk, and returned home to a more rational entertainment of Batt, Sir John Russell, and Lascelles, who dined with me. They have left me this moment; and were I to enumerate the things said of Sheffield, it would form a much longer letter than I have any inclination to write. Let it suffice, that Sir John means to pass in Suffex the interval of the two terms. Every thing, in a word, goes on very pleasantly, except the terrestrial business of Lenborough. Last Saturday se'nnight I wrote to * * * *, to press him to see * * *, and urge the arbitration. He has not condescended to answer me. All is a dead calm, sometimes more fatal than a storm. For God's sake send me advice.

Adieu.

N° LII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mrs. GIBBON, Bath.*

DEAR MADAM,

BODLEY'S, May 24th, 1774.

DO you remember that there exists in the world one Edward Gibbon, a housekeeper in Bentinck-street? If the standard of writing and of affection were the same, I am sure he would ill deserve it. I do not wish to discover, how many days (I am sure I ought to use another word) have elapsed since the date of my last, or even of your last letter, and yet such is the sluggish nature of the beast, that I am afraid nothing but the arrival of Mrs. Bonfoy, and the expectation of Mr. Eliot, could have roused me from my lethargy. The Lady gave me great satisfaction, by her general account of your health and spirits, but communicated some uneasiness, by the mention of a little encounter, in the style of one of Don Quixote's, but which proved, I hope, as trifling as you at first imagined it. For my own part, I am well in mind and body, busy with my books, (which may perhaps produce something next year, either to tire or amuse the world,) and every day more satisfied with my present mode of life, which I always believed was calculated to make me happy. My only remaining uneasiness is Lenborough, which is not terminated. By Holroyd's advice, I rather try what may be obtained by a little more patience, than rush at once into the horrors of Chancery. But let us talk of something else. Mrs. Porten grows younger every day. You remember, I think, in Newman-street, an agreeable woman, Miss W * * * *. The under-secretary is seriously in love with her, and seriously uneasy that his precarious situation precludes him from happiness. We shall soon see which will get the better, love or reason. I bet three to two on love.

Guess

Guess my surprise, when Mrs. Gibbon of Northamptonshire suddenly communicated her arrival. I immediately went to Surrey-street, where she lodged, but though it was no more than half an hour after nine, the Saint had finished her evening devotions, and was already retired to rest. Yesterday morning (by appointment) I breakfasted with her at eight o'clock, dined with her today at two in Newman-street, and am just returned from setting her down. She is, in truth, a very great curiosity: her dress and figure exceed any thing we had at the masquerade: her language and ideas belong to the last century. However, in point of religion she was rational, that is to say, silent. I do not believe that she asked a single question, or said the least thing concerning it. To me she behaved with great cordiality, and *in her way*, expressed a great regard.

Mrs. Porten tells me, that she has just written to you. She ought to go to a masquerade once a year. Did you think her such a girl?

I am, dear Madam, most truly yours.

N° LIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to J. HOLROYD Esquire.*

BOODLE'S, May 24th, 1774.

I WROTE three folio pages to you this morning, and yet you complain. Have reason, and have mercy; consider all the excellent reasons for silence which I gave you in one of my last, and expect my arrival in Sussex, when I shall talk more in a quarter of an hour than I could write in a day. *A propos* of that arrival; never pretend to allure me, by painting in odious colours the dust of London. I love the dust, and whenever I move into the Weald, it is to visit you and my Lady, and not your trees.

trees. About this-day-month I mean to give you a *visitation*. I leave it to Guise, Clarke, and the other light horse, to prance down for a day or two. They all talk of mounting, but will not fix the day. Sir John Russell, whom I salute, has brought you, I suppose, all the news of Versailles. Let me only add, that the Mesdames, by attending their father, have both got the small-pox. I can make nothing of * * *, or his lawyer. You will swear at the shortness of this letter.—Swear.

N^o LIV.

The Same to the Same.

Saturday evening, August 27th, 1774.

BY your submission to the voice of reason, you eased me of a very heavy load of anxiety. I did not like your enterprize. * * * * *. As to papers, I will shew you that I can keep them safe till we meet. What think you of the Turks and Russians? Romanzow is a great man. He wrote an account of his amazing success to Moufkin Poufkin here, and declared his intention of retiring as soon as he had conducted the army home; desiring that Poufkin would send him the best plan he could procure of an English gentleman's farm. In his answer, Poufkin promised to get it; but added, that at the same time he should send the Empress a *plan of Blenheim*. A handsome compliment, I think. My Lady and Maria, as usual.

Vol. II.

C

N° LV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to J. HOLROYD Esquire.*

BENTINCK-STREET, Sept. 10th, 1774.

SINCE Heberden is returned, I think the road lies plain before you, I mean the turnpike road; the only party which in good sense can be embraced is, without delay, to bring my Lady to Bentinck-street, where you may inhabit two or three nights, and have any advice (Turton, Heberden, &c.) which the town may afford, in a case that most assuredly ought not to be trifled with. Do this as you value our good opinion. The Cantabs are strongly in the same sentiments. There can be no apprehension of late hours, &c. as none of Mrs. H.'s raking acquaintance are in town. * * * * * You give me no account of the works. When do you inhabit the library? *Turn over—great things await you.*

It is surely infinite condescension for a senator to bestow his attention on the affairs of a jurymen. A senator? Yes, Sir, at last

—*Quod Divum promittere nemo
Auderet, volvenda dies, en attulit ultro.*—

Yesterday morning, about half an hour after seven, as I was destroying an army of Barbarians, I heard a double rap at the door, and my friend * * * * was soon introduced. After some idle conversation he told me, that if I was desirous of being in parliament, he had an independent seat very much at my service. * * * * This is a fine prospect opening upon me, and if next spring I should take my seat, and publish my book, it will be a very memorable æra in my life. I am ignorant whether my borough will be * * *. You despise boroughs, and fly at nobler game. Adieu.

N^o LVI.*The Same to the Same.*

December 2d, 1774.

I SEND you inclosed a dismal letter from Hugonin. Return it without delay, with observations. A manifesto has been sent to * * *, which must, I think, produce immediate peace or war. Adieu. We shall have a warm day on the address next Monday. A number of young members! Whitfield, a dry man, assured me, that he heard one of them ask, whether the king always sat in that chair, pointing to the Speaker's. Adieu.

N^o LVII.*The Same to the Same.*

Boodine's, Jan. 31st, 1775.

SOMETIMES people do not write because they are too idle, and sometimes because they are too busy. The former was usually my case, but at present it is the latter. The fate of Europe and America seems fully sufficient to take up the time of one man; and especially of a man who gives up a great deal of time for the purpose of public and private information. I think I have sucked Mauduit and Hutcheson very dry; and if my confidence was equal to my eloquence, and my eloquence to my knowledge, perhaps I might make no very intolerable speaker. At all events, I fancy I shall try to expose myself.

Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamne reponam?

For my own part, I am more and more convinced that we have both the right and the power on our side, and that, though the event may be accompanied with some melancholy circumstances, we are now arrived at the decisive moment of preserving, or of losing for ever, both

our trade and empire. We expect next Thursday or Friday to be a very great day. Hitherto we have been chiefly employed in reading papers, and rejecting petitions. Petitions were brought from London, Bristol, Norwich, &c. framed by party, and designed to delay. By the aid of some parliamentary quirks, they have been all referred to a separate inactive committee, which Burke calls a committee of oblivion, and are now considered as dead in law. I could write you fifty little House of Commons stories, but from their number and nature they suit better a conference than a letter. Our general divisions are about two hundred and fifty to eighty or ninety. Adieu.

N° LVIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mrs. GIBBON, Bath.*

DEAR MADAM,

LONDON, Jan. 31st, 1775.

AN idle man has no time, and a busy man very little. As yet the House of Commons turns out very well to me, and though it should never prove of any real benefit to me, I find it at least a very agreeable coffee-house. We are plunging every day deeper and deeper into the great business of America; and I have hitherto been a zealous, though silent friend, to the cause of government, which, *in this instance*, I think the cause of England. I passed about ten days, as I designed, at Uppark. I found Lord * * * and fourscore fox-hounds.

The troubles of Beriton are perfectly composed, and the insurgents reduced to a state, though not a temper of submission. You may suppose I heard a great deal of Petersfield. L * * * means to convict your friend of bribery, to transport him for using a second time old stamps, and to prove that Petersfield is still a part of the manor of Beriton. I remain an impartial spectator. I am, dear Madam, most truly yours.

N^o LIX.

EDWARD GIBBON Esquire to J. B. HOLROYD Esquire.

February 8th, 1775.

I AM not d——d, according to your charitable wishes, because I have not acted; there was such an inundation of speakers, young speakers in every sense of the word, both on Thursday in the grand committee, and Monday on the report to the House, that neither Lord George Germaine nor myself could find room for a single word. The principal men both days were Fox and Wedderburne, on the opposite sides; the latter displayed his usual talents; the former, taking the vast compass of the question before us, discovered powers for regular debate, which neither his friends hoped, nor his enemies dreaded. We voted an address, (three hundred and four to one hundred and five,) of lives and fortunes, declaring Massachusetts Bay in a state of rebellion. More troops, but I fear not enough, go to America, to make an army of ten thousand men, at Boston; three generals, Howe, Burgoyne, and Clinton. In a few days we stop the ports of New England. I cannot write volumes; but I am more and more convinced, that with firmness all may go well; yet I sometimes doubt. I am now writing with ladies, (Sir S. Porten and his bride,) and two card-tables, in the library. As to my silence, judge of my situation by last Monday. I am on the Grenvillian committee of Downton. We always sit from ten to three and a half; after which, that day, I went into the House, and sat till three in the morning. Adieu.

N^o LX.EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. B. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

February 25th, 1775.

WE go on with regard to America, if we can be said to go on; for on last Monday a conciliatory motion of allowing the Colonies to tax themselves, was introduced by Lord North, in the midst of lives and fortunes, war and famine. We went into the House in confusion, every moment expecting that the Bedfords would fly into rebellion against those measures. Lord North rose six times to appease the storm, but all in vain; till at length Sir Gilbert declared for administration, and the troops all rallied under their proper standard. On Wednesday we had the Middlesex election. I was a patriot; sat by the Lord Mayor, who spoke well, and with temper, but before the end of the debate fell fast asleep. I am still a mute; it is more tremendous than I imagined; the great speakers fill me with despair, the bad ones with terror.

When do you move? My Lady answered like a woman of sense, spirit, and good nature. Neither she nor I could bear it. She was right, and the Duchess of Braganza would have made the same answer.

Adieu.

N^o LXI.EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mrs. GIBBON.*

DEAR MADAM,

March 30th, 1775.

I HARDLY know how to take up the pen. I talked in my last of two or three posts, and I am almost ashamed to calculate how many have elapsed. I will endeavour for the future to be less scandalous. Only believe that my heart is innocent of the laziness of my hand. I do not mean to have recourse to the stale and absurd excuse of business, though I have really had a very considerable hurry of new parliamentary business: one day, for instance, of seventeen hours, from ten in the morning till between three and four the next morning. It is, upon the whole, an agreeable improvement in my life, and forms just the mixture of business, of study, and of society, which I always imagined I should, and now find I do like. Whether the House of Commons may ever prove of benefit to myself or country, is another question. As yet I have been mute. In the course of our American affairs, I have sometimes had a wish to speak, but though I felt tolerably prepared as to the matter, I dreaded exposing myself in the manner, and remained in my seat safe, but inglorious. Upon the whole, (though I still believe I shall try,) I doubt whether Nature, not that in some instances I am ungrateful, has given me the talents of an orator, and I feel that I came into parliament much too late to exert them. Do you hear of Port Eliot coming to Bath? and, above all, do you hear of Charles-street * coming to Bentinck-street, in its way to Essex, &c.

Adieu. Dear Madam,

I am most truly yours.

* Mrs. Gibbon's residence at Bath,

N° LXII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mrs. GIBBON.*

DEAR MADAM,

HOUSE OF COMMONS, May 2d, 1775.

I ACCEPT of the Pomeranian Lady with gratitude and pleasure, and shall be impatient to form an acquaintance with her. My presentations at St. James's passed graciously. My dinner at Twickenham was attended with less ceremony and more amusement. If they turned out Lord North to-morrow, they would still leave him one of the best companions in the kingdom. By this time I suppose the Eliots are with you. I am sure you will say every thing kind and proper on the occasion. I am glad to hear of the approbation of my constituents for my vote on the Middlesex election. On the subject of America, I have been something more of a courtier. You know, I suppose, that Holroyd is just stepped over to Ireland for a fortnight. He passed three days with me on his way. Deyverdun had left me just before your letter arrived, which I shall soon have an opportunity of conveying to him. Though, I flatter myself, he broke from me with some degree of uneasiness, the engagement could not be declined. At the end of four years he has an annuity of one hundred pounds for life, and may for the remainder of his days enjoy a decent independence in that country, which a philosopher would perhaps prefer to the rest of Europe. For my own part, after the hurry of the town and of parliament, I am now retired to my villa in Bentinck-street, which I begin to find a very pleasing solitude, at least as well as if it were two hundred miles from London; because when I am tired of the Roman Empire, I can laugh away the evening at Foote's theatre, which I could not do in Hampshire or Cornwall. I am, dear Madam, most truly yours.

N^o LXIII.

EDWARD GIBBON Esquire to J. B. HOLROYD Esquire.

BENTINCK-STREET, August 1st, 1775.

YOUR apprehensions of a precipitate work, &c. are perfectly groundless. I should be much more addicted to a contrary extreme. The *head* is now printing: true, but it was written last year and the year before. The first chapter has been composed *de nouveau* three times; the second *twice*, and all the others have undergone reviews, corrections, &c. As to the tail, it is perfectly formed and digested, (and were I so much given to self-content and haste,) it is almost all written. The ecclesiastical part, for instance, is written out in fourteen sheets, which I mean to *refondre* from beginning to end. As to the friendly critic, it is very difficult to find one who has leisure, candour, freedom, and knowledge sufficient. However, Batt and Deyverdun have read and observed. After all, the public is the best critic. I print no more than five hundred copies of the first edition; and the second (as it happens frequently to my betters) may receive many improvements. So much for Rome. We have nothing new from America. But I can venture to assure you, that administration is now as unanimous and decided as the occasion requires. Something will be done this year; but in the Spring the force of the country will be exerted to the utmost. Scotch Highlanders, Irish Papists, Hanoverians, Canadians, Indians, &c. will all in various shapes be employed. Parliament meets the first week in November. I think his Catholic Majesty may be satisfied with his Summer's amusement. The Spaniards fought with great bravery, and made a fine retreat; but our Algerine friends surpassed them as much in conduct as in number. Adieu.

The

The Duchess has stopped Foote's piece. She sent for him to Kingston-house, and threatened, bribed, argued, and wept for about two hours. He assured her, that if the Chamberlain was obstinate, he should publish it, with a dedication to her Grace.

N° LXIV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mrs. GIBBON, Bath.*

DEAR MADAM,

LONDON, August 1775.

WILL you accept my present literary business as an excuse for my not writing? I think you will be in the wrong if you do, since I was just as idle before. At all events, however, it is better to say three words, than to be totally a dumb dog. *A propos* of dog, but not of dumb: your Pomeranian is the comfort of my life; pretty, impertinent, fantastical, all that a young lady of fashion ought to be. I flatter myself that our passion is reciprocal. I am just at present engaged in a great historical work; no less than a History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire; with the first volume of which I may very possibly oppress the public next winter. It would require some pages to give a more particular idea of it; but I shall only say in general, that the subject is curious, and never yet treated as it deserves; and that during some years it has been in my thoughts, and even under my pen. Should the attempt fail, it must be by the fault of the execution.

Adieu. Dear Madam, believe me most truly yours.

N° LXV.

EDWARD GIBBON Esquire to J. HOLROYD Esquire.

BENTINCK-STREET, October 14th, 1775.

I SEND you two pieces of intelligence from the best authority, and which, unless you hear them from some other quarter, I do not wish you should talk much about. 1st, When the Russians arrive, (if they refresh themselves in England or Ireland,) will you go and see their camp? We have great hopes of getting a body of these Barbarians. In consequence of some very plain advances, King George, with his own hand, wrote a very polite epistle to sister Kitty, requesting her friendly assistance. Full powers and instructions were sent at the same time to Gunning, to agree for any force between five, and twenty thousand men, *carte blanche* for the terms; on condition, however, that they should serve, not as auxiliaries, but as mercenaries, and that the Russian general should be absolutely under the command of the British. They daily and hourly expect a messenger, and hope to hear that the business is concluded. The worst of it is, that the Baltic will be soon frozen up, and that it must be late next year before they can get to America. 2. In the mean time we are not quite easy about Canada; and even if it should be safe from an attack, we cannot flatter ourselves with the expectation of bringing down that martial people on the Back Settlements. The priests are ours; the gentlemen very prudently wait the event, and are disposed to join the stronger party; but the same lawless spirit and impatience of government which have infected our Colonies, are gone forth among the Canadian peasants, over whom, since the conquest, the noblesse have lost much of their ancient influence. Another thing which will please and surprise, is the assurance which I received

received from a man who might tell me a lie, but who could not be mistaken, that no arts, no management whatsoever, have been used to procure the addresses which fill the Gazette, and that Lord North was as much surprised at the first that came up, as we could be at Sheffield. We shall have, I suppose, some brisk skirmishing in parliament, but the business will soon be decided by our superior weight of fire. *Apropos*, I believe there has been some vague but serious conversation about *calling out the militia*. The new levies go on very slowly in Ireland. The Dissenters, both there and here, are violent and active. Adieu. I embrace my Lady and Maria.

N^o LXVI.

GEORGE LEWIS SCOTT *Esquire* to EDWARD GIBBON
Esquire.

DEAR SIR,

December 29th, 1775.

I AM obliged to you for the liberty of perusing part of your work. What I have read, has given me a great deal of pleasure. I have found but few slips of the press, or the pen.

The style of the work is clear, and every way agreeable; and I dare say you will be thought to have written with all due moderation and decency with respect to received (at least once received) opinions. The notes and quotations will add not a little to the value of the work. The authority of French writers, so familiar to you, has not infected you, however, with the fault of superficial and careless quotations. I find, since I saw you, that I must be in the chair at the Excise Office to-morrow; which service will confine me too much for a week, to permit me to wait upon you so soon as I could wish.

I am very truly, dear Sir,

Your most obedient and most humble Servant.

N° LXVII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to J. HOLROYD Esquire.*

LONDON, January 18th, 1776.

HOW do you do? Are you alive? Are you buried under mountains of snow? I write merely to triumph in the superiority of my own situation, and to rejoice in my own prudence, in not going down to Sheffield-place, as I seriously, but foolishly, intended to do last week. We proceed triumphantly with the Roman Empire, and shall certainly make our appearance before the end of next month. I have nothing public. You know we have got eighteen thousand Germans from Hesse, Brunswick, and Hesse Darmstadt. I think our meeting will be lively; a spirited minority, and a desponding majority. The higher people are placed, the more gloomy are their countenances, the more melancholy their language. You may call this cowardice, but I fear it arises from their knowledge (a late knowledge) of the difficulty and magnitude of the business. Quebec is not yet taken. I hear that Carleton is determined never to capitulate with rebels. A glorious resolution, if it were supported with fifty thousand men! Adieu. I embrace my Lady and Maria. Make my excuses to the latter, for having neglected her birthday.

N° LXVIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to J. HOLROYD Esquire.*

January 29th, 1776.

HARES, &c. arrived safe; were received with thanks, and devoured with appetite. Send more (*id est*) of hares. I believe, in my last I forgot saying any thing of the son of Fergus; his letters reached him. What think you of the season? Siberia, is it not? A pleasant campaign in America. I read and pondered your last, and think that, in the place of Lord G. G. you might perhaps succeed;

succeed ; but I much fear that our Leaders have not a genius which can act at the distance of three thousand miles. You know, that a large draught of guards are just going to America ; poor dear creatures ! We are met ; but, no business. Next week may be busy ; Scotch militia, &c. Roman Empire (first part) will be finished in a week, or fortnight. At last, I have heard Texier ; wonderful ! Embrace my Lady. The weather too cold to turn over the page. Adieu.

Since this, I received your last, and honour your care of the old women ; a respectable name, which, in spite of my Lady, may suit Judges, Bishops, Generals, &c. I am rejoiced to hear of Maria's inoculation. I know not when you have done so wise a thing. You may depend upon getting an excellent house. Adieu.

N^o LXIX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

BENTINCK-STREET, February 9th, 1776.

YOU are mistakent about your dates. It is to-morrow *seven-night*, the seventeenth, that my book will decline into the world.

I am glad to find, that by degrees you begin to understand the advantage of a civilized city. Adieu. No public business ; parliament has sat every day, but we have not had a single debate. I think you will have *the book* on Monday. The parent is not forgot, though I had not a single one to spare.

N^o LXX.

Extract of a Letter from Dr. ROBERTSON to Mr. STRAHAN, dated Edinburgh College, March 15, 1776.

* * * * * **S**INCE my last I have read Mr. Gibbon's History with much attention, and great pleasure. It is a work of very high merit indeed. He possesses

possesses that industry of research, without which no man deserves the name of an Historian. His narrative is perspicuous and interesting; his style is elegant and forcible, though in some passages too much laboured, and in others too quaint. But these defects are amply compensated by the beauty of the general flow of language, and a very peculiar happiness in many of his expressions. I have traced him in many of his quotations, (for experience has taught me to suspect the accuracy of my brother pen-men,) and I find he refers to no passage but what he has seen with his own eyes. I hope the book will be as successful as it deserves to be. I have not yet read the two last chapters, but am sorry, from what I have heard of them, that he has taken such a tone in them as will give great offence, and hurt the sale of the book.

N° LXXI.

Mr. FERGUSON to Mr. GIBBON.

DEAR SIR,

EDINBURGH, March 19th, 1776.

I RECEIVED, about eight days ago, after I had been reading your History, the copy which you have been so good as to send me, and for which I now trouble you with my thanks. But even if I had not been thus called upon to offer you my respects, I could not have refrained from congratulating you on the merit, and undoubted success, of this valuable performance. The persons of this place whose judgment you will value most, agree in opinion, that you have made a great addition to the classical literature of England, and given us what Thucydides proposed leaving with his own countrymen, a *possession in perpetuity*. Men of a certain modesty and merit always exceed the expectations of their friends; and it is with very great pleasure I tell you, that although you must have observed in me every mark of consideration and regard, that this is, nevertheless, the case, I receive your instruction, and study your model, with great deference, and join with every

every one else, in applauding the extent of your plan, in hands so well able to execute it. Some of your readers, I find, were impatient to get at the fifteenth chapter, and began at that place. I have not heard much of their criticism, but am told that many doubt your orthodoxy. I wish to be always of the charitable side, while I own you have proved that the clearest stream may become foul when it comes to run over the muddy bottom of human nature. I have not stayed to make any particular remarks. If any should occur on the second reading, I shall not fail to lay in my claim to a more needed, and more useful admonition from you, in case I ever produce any thing that merits your attention. And am, with the greatest respect, dear Sir,

Your most obliged, and most humble Servant,
ADAM FERGUSON.

N° LXXII.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. DAVID HUME to Mr. STRAHAN, dated Edinburgh, April 8th, 1776.

* * * * * I AM very much taken with Mr. Gibbon's Roman History, which came from your press, and am glad to hear of its success. There will no books of reputation now be printed in London but through your hands and Mr. Cadell's. The Author tells me, that he is already preparing a second edition. I resolved to have given him my advice with regard to the manner of printing it; but as I am now writing to you it is the same thing. He ought certainly to print the number of the chapter at the head of the margin; and it would be better if something of the contents could also be added. One is also plagued with his notes, according to the present method of printing the book: when a note is announced, you turn to the end of the volume; and there you often find

find nothing but a reference to an authority. All these authorities ought only to be printed at the margin, or the bottom of the page. I desire a copy of my new edition should be sent to Mr. Gibbon; as wishing that gentleman, whom I highly value, should peruse me in a form the least imperfect to which I can bring my work.

* * * * * Dr. Smith's performance is another excellent work that has come from your press this winter; but I have ventured to tell him, that it requires too much thought to be as popular as Mr. Gibbon's.

N LXXIII.

Mr. FERGUSON to Mr. GIBBON.

DEAR SIR,

EDINBURGH, April 18th, 1776

I SHOULD make some apology for not writing you sooner an answer to your obliging letter: but if you should honour me frequently with such requests, you will find, that, with very good intentions, I am a very dilatory and irregular correspondent. I am sorry to tell you, that our respectable friend † is still declining in his health; he is greatly emaciated, and loses strength. He talks familiarly of his near prospect of dying. His mother, it seems, died under the same symptoms; and it appears so little necessary, or proper, to flatter him, that no one attempts it. I never observed his understanding more clear, or his humour more pleasant and lively. He has a great aversion to leave the tranquillity of his own house, to go in search of health among inns and hostlers. And his friends here gave way to him for some time; but now think it necessary that he should make an effort to try what change of place and air, or any thing else Sir John Prin-

VOL. II.

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† Mr. Hume.

gle may advise, can do for him. I left him this morning in the mind to comply in this article, and I hope he will be prevailed on to set out in a few days. He is just now sixty-five.

I am very glad that the pleasure you give us recoils a little on yourself, through our feeble testimony. I have, as you suppose, been employed, at any intervals of leisure or rest I have had for some years, in taking notes, or collecting materials, for a History of the distractions that broke down the Roman Republic, and ended in the establishment of Augustus and his immediate successors. The compliment you are pleased to pay, I cannot accept of, even to my subject. Your subject now appears with advantages it was not supposed to have had; and I suspect that the magnificence of the mouldering ruin will appear more striking, than the same building when the view is perplexed with scaffolding, workmen, and disorderly lodgers, and the ear is stunned with the noise of destructions and repairs, and the alarms of fire. The night which you begin to describe is solemn, and there are gleams of light superior to what is to be found in any other time. I comfort myself, that as my trade is the study of human nature, I could not fix on a more interesting corner of it, than the end of the Roman Republic. Whether my compilations should ever deserve the attention of any one besides myself, must remain to be determined after they are farther advanced. I take the liberty to trouble you with the inclosed for Mr. Smith, whose uncertain stay in London makes me at a loss how to direct for him. You have both such reason to be pleased with the world just now, that I hope you are pleased with each other

I am, with the greatest respect,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient, and most humble Servant,
ADAM FERGUSON.

N^o LXXIV.

EDWARD GIBBON Esquire to J. HOLROYD Esquire.

LONDON, May 20th, 1776.

I AM angry that you should impede my noble designs of visiting foreign parts, more especially as I have an advantage which Sir Willful had not, that of understanding your foreign lingo. With regard to Mrs. Gibbon, her intended visit, to which I was not totally a stranger, will do me honour; and, though it should delay my emigration till the end of July, there will still remain the months of August, September, and October. Above all, abstain from giving the least hint to any Bath correspondent, and perhaps, if I am not provoked by opposition, the thing may not be absolutely certain. At all events, you may depend on a previous visit. At present, I am very busy with the Neckers. I live with her, just as I used to do twenty years ago, laugh at her Paris varnish, and oblige her to become a simple reasonable Suisse. The man who might read English husbands' lessons of proper and dutiful behaviour, is a sensible good-natured creature. In about a fortnight I launch again into the world in the shape of a quarto volume. Cadell assures me, that he never remembered so eager and impatient a demand for a second edition. The town is beginning to break up; the day after to-morrow we have our last day in the House of Commons, to inquire into the instructions of the commissioners. I like the man, and the motion appears plain. Adieu. I dined with Lord Palmerstone to-day; great dinner of catches. I embrace my Lady and the Maria.

N. LXXV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

TO tell you any thing of the change, or rather changes, of governors, I must have known something of them myself; but all is darkness, confusion, and uncertainty, to such a degree, that people do not even know what lies to invent. The news from America have indeed diverted the public attention into another, and far greater, channel. All that you see in the papers, of the repulse of Quebec, as well as the capture of Lee, rests on the authority (a very unexceptionable one) of the provincial papers, as they have been transmitted by Governor Tryon from New York. Howe is well, and eats plentifully; and the weather seems to clear up so fast, that, according to the English custom, we have passed from the lowest despondency to a full assurance of success. My new birth happened last Monday; seven hundred of the fifteen hundred were gone yesterday. I now understand, from pretty good authority, that Dr. * * * *, the friend and chaplain of * * * *, is actually sharpening his goose quill against the last two chapters. Adieu.

June the 6th, 1776, from Almack's, where I was chosen last week.

N° LXXVI.

The Same to the Same.

ALMACK'S, June 24th, 1776.

YES, yes, I am alive, and well ; but what shall I say ? Town grows empty, and this house, where I have passed very agreeable hours, is the only place which still unites the flower of the English youth. The stile of living, though *somewhat* expensive, is exceedingly pleasant, and, notwithstanding the rage of play, I have found more entertaining, and even rational society here, than in any other club to which I belong. Mrs. Gibbon still hangs in suspense, and seems to consider a town-expedition with horror. I think, however, that she will be soon in motion ; and when I have her in Bentinck-street, we shall perhaps talk of a Sheffield excursion. I am now deeply engaged in the reign of Constantine, and, from the specimens which I have already seen, I can venture to promise, that the second volume will not be less interesting than the first. The fifteen hundred copies are moving off with decent speed, and the obliging Cadell begins to mutter something of a third edition for next year. No news of Deyverdun, or his French translation. What a lazy dog ! Madame Necker has been gone a great while. I gave her, *en partant*, the most solemn assurances of following her *paws* in less than two months ; but the voice of indolence begins to whisper a thousand difficulties, and unless your absurd policy should thoroughly provoke me, the Parisian journey may possibly be deferred. I rejoice in the progress of * * * * towards light. We are in expectation of American news. Carleton is made a Knight of the Bath. The old report of Washington's resignation, and quarrel with the Congress, seems to revive. Adieu.

N° LXXVII.

Extract of a Letter from Dr. GEORGE CAMPBELL, Professor at Aberdeen, to Mr. STRAHAN, dated Aberdeen, June 25, 1776.

I HAVE lately read over one of your last winter's publications with very great pleasure, and I hope some instruction. My expectations were indeed high when I began it; but, I assure you, the entertainment I received greatly exceeded them. What made me fall to it with the greater avidity was, that it had in part a pretty close connection with a subject I had occasion to treat sometimes in my Theological Lectures; to wit, the Rise and Progress of the Hierarchy: and you will believe that I was not the less pleased to discover, in an historian of so much learning and penetration, so great a co-incidence with my own sentiments, in relation to some obscure points in the Christian antiquities. I suppose I need not now inform you, that the book I mean is Gibbon's History of the Fall of the Roman Empire; which, in respect of the style and manner, as well as the matter, is a most masterly performance.

N° LXXVIII.

EDWARD GIBBON Esquire to J. HOLROYD Esquire.

Saturday, August, 1776.

WE expect you at five o'clock Tuesday, without a sore throat. You have ere this heard of the shocking accident which takes up the attention of the town. Our old acquaintance * * * * *
* * * * *. By his own indolence, rather than

than extravagance, his circumstances were embarrassed, and he had frequently declared himself tired of life. No public news, nor any material expected, till the end of this, or the beginning of next month, when Howe will probably have collected his whole force. A tough business indeed. You see by their declaration, that they have now passed the Rubicon, and rendered the work of a treaty infinitely more difficult. You will perhaps say, so much the better; but I do assure you, that the *thinking* friends of Government are by no means sanguine. I take the opportunity of eating turtle with Garrick at Hampton. Adieu.

N^o. LXXIX.*The Same to the Same.*Saturday, $\frac{3}{4}$ past Eleven, 1776.

FOR the present I am so deeply engaged, that you must renounce the hasty apparition at Sheffield-place; but if you should be very impatient, I will try (after the meeting) to run down, between the Friday and Monday, and bring you the last editions of things. At present *nought* but expectation. The attack on me is begun; an anonymous eighteen-penny pamphlet, which will get the author more glory in the next world than in this. The heavy troops, Watson and another are on their march. Adieu.

N° LXXX.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. WALLACE, to Mr. STRAHAN, dated Edinburgh, August 30, 1776.

ALAS, for David Hume*! His friends have sustained a great loss in his death. He was interred yesterday, at a place he lately purchased in the burying-ground on the Calton.

“ For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 “ This pleasing anxious being e’er resign’d,
 “ Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 “ Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?”

A monument on that airy elevated cemetery, which, on account of a magnificent terrace now carried round the hill, is greatly frequented, will be extremely conspicuous, and must often call his name to remembrance. It has been remarked, that the same day on which Lucretius died, gave birth to Virgil; and amidst their late severe loss, philosophy and literature will probably find themselves not wholly disconsolate, on reflecting that the same year in which they were deprived of Hume, Gibbon arose; his superior in some respects. This Gentleman’s History of the Decline of the Roman Empire appears to me, in point of composition, incomparably the finest production in English, without any exception. I hardly thought the language capable of arriving at his correctness, perspicuity, and strength.

* Mr. Hume died at Edinburgh, August 25, 1776.

N. LXXXI.

EDWARD GIBBON Esquire to J. HOLROYD Esquire.

1776.

I HOPE you bark and growl at my silence ; growl and bark. This is not a time for correspondence. Parliament, visits, dinners, suppers, and an hour or two stolen with difficulty for the Decline, leave but very little leisure. I send you the Gazette, and have scarcely any thing to add, except that about five hundred of them have deserted to us, and that the New York incendiaries were immediately, and very justifiably, destined to the cord. Lord G. G. with whom I had a long conversation last night, was in high spirits, and hopes to re-conquer Germany in America. On the side of Canada, he only fears Carleton's *slowness*, but entertains great expectations that the light troops and Indians, under Sir William Johnson, who are sent from Oswego down the Mohawk River to Albany, will oblige the Provincials to give up the defence of the Lakes, for fear of being cut off. The report of a foreign war subsides. House of Commons dull, and opposition talk of suspending hostilities from despair.

An anonymous pamphlet and Dr. Watson out against me ; (in my opinion,) the former feeble, and very illiberal ; the latter uncommonly genteel. At last I have had a letter from Deyverdun ; wretched excuses ; nothing done ; vexatious enough. To-morrow I write to Suard, a very skilful translator of Paris, who was here in the spring with the Neckers, to get him (if not too late) to undertake it. Adieu.

N° LXXXII.

Mr. GIBBON to the Reverend Dr. WATSON. (now Bishop of Landaff).

BENTINCK-STREET, November 2d, 1776.

MR. Gibbon takes the earliest opportunity of presenting his compliments and thanks to Dr. Watson, and of expressing his sense of the liberal treatment which he has received from so candid an adversary. Mr. Gibbon entirely coincides in opinion with Dr. Watson, that as their different sentiments, on a very important period of history, are now submitted to the Public, they both may employ their time in a manner much more useful, as well as agreeable, than they could possibly do by exhibiting a single combat in the amphitheatra of controversy. Mr. Gibbon is therefore determined to resist the temptation of justifying, in a professed reply, any passages of his History, which might perhaps be easily cleared from censure and misapprehension; but he still reserves to himself the privilege of inserting in a future edition some occasional remarks and explanations of his meaning. If any calls of pleasure or business should bring Dr. Watson to town, Mr. Gibbon would think himself happy in being permitted to solicit the honour of his acquaintance.

N° LXXXIII.

Dr. WATSON to Mr. GIBBON.

CAMBRIDGE, November 4th, 1776.

DR. Watson accepts with pleasure Mr. Gibbon's polite invitation to a personal acquaintance. If he comes to town this winter, will certainly do himself the honour to wait upon him. Begs, at the same time, to assure Mr. Gibbon, that he will be very happy to have an opportunity of shewing him every civility, if curiosity, or other motives, should bring him to Cambridge. Dr. Watson can have some faint idea of Mr. Gibbon's difficulty in resisting the temptation he speaks of, from having been of late in a situation somewhat similar himself. It would be very extraordinary, if Mr. Gibbon did not feel a parent's partiality for an offspring which has justly excited the admiration of all who have seen it; and Dr. Watson would be the last person in the world to wish him to suppress any explanation which might tend to exalt its merits.

N° LXXXIV.

EDWARD GIBBON Esquire to J. HOLROYD Esquire.

ALMACK'S, November 7th, 1776.

LETTERS from Burgoyne. They embarked on the Lakes the thirtieth of September, with eight hundred British sailors, six thousand regulars, and a naval force superior to any possible opposition: but the season was so far advanced, that they expected only to occupy and strengthen Ticonderoga, and afterwards to return and
take

take up their winter quarters in Canada. Yesterday we had a surprize in the House, from a proclamation of the Howes, which made its first appearance in the Morning Post, and which nobody seems to understand. By this time, my Lady may see that I have not much reason to fear my antagonists. Adieu, till next Thursday.

N° LXXXV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to J. HOLROYD Esquire.*

Friday Evening, November 22d.

NEWS from the Lakes. A naval combat, in which the Provincials were repulsed with considerable loss. They burnt and abandoned Crown Point. Carleton is besieging Tiçonderago. Carleton, I say; for he is there, and it is apprehended that Burgoyne is coming home. We dismissed the Nabobs without a division. Burke and the Attorney General spoke very well. Adieu,

N° LXXXVI.

The Same to the Same.

BENTINCK-STREET, January 18th, 1777.

AS I presume, my Lady does not make a practice of tumbling down stairs every day after dinner, by this time the colours must have faded, and the high places (I mean the temples) are reduced to a proper level. But what, in the name of the great prince, is the meaning of her declining the Urban expedition? Is it the spontaneous result of her own proud spirit? or does it proceed from

from the secret machinations of her domestic tyrant? At all events, I expect you will both remember your engagement of next Saturday in Bentinck-street, with Donna Catherina, the Mountaineer†, &c. Things go on very prosperously in America. Howe is himself in the Jerseys, and will push at least as far as the Delawar River. The continental (perhaps *now* the rebel) army is in a great measure dispersed, and Washington, who wishes to cover Philadelphia, has not more than six or seven thousand men with him. Clinton designs to conquer Rhode Island in his way home. But, what *I* think of much greater consequence, a province made its submission, and desired to be reinstated in the peace of the King. It is indeed only poor little Georgia; and the application was made to Governor Tonyn of Florida. Some disgust at a violent step of the Congress, who removed the President of their Provincial Assembly, a leading and popular man, cooperated with the fear of the Indians, who began to amuse themselves with the exercise of scalping on their Back Settlements. Town fills, and we are mighty agreeable. Last year, on the Queen's birth day, Sir G. Warren had his diamond star cut off his coat; this day the same accident happened to him again, with another star worth seven hundred pounds. He had better compound by the year. Adieu.

† The Honourable General Simon Fraser.

N° LXXXVII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

ALBANY, Wednesday Evening.

IN obedience to thy dread commands I write.

But what shall I say? My life, though more lively than yours, is almost as uniform. A very little reading and writing in the morning, bones or guts † from two to four, pleasant dinners from five to eight, and afterwards clubs, with an occasional assembly, or supper. America affords nothing very satisfactory; though we have many flying reports, you may be sure that we are ignorant of the consequences of Trenton, &c. Charles Fox is now at my elbow, declaiming on the impossibility of keeping America, since a victorious army has been unable to maintain any extent of posts in the single province of Jersey. Lord North is out of danger (we trembled for his important existence). I now expect that my Lady and you should fix the time for the promised visitation to Bentinck-street. March and April are open, chuse. Adieu.

N° LXXXVIII.

The Same to the Same.

1777.

YOU deserve, and we exult in your weather and dis-appointments. Why would you bury yourself? I dined in Downing-street Thursday last; and I think Wedderburne was at least as agreeable a companion as your timber-surveyor could be. Lee is certainly taken, but Lord North does not apprehend he is coming home. We
are

† Mr. Gibbon at this time attended Dr. Hunter's Anatomical Lectures.

are not clear whether he behaved with courage or pusillanimity when he surrendered himself; but Colonel Keene told me to-day, that he had seen a letter from Lee since his confinement. "He imputes his being taken, to the alertness of Harcourt, and cowardice of his own guard; hopes he shall meet his fate with fortitude; but laments that freedom is not likely to find a resting-place in any part of the globe." It is said, he was to succeed Washington. We know nothing certain of the Hessians; but there has been a blow. Adieu.

N^o LXXXIX.

The Same to the Same.

Saturday Night, April 12th, 1777.

YOUR dispatch is gone to * * *, and I flatter myself that by your assistance I shall be enabled to lose a thousand pounds upon Lenderough before I return from Paris. The day of my departure is not absolutely fixed; Sunday seven-night, the twenty-seventh instant, is talked of: But if any India business should come on after the Civil List, it will occasion some delay, otherwise things are in great forwardness. Mrs. Gibbon is an enemy to the whole plan; and I must answer, in a long letter, two very ingenious objections which she has started. 1st, That I shall be confined, or put to death by the priests, and, 2dly, That I shall sully my moral character, by making love to Necker's wife. Before I go, I will consult Newton, about a power of attorney for you. By the bye, I wish you would remember a sort of promise, and give me one day before I go. We talk chiefly of the Marquis de la Fayette, who was here a few weeks ago. He is about twenty, with an hundred and thirty thousand livres a year; the nephew of Noailles, who is ambassador here. He has bought the Duke of Kingston's yacht, and is gone to join the Americans. The Court appear to be angry with him. Adieu.

N° XC.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. HOLROYD *Esquire*,

ATWOOD'S, Saturday Night, April 19th, 1777.

IT is not possible as yet to fix the day of my departure. That circumstance depends on the state of India, and will not be determined till the General Court of next Wednesday. I know from the *first* authority, if the violence of the Proprietors about the Pigot, can be checked in the India-house by the influence of a Government majority, the Minister does not wish to exert the omnipotence of Parliament; and I shall be dismissed from hence time enough to set forwards on Thursday the first of May. On the contrary, should we be involved in those perplexing affairs, they may easily detain me till the middle of next month. But as all this is very uncertain, I direct you and my Lady to appear in town to-morrow seven-night. I have many things to say. We have been animated this week, and, notwithstanding the strict œconomy recommended by Charles Fox and John Wilkes, we have paid the Royal debts. Adieu.

N° XCI.

The Same to the Same.

Monday Night, April 21st, 1777.

BAD news from Hampshire.——Support Hugonin, comfort me; correct or expel * * * *; sell Lenborough, and remove my temporal cares. When do you arrive?

N° XCII.

The Same to the Same.

Wednesday Night, April 23d, 1777.

IT is uncertain whether India comes to Westminster this year, and it is certain that Gibbon goes to Paris next Saturday seven-night. Therefore Holroyd must appear in town the beginning of next week. Gibbon wants the cordial of his presence before the journey. My Lady *must* come.

N° XCIII.

The Same to the Same.

Dover, Tuesday Evening, May 6th, 1777.

MY expedition does not begin very auspiciously. The wind, which for some days had been fair, paid me the compliment of changing on my arrival; and, though I immediately secured a vessel, it has been impossible to make the least use of it during the whole course of this tedious day. It seems doubtful, whether I shall get out to-morrow morning; and the Captain assures me, that the passage will have the double advantage of being both cold and rough. Last night a small privateer, fitted out at Dunkirk, with a commission from Dr. Franklin, attacked, took, and carried into Dunkirk Road, the Harwich Packet. The King's messenger had just time to throw his dispatches over-board. He passed through this town about four o'clock this afternoon, in his return to London. As the alarm is now given, our American friend will probably remain quiet, or will be soon caught; so that I have not

VOL. II. E *much*

50 LETTERS TO AND FROM

much apprehension for my personal safety ; but if so daring an outrage is not followed by punishment and restitution, it may become a very serious business, and may possibly shorten my stay at Paris.

Adieu. I shall write by the first opportunity, either from Calais or Philadelphia.

N° XCIV.

Mr. GIBBON to Mr. HOLROYD.

CALAIS, Wednesday, May 7th, 1777.

P*OST nubila Phæbus.* A pleasant passage, an excellent house, a good dinner with Lord * * * *, whom I found here. Easy Custom-house officers, fine weather, &c. I am detained to-night by the temptation of a French comedy, in a theatre at the end of Dessein's garden ; but shall be in motion to-morrow early, and hope to dine at Paris Saturday. Adieu. I think I am a punctual correspondent ; but this beginning is too good to last.

N° XCV.

Dr. WILLIAM ROBERTSON to Mr. GIBBON.

S I R,

COLLEGE of EDINBURGH, June 5th, 1777.

I HAVE desired Mr. Strahan to take the liberty of sending you, in my name, a copy of the History of America, which I hope you will do me the honour of accepting, as a testimony, not only of my respect, but of my gratitude, for the instruction which I have received from

from your writings, as well as the credit you have done me, by the most obliging manner in which you have mentioned my name. I wish the present work may not diminish sentiments so flattering to me. I have taken much pains to obtain the approbation of those whose good opinion one ought to be solicitous to secure, and I trust that my industry at least will be applauded.

An unlucky indisposition prevented me from executing a scheme which I had formed, of passing two months of last spring in London. The honour of being made known to you, was one of the pleasures with which I had flattered myself. But I hope to be more fortunate next year; and beg that you will believe that I am, with great respect, Sir, your most obedient, and most humble servant.

N° XCVI.

Mr. GIBBON to Dr. ROBERTSON.

SIR,

PARIS, 1777.

WHEN I ventured to assume the character of Historian, the first, most natural, but at the same time the most ambitious, wish which I entertained, was to obtain the approbation of Dr. Robertson and of Mr. Hume; two names which friendship united, and which posterity will never separate. I shall not therefore attempt to dissemble, though I cannot easily express, the pleasure which I received from your most valuable present. The satisfaction which I should otherwise have enjoyed, in common with the public, will now be heightened by a sentiment of a more personal and flattering nature; and I shall frequently whisper to myself, that I have in some measure deserved the esteem of the writer whom I admire.

A short excursion which I have made to this place, during the summer months, has occasioned some delay in my receiving your letter, and will prevent my possessing, till my return, the copy of your History, which you so politely desired Mr. Strahan to send me. But I have already gratified the eagerness of my impatience; and although I was obliged to return the book much sooner than I could have wished, I have seen enough to convince me, that the present publication will support, and, if possible, will extend the fame of the Author; that the materials are collected with diligence, and arranged with skill; that the first book contains a learned and satisfactory account of the progress of discovery; that the achievements, the dangers, and the crimes, of the Spanish adventurers are related with a temperate spirit; and that the most original, perhaps the most curious, portion of the history of human manners is at length rescued from the hands of sophists and declaimers. Lord Stormont and the few in this Capital, who have had an opportunity of perusing the History of America, unanimously concur in the same sentiments. Your work is already become a favourite topic of public conversation; and Mr. Suard is repeatedly pressed, in my hearing, to fix the time when his translation will appear.

I flatter myself you will not abandon your design of visiting London next winter; as I already anticipate, in my own mind, the advantages which I shall derive from so pleasing and so honourable a connection. In the mean while, I should esteem myself happy, if you could think of any literary commission, in the execution of which I might be useful to you at Paris, where I propose to stay till very near the meeting of Parliament. Let me, for instance, suggest an enquiry, which cannot be indifferent to you, and which might perhaps be within my reach. A few days ago I dined with Bagnioufky, the famous adventurer, who escaped from his exile at Kamschatska, and returned into Europe by Japan and China. His narrative was amusing, though I know not how far his veracity,

city, in point of circumstances, may safely be trusted. It was his original design to penetrate through the North East passage; and he actually followed the coast of Asia as high as the latitude of $67^{\circ} 35'$, till his progress was stopped by the ice, in the Streight between the two Continents, which was only seven leagues broad. Thence he descended along the coast of America, as low as Cape Mendocin; but was repulsed by contrary winds, in his attempts to reach the port of Acapulco. The Journal of his Voyage, with his original Charts, is now at Versailles, in the *Depôt des Affaires Etrangères*; and if you conceived that it would be of any use to you for a second edition, I would try what might be obtained; though I am not ignorant of the mean jealousy which you yourself have experienced, and so deservedly stigmatised. I am, &c.

N° XCVII.

Dr. ROBERTSON to Mr. GIBBON.

S I R,

I HAD the honour of your obliging Letter, and I should be a very proud man indeed, if I were not vain of the approbation which you are pleased to bestow upon me. As you will now have had an opportunity to peruse the book, which you had only seen when you wrote to me, I indulge myself in the hopes, that the favourable opinion you had formed of it, is not diminished. I am much pleased with your mentioning my friendship with Mr. Hume; I have always considered that as one of the most fortunate and honourable circumstances of my life. It is a felicity of the age and country in which we live, that men of letters can enter the same walk of science, and go on successfully, without feeling one sentiment of envy

envy or rivalry. In the intercourse between Mr. Hume and me, we always found *something to blame*, as well as *something to commend*. I have received frequently very valuable criticisms on my performances from him; and I have sometimes ventured to offer him my strictures on his works. Permit me to hope for the same indulgence from you. If, in reading the History of America, any thing, either in the matter or style, has occurred to you as reprehensible, I will deem it a most obliging favour if you will communicate it freely to me. I am certain of profiting by such a communication.

I return you thanks for your frank offer of executing any literary commission for me. I accept of it without ceremony, and am flattered with the idea of receiving such aid from your hands. I know nothing of Bagniouski's Adventures, but what was published in some Newspaper. If one can rely on his veracity, what he relates must be very interesting to me. If you had been writing the History of America, the question concerning the mode of peopling it, might not perhaps have occupied your attention very much. But it was proper for me to consider it more fully. Bagniouski (if he may be credited) has seen what it may be useful for me to know. I can see no reason why the Court of France should be shy about communicating his Journal, and the Charts which illustrate it; possibly my name may operate somewhat towards obtaining a copy of both; your interposition, I am confident, will do a great deal. It will be very illiberal, indeed, if such a communication were refused. My Lord Stormont (by whose attention I have been much honoured) would not decline to give his aid, were that necessary. But if your Court resembles that of Spain, I am afraid every proposal from an ambassador is received with some degree of jealousy. Your own private application will, I apprehend, be more effectual. As it is probable that a second edition may go to press early in the winter, it will add to the favour, if you can soon inform me concerning the success

success of your negotiation. As this is something in the style of the *Corps Diplomatique*, allow me to recommend one of its members to you. Mr. Fullarton, the new secretary of the embassy, is a particular friend of mine. He is a young man of such qualities both of head and heart, that I am sure you will esteem and love him. Please remember me to him. I have the honour to be, with great respect,

Your obliged humble servant,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

N° XCVIII.

EDWARD GIBBON Esquire to J. HOLROYD Esquire.

Paris, June 16th, 1777.

I TOLD you what would infallibly happen, and you know enough of the nature of the beast not to be surprised at it. I have now been at Paris exactly five weeks; during which time I have not written to any person whatsoever within the British dominions, except two lines of notification to Mrs. Gibbon. The dæmon of procrastination has at length yielded to the genius of friendship, assisted indeed by the powers of fear and shame. But when I have seated myself before a table, and begin to revolve all that I have seen and tasted during this busy period, I feel myself oppressed and confounded; and I am very near throwing away the pen, and resigning myself to indolent despair. A complete history would require a volume, at least, as corpulent as the *Decline and Fall*; and if I attempt to select and abridge, besides the difficulty of the choice, there occur so many things which cannot properly be entrusted to paper, and so many others of too slight a texture to support the journey, that I am almost tempted to reserve for our future conversations the detail of my pleasures and occupations. But as I am sensible that you are *rigid* and impatient, I will try to convey, in a few words, a general idea of my situation as a man of the

the world, and as a man of letters. You remember that the Neckers were my principal dependence; and the reception which I have met with from them very far surpassed my most sanguine expectations. I do not indeed lodge in their house, (as it might excite the jealousy of the husband, and procure me a *lettre de cachet*,) but I live very much with them, and dine and sup whenever they have company, which is almost every day, and whenever I like it, for they are not in the least *exigeans*. Mr. Walpole gave me an introduction to Madame du Deffand, an agreeable young lady of eighty-two years of age, who has constant suppers, and the best company in Paris. When you see the Duke of Richmond, he will give you an account of that house, where I meet him almost every evening. Ask him about Madame de Cambis. I have met the Duke of Choiseul at his particular request, dined by *accident* with Franklin, conversed with the Emperor, been presented at court, and gradually, or rather rapidly, I find my acquaintance spreading over the most valuable parts of Paris. They pretend to like me, and whatever you may think of French professions, I am convinced that some at least are sincere. On the other hand, I feel myself easy and happy in their company, and only regret that I did not come over two or three months sooner. Though Paris throughout the summer promises me a very agreeable society, yet I am hurt every day by the departure of men and women whom I begin to know with some familiarity, the departure of officers for their governments and garrisons, of bishops for their dioceses, and even of country gentlemen for their estates, as a rural taste gains ground in this country. So much for the general idea of my acquaintance; details would be endless, yet unsatisfactory. You may add, to the pleasures of society those of the spectacles and promenades, and you will find that I lead a very agreeable life; let me just condescend to observe, that it is not extravagant. After decking myself out with silks and silver, the ordinary establishment of coach,

coach, lodging, servants, eating, and pocket expences, does not exceed sixty pounds *per* month. Yet I have two footmen in handsome liveries behind my coach, and my apartment is hung with damask. Adieu for the present: I have more to say, but were I to attempt any farther progress, you must wait another post; and you have already waited long enough, of all conscience.

Let me just in two words give you an idea of my day. I am just now going (nine o'clock) to the King's library, where I shall stay till twelve; as soon as I am dressed, I set out to dine with the Duke de Nivernois; shall go from thence to the French comedy, into the Princess de Beauveau's loge grillée, and cannot quite determine whether I shall sup at Madame du Deffand's, Madame Neck-er's, or the Sardinian Ambassadors's. Once more adieu.

I embrace my Lady and *Bambini*. I shall with cheerfulness execute any of her commissions.

N^o XCIX.

EDWARD GIBBON Esquire to J. HOLROYD Esquire.

Paris, August 13, 1777.

WELL, and who is the culprit now?—Thus far had I written in the pride of my heart, and fully determined to inflict an epistle upon you, even before I received any answer to my former; I was very near a bull. But this forward half line lay ten days barren and inactive, till its generative powers were excited by the misfire which I received yesterday. What a wretched piece of work do we seem to be making of it in America? The greatest force which any European power ever ventured to transport into that continent, is not strong enough even to attack the enemy; the naval strength of Great Britain is not sufficient to prevent the Americans (they have almost lost the appellation of Rebels) from receiving every assistance that they wanted; and in the mean time you are obliged to call out the militia to defend your own coasts against

against their privateers. You possibly may expect from me some account of the designs and policy of the French court, but I choose to decline that task for two reasons: 1st, Because you may find them laid open in every newspaper; and 2dly, Because I live too much with their courtiers and ministers to know any thing about them. I shall only say, that I am not under any immediate apprehensions of a war with France. It is much more pleasant as well as profitable to view in safety the raging of the tempest, occasionally to pick up some pieces of the wreck, and to improve their trade, their agriculture, and their finances, while the two countries are *lento collisa duello*. Far from taking any step to put a speedy end to this astonishing dispute, I should not be surprised if next summer they were to lend their cordial assistance to England, as to the weaker party. As to my personal engagement with the D. of R. I recollect a few slight skirmishes, but nothing that deserves the name of a general engagement. The extravagance of some disputants, both French and English, who have espoused the cause of America, some times inspires me with an extraordinary vigour. Upon the whole, I find it much easier to defend the justice than the policy of our measures; but there are certain cases, where whatever is repugnant to sound policy ceases to be just.

The more I see of Paris, the more I like it. The regular course of society in which I live is easy, polite, and entertaining; and almost every day is marked by the acquisition of some new acquaintance, who is worth cultivating, or who, at least, is worth remembering. To the great admiration of the French, I regularly dine and regularly sup, drink a dish of strong coffee after each meal, and find my stomach a citizen of the world. The spectacles, (particularly the Italian, and above all the French Comedies) which are open the whole summer, afford me an agreeable relaxation from company; and to shew you that I frequent them from taste, and not from idleness,

EDWARD GIBBON Esquire.

idleness, I have not yet seen the Colisee, the Vauxhall, the Boulevards, or any of those places of entertainment which constitute Paris to most of our countrymen. Occasional trips to dine or sup in some of the thousand country-houses which are scattered round the environs of Paris, serve to vary the scene. In the mean while the summer insensibly glides away, and the fatal month of October approaches, when I must change the house of Madame Necker for the House of Commons. I regret that I could not choose the winter, instead of the summer, for this excursion: I should have found many valuable persons, and should have preserved many others whom I have lost as I began to know them. The Duke de Choiseul, who deserves attention both for himself, and for keeping the best house in Paris, passes seven months of the year in Touraine; and though I have been tempted, I consider with horror a journey of sixty leagues into the country. The Princess of Beauveau, who is a most superior woman, has been absent above six weeks, and does not return till the 24th of this month. A large body of recruits will be assembled by the Fontainebleau journey; but in order to have a thorough knowledge of this splendid country, I ought to stay till the month of January; and if I could be sure that Opposition would be as tranquil as they were last year— I think your life has been as animated, or, at least, as tumultuous, and I envy you Lady Payne, &c. much more than either the Primate, or the Chief-justice. Let not the generous breast of my Lady be torn by the black serpents of envy. She still possesses the first place in the sentiments of her slave: but the adventure of the fan was a mere accident, owing to Lord Carmarthen. Adieu. I think you may be satisfied. I say nothing of my terrestrial affairs.

N° C.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

BENTINCK-STREET, Saturday, November, 1777.

HAD you four horns as well as four eyes and four hands, I should still maintain that you are the most unreasonable monster in the creation. My pain is lively, my weakness excessive, the season cold, and only twelve days remain to the meeting. Far from thinking of trips into the country, I shall be well satisfied if I am on my legs the 20th, in the medical sense of the word. At present I am a corpse, carried about by four arms which do not belong to me. Yet I try to smile: I salute the hen and chickens. Adieu. Writing is really painful.

N° CI.

The Same to the Same.

Friday, November 14th, 1777.

I DO not like this disorder on your eyes: and when I consider your temperance and activity, I cannot understand why any spring of the machine should ever be deranged. With regard to myself, the gout has behaved in a very honourable manner; after a complete conquest, and after making me feel his power for some days, the generous enemy has disdained to abuse his victory, or to torment any longer an unresisting victim. He has already ceased to torture the lower extremities of your humble servant; the swelling is so amazingly diminished, that they are no longer above twice their ordinary size. Yesterday I moved about the room with the laborious majesty of

of crutches; to-day I have exchanged them for a stick; and by the beginning of next week, I hope, with due precaution, to take the air, and to inure myself for the interesting representation of Thursday. How cursedly unlucky; I wanted to see you both: a thousand things to say and hear, and every thing of that kind broken to pieces. If you are not able to come to Bentinck-street, I must contrive to steal three or four vacant days during the session, and run down to Sheffield. The town fills, and I begin to have numerous levees, and couchees; more properly the latter. We are still in expectation, but in the mean while we believe (I mean ministers), that the news of Howe's victory and the taking of Philadelphia are true.

N° CII.

The Same to the Same.

December 2d, 1777.

BY the inclosed you will see that America is not yet conquered. Opposition are very lively; and, though in the House we keep our numbers, there seems to be an universal desire of peace, even on the most humble conditions. Are you still fierce?

N° CIII.

The Same to the Same.

Monday Night, December, 1777.

I CONGRATULATE your noble firmness, as I suppose it must arise from the knowledge of some hidden resources, which will enable us to open the next campaign with new armies of fifty or sixty thousand men. But I believe you will find yourself obliged to carry on this

this glorious war almost alone. It would be idle to dispute any more about politics, as we shall soon have an opportunity of a personal combat. Your journey gives me some hopes that you have not entirely lost your reason. Your bed shall be ready.

N° CIV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, Thursday, Dec. 4, 1778.

DREADFUL news indeed! You will see them partly in the papers, and we have not yet any particulars. An English army of nearly ten thousand men laid down their arms, and surrendered prisoners of war, on condition of being sent to England, and of never serving against America. They had fought bravely, and were three days without eating. Burgoyne is said to have received three wounds. General Frazer, with two thousand men, killed. Colonel Ackland likewise killed. A general cry for peace. Adieu. We have constant late days.

N° CV.

The Same to the Same.

February 28, 1778.

* * * * * As to politics, we should easily fill pages, and therefore had better be silent. You are mistaken in supposing that the bills are opposed; some particular objections have been stated, and in the *only* division I voted with government.

N° CVI.

The Same to the Same.

February 23d, 1778.

YOU do not readily believe in præternatural miscarriages of letters; nor I neither. Listen, however, to a plain and honest narrative. This morning after breakfast, as I was ruminating on *your* silence, Thomas, my new footman, with confusion in his looks, and stammering on his tongue, produced a letter reasonably soiled, which he was to have brought me the day of his arrival, and which had lain that time in his pocket. To shorten as much as possible the continuance, I immediately enquired, whether any method of conveyance could be devised more expeditious than the post, and was fortunately informed of your coachman's intentions. You probably know the heads of the plan; an Act of Parliament to declare, that we never *had* any intention of taxing America: another Act, to empower Crown to name Commissioners, authorised to suspend hostilities by sea and land, as well as all obnoxious Acts; and, in short, to grant every thing, except independence. Opposition, after expressing their doubts whether the lance of Achilles could cure the wound which it had inflicted, could not refuse their assent to the principles of conduct which they themselves had always recommended. Yet you must acknowledge, that in a business of this magnitude there may arise several important questions, which, without a spirit of faction, will deserve to be debated; whether Parliament ought not to name the Commissioners? whether it would not be better to repeal the obnoxious Acts ourselves? I do not find that the world; that is, a few people whom I happen to converse with; are much inclined to praise Lord N.'s ductility of temper. In the service of next Friday, you will, however, take notice of the injunction given by the Liturgy:

Liturgv : " And all the People shall say after the *Minister*,
 " Turn us again, O Lord, and so shall we be turned."
 While we consider whether we shall negotiate, I fear the
 French have been more diligent. It is positively asserted,
 both in private and in Parliament, and not contradicted by
 the Ministers, that on the 5th of this month a Treaty of
 Commerce (which naturally leads to a war) was signed
 at Paris with the independent States of America. Yet
 there still remains a hope that England may obtain the
 preference. The two greatest countries in Europe are
 fairly running a race for the favour of America. Adieu.

N CVII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. B. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

ALMACK'S, Saturday Night, March 21st, 1778.

AS business thickens, and you may expect me to
 write sometimes, I shall lay down one rule; totally
 to avoid political argument, conjecture, lamentation, de-
 clamation, &c. which would fill pages, not to say vo-
 lumes; and to confine myself to short, authentic pieces
 of intelligence, for which I may be able to afford mo-
 ments and lines. Hear then—The French Ambassador
 went off yesterday morning, not without some slight ex-
 pressions of ill humour from John Bull. Lord Stormont
 is probably arrived to-day. No *immediate* declaration,
 except on our side. A report (but vague) of an action in
 the Bay, between La Motte Piquet and Digby; the for-
 mer has five ships and three frigates, with three large
 store ships under convoy; the latter has eleven ships of
 the line. If the Frenchman should sail to the mouth of
 the Delaware, he may possibly be followed and shut up.
 When Franklin was received at Versailles, Deane went
 in the same character to Vienna, and Arthur Lee to Ma-
 drid. Notwithstanding the reports of an action in Silesia,
 they subside; and I have seen a letter from Eliot at Berlin
 of

of the tenth instant, without any mention of actual hostilities, and even speaking of the impending war as not absolutely inevitable. Last Tuesday the first payment of the loan of six hundred thousand pounds was certainly made; and as it would otherwise be forfeited, it is a security for the remainder. I have not yet got the intelligence you want about former prices of stock in critical times. There are surely such. *Dixi. Vale.* Send me some good news from Bucks; in spite of the war, I must sell. We want you in town. Simon Frazer is impatient: but if you come without my Lady, every door will be shut.

N^o. CVIII.

The Same to the Same.

ALMACK'S, Friday, June 12th, 1778.

* * * * Letter gave me that sort of satisfaction which one may receive from a good physician, who, after a careful examination, pronounces your case incurable. But no more of that. I take up the pen, as I suppose by this time you begin to swear at my silence. Yet literally (a bull) I have not a word to say. Since D'Estaing's fleet has passed through the Gut (I leave you to guess where it must have got out) it has been totally forgotten, and the most wonderful lethargy and oblivion, of war and peace, of Europe and of America, seems to prevail. Lord Chatham's funeral was meanly attended, and Government ingeniously contrived to secure the double odium of suffering the thing to be done, and of doing it with a good grace. Their chief conversation at Almack's is about tents, drill-serjeants, divisions, firings, &c. and I am revered as a veteran. Adieu. When do you return? If it suits your evolutions, aunt Kitty and myself meditate a Suffex journey next week, I embrace my Lady.

VOL. II.

F

N^o CIX.EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. B. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

Wednesday Evening, July 1st, 1778.

YOUR plan of operations is clear and distinct; yet, notwithstanding your zeal, and the ideas of ducal discipline, I think you will be more and longer at Sheffield-Place than you imagine. However, I am disposed to advance my journey as much as possible. I want to see you; my martial ardour makes me look to Coxheath, necessity obliges me to think of Beriton, and I feel something of a very new inclination to taste the sweets of the country. Aunt Kitty shares the same sentiments; but various obstacles will not allow us to be with you before Saturday, or perhaps Sunday evening; I say *evening*, as we mean to take the cool part of the day, and shall probably arrive after supper. Keppel's return has occasioned infinite and inexpressible consternation, which gradually changes into discontent against him. He is ordered out again with three or four large ships; two of ninety, two of seventy-four, and the fiftieth regiment as marines. In the mean time the French, with a superior fleet, are masters of the sea; and our cut-ward bound East and West India trade is in the most imminent danger. Adieu.

N. CX.

The Same to the Same.

BENTINCK-STREET, July 7th, 1778.

EXPECT me — when you see me; and do not regulate your active motions by my uncertainty. Saturday is impossible. The most probable days are, Tuesday or Friday. I live not unpleasantly, in a round of ministerial

ministerial dinners; but I am rather impatient to see my white house at Brighton. I cannot find that Sheffield has the same attractions for you*. Lord North, as a mark of his gratitude, observed the other day, that your regiment would make a very good figure in North Carolina. Adieu. I wrote two lines to Mitchel, lest he should think me dead.

N° CXI.

The Same to the Same.

Saturday Night, September 25th, 1778.

NO news from the fleets; we are so tired of waiting, that our impatience seems gradually to subside into a careless and supine indifference. We sometimes yawn, and ask, just by way of conversation, Whether Spain will join? I believe you may depend on the truth, not the sincerity, of an answer from their Court, that they will not support or acknowledge the independence of the Americans. But on the other hand, magazines are forming, troops marching, in a stile which threatens Gibraltar. Gib is, however, a hard morsel; five thousand effectives, and every article of defence in the most complete state. We are certainly courting Russia. So much for the Republic. Adieu.

N° CXII.

The Same to the Same.

Tuesday Night, November 1778.

YOU sometimes complain that I do not send you early news; but you will now be satisfied with receiving a full and true account of all the parliamentary transactions of next Thursday. In town we think it an excellent

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piece

* Mr. Holroyd was then in quarters at Brighthelmston.

piece of humour* (the author is Tickell). Burke and C. Fox are pleased with their own speeches, but serious patriots groan that such things should be turned to farce. We seem to have a chance of an additional Dutch war: you may depend upon its being a very important business, from which we cannot extricate ourselves without either loss or shame. *Vale.*

N° CXIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

ALMAEK's, Wednesday Evening, 1778.

I DELAYED writing, not so much through indolence, as because I expected every post to hear from you. The state of Beriton is uncertain, incomprehensible, tremendous. It would be endless to send you the folios of Hugonin, but I have enclosed you one of his most picturesque epistles, on which you may meditate. Few offers; one, promising enough, came from a gentleman at Camberwell, I detected him, with masterly skill and diligence, to be only an attorney's Clerk, without money, credit, or experience. I have written as yet in vain to Sir John Shelley, about Hearsay; perhaps you might get intelligence. I much fear that the Beriton expedition is necessary; but it has occurred to me, that if I *met*, instead of *accompanying* you, it would save me a journey of above one hundred miles. That reflection led to another of a very impudent nature; *viz.* that if I did not accompany you, I certainly could be of no use to you or myself on the spot; that I had much rather, while you examined the premises, pass the time in a horse-pond; and that I had still rather pass it in my library with the *Decline and Fall*. But that would be an effort of friendship worthy of Theseus

* The Title of the Pamphlet — *Anticipation*.

Theseus or Perithous: modern times would hardly credit, much less imitate, such exalted virtue. No news from America, yet there are people, large ones too, who talk of conquering it next summer with the help of twenty thousand Russians. I fancy you are better satisfied with private than public war. The Lisbon packet in coming home met forty of our privateers. Adieu. I hardly know whether I direct right to you, but I think Sheffield-Place the surest.

N^o CXIV.

Dr. WATSON (now Bishop of Llandaff) to Mr. GIBBON.

SIR,

CAMBRIDGE, January 14th. 1779.

IT will give me the greatest pleasure to have an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with Mr. Gibbon. I beg he would accept my sincere thanks for the too favourable manner in which he has spoken of a performance, which derives its chief merit from the elegance and importance of the work it attempts to oppose. I have no hope of a future existence, except that which is grounded on the truth of Christianity. I wish not to be deprived of this hope; but I should be an apostate from the mild principle of the religion I profess, if I could be actuated with the least animosity against those who do not think with me upon this, of all others, the most important subject. I beg your pardon for this declaration of my belief; but my temper is naturally open, and it ought assuredly to be without disguise to a man whom I wish no longer to look upon as an antagonist, but as a friend. I have the honour to be, with every sentiment of respect, your obliged servant,
RD. WATSON.

N^o CXV.EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. B. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

February 6th, 1779.

YOU are quiet and peaceable, and do not bark, as usual, at my silence. To reward you, I would send you some news; but we are asleep; no foreign intelligence, except the capture of a frigate; no certain account from the West Indies, and a dissolution of Parliament, which seems to have taken place since Christmas. In the papers you will see negotiations, changes of departments, &c. and I have *some* reason to believe, that those reports are not entirely without foundation. Portsmouth is no longer an object of speculation; the whole stream of all men, and all parties, runs one way. Sir Hugh is disgraced, ruined, &c. &c.; and as an old wound has broken out again, they say he must have his leg cut off as soon as he has time. In a night or two we shall be in a blaze of illumination, from the zeal of naval heroes, land patriots, tallow-chandlers; the last are not the least sincere. I want to hear some details of your military and familiar proceedings. By your silence I suppose you admire Davis, and dislike my pamphlet; yet such is the public folly, that we have a second edition in the press: the fashionable style of the clergy, is to say they have not read it. If Maria does not take care, I shall write a much sharper invective against her, for *not* answering my diabolical book. My lady carried it down, with a solemn promise that I should receive an *unassisted* French letter. Yet I embrace the little animal, as well as my Lady, and the *Spes altera Romæ*. Adieu.

There is a buzz about a peace, and Spanish mediation.

N^o CXVI.

Dr. WILLIAM ROBERTSON to Mr. GIBBON.

DEAR SIR,

COLLEGE of EDINBURGH, March 10th, 1779.

I SHOULD have long since returned you thanks for the pamphlet you took the trouble of sending me. I hope you are not one of those who estimate kindness by punctuality in correspondence. I read your little performance with much eagerness, and some solicitude. The latter soon ceased. The tone you take with your adversary in this *impar congressus* appears to me perfectly proper; and, though I watched you with some attention, I have not observed any expression which I should, on your own account, wish to be altered. Davis's book never reached us here. Our distance from the Capital operates somewhat like time. Nothing but what has intrinsic value comes down to us. We hear sometimes of the worthless and vile things that float for a day on the stream, but we seldom see them. I am satisfied, however, that it was necessary for you to animadvert on a man who had brought accusations against you, which no gentleman can allow to be made without notice. I am persuaded, that the persons who instigated the man to such an illiberal attack, will now be ashamed of him. At the same time I applaud your resolution, of not degrading yourself by a second conflict, with such antagonists.

I am ashamed to tell you, how little I have done since I had the pleasure of seeing you. I have been prevented, partly by ill health, partly by causes which I shall explain when we meet: I hope that may be next spring. Believe me to be with great truth,

Your affectionate and faithful servant,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

N^o CXVII.EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. B. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

May 7th. 1779.

BY some of the strangest accidents, (Lord G. G's indiscretion, Rigby's boldness, &c.) which it would require ten pages to explain, our wise resolution of last Thursday is changed, and Lord Cornwallis will be examined; Sir William Howe's enquiry will proceed, and we shall be oppressed by the load of information. You have heard of the Jersey invasion; every body praises Arbuthnot's decided spirit. Conway went last night to throw himself into the island.

N^o CXVIII.*The Same to the Same.*

May. 1779.

ALAS! alas! fourteen ships of the line: you understand by this, that you have not got a single long-boat. Ministry are more crest-fallen than ever I knew them, with the last intelligence; and I am sorry to say, that I see a smile of triumph on some opposition faces. Though the business of the West Indies may still produce something, I am much afraid that we shall have a campaign of immense expence, and little or no action. The most busy scene is at present in the House of Commons; and we shall be involved, during a great part of next month, in tedious, fruitless, but, in my opinion, proper enquiries. You see how difficult it would be for me to visit Brighton; and I fancy I must content myself with receiving you on your passage to Ireland. Indeed, I much want to have a *very serious* conversation with you.

Another

Another reason, which must in a great measure pin me to Bentinck-street, is the Decline and Fall. I have resolved to bring out the *suite* in the course of next year; and, though I have been tolerably diligent, so much remains to be done, that I can hardly spare a single day from the shop. I can guess but one reason which should prevent you from supposing that the picture in Leiceſter Fields was intended for the Sheffield library; viz. my having told you some time ago that I was under a formal engagement to Mr. Walpole*. Probably I should not have been in any great hurry to execute my promise, if Mr. Cadell had not strenuously urged the curiosity of the Public, who may be willing to repay the exorbitant price of *fifty* guineas. It is now finished, and my friends say, that, in every sense of the word, it is a good head. Next week it will be given to Hall the engraver, and I promise you a first impression. Adieu. I embrace my Lady, and infants.

N° CXIX.

The Same to the Same.

1779

WHEN do you come to town? You gave me hopes of a visit, and I want to talk over things in general with you, before you march to the extremities of the West, where the sun goes to sleep in the sea. Mrs. Trevor told me, your destination was Exeter†; and I suppose that nothing but truth can proceed from a pretty mouth.—I have been, and am still very diligent; and, though it is a huge beast, (the Roman Empire,) yet, if I am not mistaken, I see it move a little.—You seem surprised that I was able to get off Bath: very easily, the extreme shortness of our holidays was a fair excuse; her recovery of health, spirits, &c. made it less necessary, and

* The portrait, one of the best of Sir Joshua's, is in the library at Sheffield Place.

† With the Sussex Militia, of which Holroyd was Major.

and she accepted my apology, which was however accompanied with an offer, if she chose it, in the prettiest manner possible. A load of business in this House, (I write from it,) will be the amusement of the spring; motions, enquiries, taxes, &c. &c. We are now engaged in Lord Pigott's affair, brought on by a motion from the Admiral, that the Attorney General should prosecute Mr. Stratton and Council; all the Masters, Charles, Burke, Wedderburne, are of the same side, for it; Lord North seems to make a feeble stand, for the pleasure of being in a minority. The day is hot and dull; will be long: some curious evidence; one man who refused three lacks of rupees, (thirty-seven thousand five hundred pounds,) merely not to go to council; our mouths watered at such royal corruption; how pitiful is our insular bribery! A letter from aunt Hester. Adieu.

N^o. CXX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

July 2, 1779.

THE inclosed will inform you of an event*, not the most disagreeable of those which I have lately experienced. I have only to add, that it was effected by the firm and sincere friendship of the Attorney General. So many incidents have happened, that I hardly know how to talk of news. You will learn that the Lords have strangely castrated the new Militia Bill. The Ferrol squadron, eight or nine ships, have joined the French. The numbers stand on our side thirty-two, on theirs thirty-seven; but our force is at least equal, and the general consternation much dispelled. If you do not Hibernize, you might at least Bentinckize. I embrace, &c. Parliament will be prorogued to-morrow.

* His appointment as Lord of Trade.

N^o CXXI.

EDWARD GIBBON Esquire to Mrs. GIBBON, Bath.

DEAR MADAM, BENTINCK-STREET, September 17th, 1779.

I AM well and happy ; two words which you will accept as the substance of a very long letter ; and even as a sufficient excuse for a very long silence. Yet I really do intend to behave better ; and to prevent the abominable consequence of hours and days and posts stealing away, till the sum total amounts to a formidable account, I have a great mind to enter into an agreement, of sending you regularly every month, a *miniature* picture of my actual state and condition on the first day of the aforesaid month.

I am glad to hear of the very beneficial effects you have derived from your recent friendship with the goats* ; and as I cannot discover in what respect this poor country is more prosperous or secure than it was last year, I must consider your present confidence as a proof that you view the prospect through a purer medium, and a glass of a more cheerful colour. I find myself so much more susceptible of private friendship than of public spirit, that I am very well satisfied with that conclusion. My summer has been passed in the town and neighbourhood, which I still maintain to be the best society, and the best retirement ; the latter, however, has been sometimes interrupted by the Colonel of Dragoons† with a train of sergeants, trumpets, recruits, &c. &c. My own time is much and agreeably employed in the prosecution of my business. After doing much more than I expected to have done within the time, I find myself much less advanced than I expected : yet I begin to reckon, and as well as I can calculate, I believe, that in twelve or fourteen months I shall be brought to-bed, perhaps of twins ; may they live,

* At Abergavenny.

† Colonel Holroyd at that time was raising a regiment of Light Dragoons.

live, and prove as healthy as their eldest brother. With regard to the little foundling which so many friends or enemies chose to lay at my door, I am perfectly innocent, even of the knowledge of that production; and all the faults or merits of the History of Opposition must, as I am informed, be imputed to Macpherson, the author or translator of Fingal. Dear Madam, most truly yours.

N° CXXXII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Colonel HOLROYD at Coventry.*

LONDON, Monday, February 7th, 1780.

WHEN the Attorney General informed me of the express he had just sent down to Coventry, I had not the least doubt of your embracing the bolder resolution. You are indeed obliged to him for his real friendship, which he feels and expresses warmly; on this occasion I hope it will be successful, and that in a few days you will find yourself among us at St. Stephen's in the heat of the battle. But you know that I am a dastardly, pusillanimous spirit, more inclined to fear than to hope, and not very eager in the pursuit of *expensive* vanity. On this vacancy the celerity of your motions may probably prevent opposition; but at the general election your enemy the corporation will not be asleep, and I wish, if it be not too late, to warn you against any promises or engagements which may terminate in a defeat, or at least a contest of ten thousand pounds. Adieu. I could believe (without seeing it under her paw) that my Lady wishes to leave Coventry. No news! foreign or domestic. I did not forget to mention the *companies*, but find people, as I expected, torpid. Burke makes his motion Friday; but I think the rumours of a civil war subside every day: petitions are thought less formidable; and I hear your Suffex protest gathers signatures in the country.

N^o CXXIII.

EDWARD GIBBON Esquire to Mrs. GIBBON, Bath.

DEAR MADAM,

BENTINCK-STREET, March 10th, 1780.

WHEN you awakened me with your pen, it was my intention to have shewn some signs of life by the next post. But so uncertain are all human affairs, that I found myself arrested by a mighty unrelenting tyrant, called the gout; and though my feet were the part on which he chose to exercise his cruelty, he left me neither strength nor spirits to use my hand in relating the melancholy tale. At present I have the pleasure of informing you, that the fever and inflammation have subsided: but the absolute weakness and monstrous swelling of my two feet confine me to my chair and flannels; and this confinement most unluckily happens at a very nice and important moment of parliamentary affairs. Col. H. pursues those affairs with eager and persevering zeal; and has the pleasure of undertaking more business than any three men could possibly execute. He is much obliged to you for your kind congratulation. Mrs. Eliot is in town; but I am quite ignorant (not more so than they are themselves) of their intentions. I will write again very soon. I am, dear Madam, most truly yours.

N^o CXXIV.*The Same to the Same.*

DEAR MADAM,

June 6th, 1780.

AS the old story of religion has raised most formidable tumults in this town, and as they will of course seem much more formidable at the distance of an hundred miles, you may not be sorry to hear that I am perfectly safe

safe and well : my known attachment to the Protestant religion has most probably saved me. Measures, and effectual measures, are taken to suppress those disorders, and every street is filled with horse and foot. Mrs. Holroyd went out of town yesterday morning ; the Colonel remains, and shews his usual spirit. I am sincerely yours.

N^o CXXV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mrs. GIBBON, Bath,*

DEAR MADAM,

LONDON, June 8th, 1780.

AS a Member of Parliament, I cannot be exposed to any danger, as the House of Commons has adjourned to Monday se'nnight ; as an individual, I do not conceive myself to be obnoxious. I am not apt, without duty or necessity, to thrust myself into a mob : and our part of the town is as quiet as a country village. So much for personal safety ; but I cannot give the same assurances of public tranquillity : forty thousand Puritans, such as they might be in the time of Cromwell, have started out of their graves ; the tumult has been dreadful ; and even the remedy of military force and martial law is unpleasant. But Government, with fifteen thousand regulars in town, and every gentleman (but one) on their side, must extinguish the flame. The execution of last night was severe ; perhaps it must be repeated to-night : yet, upon the whole, the tumult subsides. Colonel Holroyd was all last night in Holborn among the flames, with the Northumberland Militia, and performed very bold and able service. I will write again in a post or two.

I am, dear Madam, ever yours.

N° CXXVI.

The Same to the Same.

DEAR MADAM,

June 10th, 1780.

I SHOULD write with great pleasure, to say that this audacious tumult is perfectly quelled; that Lord George Gordon is sent to the Tower; and that, instead of safety or danger, we are now at leisure to think of justice: but I am now alarmed on your account, as we have just got a report, that a similar disorder has broken out at Bath. I shall be impatient to hear from you; but I flatter myself that your pretty town does not contain much of that scum which has boiled up to the surface in this huge cauldron. I am, dear Madam, most sincerely yours.

N° CXXVII.

The Same to the Same.

DEAR MADAM,

BENTINCK-STREET, June 27th, 1780.

I BELIEVE we may now rejoice in our common security. All tumult has perfectly subsided, and we only think of the justice which must be properly and severely inflicted on such flagitious criminals. The measures of Government have been seasonable and vigorous; and even opposition has been forced to confess, that the military power was applied and regulated with the utmost propriety. Our danger is at an end, but our disgrace will be lasting, and the month of June 1780, will ever be marked by a dark and diabolical fanaticism, which I had supposed to be extinct, but which actually subsists in Great Britain, perhaps beyond any other country in Europe. Our parliamentary work draws to a conclusion; and I am much more pleasingly, though laboriously, engaged in revising
and

and correcting for the press, the continuation of my History, two volumes of which will actually appear next winter. This business fixes me to Bentinck-street more closely than any other part of my literary labour; as it is absolutely necessary that I should be in the midst of all the books which I have at any time used during the composition. But I feel a strong desire (irritated, like all other passions, by repeated obstacles) to escape to Bath.

Dear Madam,

Most truly yours.

N° CXXVIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Colonel HOLROYD.*

July 23th, 1780.

AS your motions are spontaneous, and the stations of the Lord Chief* unalterably fixed, I cannot perceive the necessity of your sending or receiving intelligence. However, your commands are obeyed. You wish I would write, as a sign of life. I am alive; but, as I am immersed in the Decline and Fall, I shall only make the sign. It is made. You may suppose that we are not pleased with the junction of the fleets; nor can an ounce of West India loss be compensated by a pound of East India success: but the circuit will roll down all the news and politics of London. I rejoice to hear that the Suffex regiment of Dragoons† are such well-disciplined cannibals; but I want to know when the Chief cannibal will return to his den. It would suit me better that it should happen soon. Adieu.

* Lord Mansfield,

† Commanded by Colonel Holroyd.

LETTERS TO AND FROM
EDWARD GIBBON Esquire.

81

N^o CXXIX.

The Same to the Same.

BROOKES'S, November 28th, 1780.

PERHAPS the Sheriffs*, the tools of your enemies, may venture to make a false and hostile return, on the presumption that they shall have a whole year of impunity; and that the merits of your petition cannot be heard this session. Some of your most respectable friends in the House of Commons are resolved, (if the return should be such,) to state it forcibly as a special and extraordinary case; and to exert all proper strength for bringing on the trial of your Petition without delay. The knowledge of such a resolution may awe the Sheriffs; and it may be prudent to admonish them of the *impending* danger, in the way that you judge most adviseable. Adieu. God send you a good deliverance.

N^o CXXX.

Mr. GIBBON to Mrs. GIBBON, Belvedere, Bath.

DEAR MADAM.

BENTINCK-STREET, December 21st, 1780.

THE constant attendance on the Board of Trade almost every day this week, has obliged me to defer till next Monday a visit of inclination and propriety to Lord Loughborough (at Mitcham, in Surry). I shall not return till Wednesday or Thursday; and, instead of my Christmas, I shall eat my New-year's dinner, at the Belvedere, Bath. May that New Year prove fortunate to you, to me, and to this weary country, which is this day involved in a new war! I shall write again about the middle of next week, with a precise account of my

G

motions.

* The Sheriffs of Coventry.

motions. I think the gallant Colonel, who is now Lord Sheffield, will succeed at Coventry; *perhaps* on the return, *certainly* on the petition. I am, dear Madam, ever yours.

N° CXXXI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mrs. GIBBON, Bath.*

DEAR MADAM,

BENTINCK-STREET, February 24th, 1781.

AS you have probably received my last letter of thirteen hundred pages*, I shall be very concise; read, judge, pronounce; and believe that I sincerely agree with my friend Julian, in esteeming the praise of those only who will freely censure my defects. Next Thursday I shall be delivered to the world, for whose inconstant and malicious levity I am coolly but firmly prepared. Excuse me to Sarah. I see more clearly than ever, the absolute necessity of confining my presents to my own family: *that*, and that only, is a determined line, and Lord S. is the first to approve his exclusion. He has a strong assurance of success, and some hopes of a speedy decision. How suddenly your friend General Pierſon disappeared! You thought him happy. What is happiness! My dear Madam, ever yours.

N. CXXXII.

Dr. WILLIAM ROBERTSON *to Mr. GIBBON.*

DEAR SIR,

COLLEGE of EDINBURGH, May 12th, 1781.

IAM ashamed of having deferred so long to thank you for the agreeable presents of your two new volumes; but just as I had finished the first reading of them, I was taken ill, and continued, for two or three weeks, nervous, deaf, and languid. I have now recovered as much spirit

as

* Second and third volumes of the *Decline and Fall*.

as to tell you, with what perfect satisfaction I have not only perused, but studied, this part of your work. I knew enough of your talents and industry to expect a great deal, but you have gone far beyond my expectations. I can recollect no historical work from which I ever received so much instruction; and, when I consider in what a barren field you had to glean and pick up materials, I am truly astonished at the connected and interesting story you have formed. I like the style of these volumes better than that of the first; there is the same beauty, richness, and perspicuity of language, with less of that quaintness, into which your admiration of Tacitus sometimes seduced you. I am highly pleased with the reign of Julian. I was a little afraid that *you* might lean with some partiality towards him; but even bigots, I should think, must allow, that you have delineated his most singular character with a more masterly hand than it was ever touched before. You set me a reading his works, with which I was very slenderly acquainted; and I am struck with the felicity wherewith you have described the odd infusion of Heathen fanaticism and philosophical coxcombry, which mingled with the great qualities of a hero, and a genius. Your chapter concerning the pastoral nations is admirable; and, though I hold myself to be a tolerably good general historian, a great part of it was new to me. As soon as I have leisure, I purpose to trace you to your sources of information; and I have no doubt of finding you as exact there, as I have found you in other passages where I have made a scrutiny. It was always my idea that an historian should feel himself a witness giving evidence upon oath. I am glad to perceive by your minute scrupulosity, that your notions are the same. The last chapter in your work is the only one with which I am not entirely satisfied. I imagine you rather anticipate, in describing the jurisprudence and institutions of the Franks; and should think that the account of private war, ordeals, chivalry, &c. would have come in more in its place about the age

of Charlemagne, or later: but with respect to this, and some other petty criticisms, I will have an opportunity of talking fully to you soon, as I propose setting out for London on Monday. I have, indeed, many things to say to you; and, as my stay in London is to be very short, I shall hope to find your door (at which I will be very often) always open to me. I cannot conclude without approving of the caution with which the new volumes are written; I hope it will exempt you from the illiberal abuse the first volume drew upon you. I ever am, yours, faithfully and affectionately,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

N^o CXXXIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Lady SHEFFIELD, at Sheffield-Place.*

BENTINCK-STREET, Friday Evening, 10 o'clock, 1781.

OH, oh! I have given you the slip; saved thirty miles, by proceeding this day directly from Eatham to town, and am now *comfortably* seated in my library, in *my own* easy chair, and before *my own* fire; a style which you understand, though it is unintelligible to your Lord. The town is empty; but I am surrounded with a thousand old acquaintance of all ages and characters, who are ready to answer a thousand questions which I am impatient to ask. I shall not easily be tired of their company; yet I still remember, and will honourably execute, my promise of visiting you at Brighton about the middle of next month. I have seen nobody, nor learned any thing, in four hours of a town life; but I can inform you, that Lady * * * * * is now the declared Mistress of Prince Henry of Prussia, whom she encountered at Spa; and that the Emperor has invited the amiable couple to pass the winter at Vienna; fine encouragement for married women who behave themselves properly. I spent
a very

a very pleasant day in the little paradise of Eartham, and the hermit expressed a desire (no vulgar compliment) to see and to know Lord S. Adieu. I cordially embrace, &c.

N° CXXXIV.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to Mr. GIBBON.

DEAR SIR,

LAMB'S BUILDINGS, June 30th, 1781.

I HAVE more than once sought, without having been so fortunate as to obtain, a proper opportunity of thanking you very sincerely for the elegant compliment which you pay me, in a work abounding in elegance of all kinds.

My *Seven Arabian Poets* will see the light before next winter, and be proud to wait upon you in their English dress. Their wild productions will, I flatter myself, be thought interesting, and not venerable merely on account of their antiquity.

In the mean while, let me request you to honour me with accepting a copy of a Law Tract, which is not yet published: the subject is so generally important, that I make no apology for sending you a professional work.

You must pardon my inveterate hatred of C. Octavianus, basely surnamed Augustus. I feel myself unable to forgive the death of Cicero, which, if he did not promote, he might have prevented. Besides, even Mecænas knew the cruelty of his disposition, and ventured to reproach him for it. In short, I have not *Christian* charity for him.

With regard to Asiatic letters, a necessary attention to my profession will compel me wholly and eternally to abandon them, *unless* Lord North (to whom I am already under no small obligation) should think me worthy to concur in the *improved* administration of justice in Bengal, and should appoint me to supply the vacancy of the India Bench. Were that appointment to take place this year, I should probably travel, for speed, through part of Egypt
and

and Arabia, and should be able, in my way, to procure many Eastern tracts of literature and jurisprudence. I might become a good *Mahomedan* lawyer before I reached Calcutta, and, in my vacations, should find leisure to explain, in my native language, whether the Arabs, Persians, and Turks, have written on science, history, and the fine arts.

My happiness by no means depends on obtaining this appointment, as I am in easy circumstances without my profession, and have flattering prospects in it; but if the present summer and the ensuing autumn elapse without my receiving any answer, favourable or unfavourable, I shall be forced to consider that silence as a polite refusal, and, having given sincere thanks for past favours, shall entirely drop all thoughts of *Asia*, and, "deep as ever plummet founded, shall drown my *Persian* books." If my politics have given offence, it would be manly in Ministers to tell me so. I shall never be *personally* hostile to them, nor enlist under party banners of any colour; but I will never resign my opinions for *interest*, though I would cheerfully abandon them on *conviction*. My reason, such as it is, can only be controlled by better reason, to which I am ever open. As to my freedom of thought, speech, and action, I shall ever say what Charles XII. wrote under the map of Riga, "*Dieu me l'a donnée; le diable ne me l'otera pas.*" But the fair answer to this objection is, that my system is purely speculative, and has no relation to my seat on the bench in India, where I should hardly think of instructing the Gentoos in the maxims of the Athenians. I believe I should not have troubled you with this letter, if I did not fear that your attendance in Parliament might deprive me of the pleasure of meeting you at the Club next Tuesday; and I shall go to Oxford a few days after. At all times, and in all places, I shall ever be, with undissembled regard, dear Sir, your much obliged and faithful servant,

W. JONES.

N. CXXXV.

Lord HARDWICKE to Mr. GIBBON.

S I R,

WIMPLE, September 20th, 1781.

AS I have perused your History of the Decline, &c. with the greatest pleasure and instruction, I cannot help wishing that, as health and leisure permit, you would gratify your numerous readers and admirers, by continuing it, at least till the irruption of the Arabs after Mahomet. From that period the History of the East is not very interesting, and often disgusting. I particularly wish to see the reigns of Justin, Justinian, and I think Justin the Second, written by so masterly a hand. There are striking facts and remarkable characters in all those reigns, which have not yet met with an able and sagacious *Historian*. You seemed (as well as I recollect) to think the anecdotes of Procopius spurious; there are strange anecdotes in them, and of a very different cast from his History. Can it be traced up when they first came to light?

Excuse this short interruption from much better employments or amusements; and believe me, Sir, with the greatest regard, your most obedient humble servant,

HARDWICKE.

P. S. It has occurred to me, that a map of the progress and native seat of the northern hives would greatly elucidate and explain that part of your History. It may be done in a second edition.

N° CXXXII.

Dr. ROBERTSON to Mr. GIBBON.

DEAR SIR,

COLLEGE OF EDINBURGH, November 6th, 1781.

SOON after my return I had a long conversation with our friend Mr. Smith, in which I stated to him every particular you mentioned to me, with respect to the propriety of going on with your great work. I was happy to find, that his opinion coincided perfectly with that which I had ventured to give you. His decisions, you know, are both prompt and vigorous; and he would not allow that you ought to hesitate a moment in your choice. He promised to write his sentiments to you very fully. But as he may have neglected to do this, for it is not willingly that he puts pen to paper, I thought it might be agreeable to you to know his opinion, though I imagine you could hardly entertain any doubt concerning it. I hope you have brought such a stock of health and spirits from Brighthelmstone, that you are set seriously at your desk, and that in two winters or so, you will display the crescent of Mahomet on the dome of St. Sophia. I met t'other day, in a work addressed to yourself, a sensible passage from F. Paul, which perfectly removes one of your chief difficulties, as to the barrenness of some parts your period. Hayley's Essay on History, p. 133. By the bye, who is this Mr. Hayley? His poetry has more merit than that of most of his contemporaries; but his whiggism is so bigotted, and his Christianity so fierce, that he almost disgusts one with two very good things.

I have got quite well long ago, and am perfectly free from deafness; but I cannot yet place myself in any class but that of the *multa et præclara minantes*. Be so kind as
to

to remember me to Lord Loughborough and Mr. Crauford, and believe me to be, with most sincere respect and attachment, yours very faithfully,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

N^o LXXXVII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mrs. GIBBON, Bath.*

DEAR MADAM,

BRIGHTHELMSTONE, Nov. 2d, 1781.

I RETURNED to this place with Lord and Lady Sheffield, with the design of passing two or three weeks in a situation which had so highly delighted me. But how vain are all sublunary hopes! I had forgot that there is some difference between the sunshine of August and the cold fogs (though we have uncommon good weather) of November. Instead of my beautiful sea-shore, I am confined to a dark lodging in the middle of the town; for the place is still full, and our time is now spent in the dull imitation of a London life. To complete my misfortunes, Lord Sheffield was hastily ordered to Canterbury and Deal, to suppress some disturbances, and I was left almost alone with my Lady, in the servile state of a married man. But he returns to-day, and I hope to be seated in my own library by the middle of next week. However, you will not be sorry to hear that I have refreshed myself by a very idle summer, and indeed a much idler and more pleasant winter than the House of Commons will ever allow me to enjoy again. I had almost forgot Mr. Hayley; ungratefully enough, since I really passed a very simple, but entertaining day with him. His place, though small, is elegant as his mind, which I value much more highly. Mrs. * * * * wrote a melancholy story of an American mother, a friend of her friend, who in a short time had lost three sons; one killed by the savages, one run mad from the fright at that accident, and the third taken at sea,

sea, now in England, a prisoner in Forton hospital. For *him* something perhaps might be done. Your humanity will prompt you to obtain from Mrs. * * * * a more accurate account of names, dates, and circumstances; but you will prudently suppress my request, lest I should raise hopes which it may not be in my power to gratify. Lady S. begs to send her kindest compliments to you. I am, dear Madam, ever yours.

N° CXXXVIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mrs. GIBBON, Bath.*

DEAR MADAM,

July 3d, 1782.

I HOPE you have not had a moment's uneasiness about the delay of my Midsummer letter. Whatever may happen, you may rest fully secure, that the materials of it shall always be *found*. But on this occasion I have missed four or five posts; postponing, as usual, from morning to the evening bell, which now rings, till it has occurred to me, that it might not be amiss to enclose the two essential lines, if I only added that the influenza has been known to me only by the report of others. Lord Rockingham is at last dead; a good man, whatever he might be as a minister; his successor is not yet named, and divisions in the Cabinet are suspected. If Lord Shelburne should be the man, as I think he will, the friends of his predecessor will quarrel with him before Christmas. At all events, I foresee much tumult and strong opposition, from which I should be very glad to extricate myself, by quitting the House of Commons with honour. Whatever you may hear, I believe there is not the least intention of dissolving Parliament, which would indeed be a rash and dangerous measure. I hope you like Mr. Hayley's poem; he rises with his subject, and since Pope's death, I am satisfied that England has not seen so happy a mixture of

of strong sense and flowing numbers. Are you not delighted with his address to his mother? I understand that she was in plain prose every thing that he speaks her in verse. This summer I shall stay in town, and work at my trade, till I make some holidays for my Bath excursion. Lady Sheffield is at Brighton, and he is under tents, like the wild Arabs; so that my country house is shut up. I am, dear Madam, ever yours.

N° CXXXIX.

EDWARD GIBBON Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord
SHEFFIELD, Camp, Coxheath.

BENTINCK-STREET, 1782.

I SYMPATHISE with your fatigues; yet Alexander, Hannibal, &c. have suffered hardships almost equal to yours. At such a moment it is disagreeable (besides laziness) to write, because every hour teems with a new lie. As yet, however, only Charles has formally resigned; but Lord John*, Burke, Keppel, Lord Althorpe, &c. certainly follow; your Lord Lieutenant stays. In short, three months of prosperity has dissolved a phalanx, which had stood ten years of adversity. Next Tuesday, Fox will give his reasons, and possibly be encountered by Pitt, the new Secretary, or Chancellor †, at three-and-twenty. The day will be rare and curious, and, if I were a light dragoon, I would take a gallop on purpose to Westminster. Adieu. I hear the bell. How could I write before I knew where you dwelt?

* Lord John Cavendish.

† Chancellor of the Exchequer.

N° CXL.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Hon. Lord SHEFFIELD, Coxheath Camp.*

September 29th, 1782.

I SHOULD like to hear sometimes, whether you survive the scenes of action and danger in which a dragoon is continually involved. What a difference between the life of a dragoon and that of a philosopher ! and I will freely own that I (the philosopher) am much better satisfied with my own independent and tranquil situation, in which I have always something to do, without ever being obliged to do any thing. The Hampton Court villa has answered my expectation, and proved no small addition to my comforts ; so that I am resolved next summer to hire, borrow, or steal, either the same, or something of the same kind. Every morning I walk a mile or more before breakfast, read and write *quantum sufficit*, mount my chaise and visit in the neighbourhood, accept some invitations, and escape others, use the Lucans as my daily bread, dine pleasantly at home, or sociably abroad, reserve for study an hour or two in the evening, lie in town regularly once a week, &c. &c. &c. I have announced to Mrs. G. my new arrangements ; the certainty that October will be fine, and my increasing doubts whether I shall be able to reach Bath before Christmas. Do you intend (but how can you intend any thing ?) to pass the winter under canvass. Perhaps under the veil of Hampton Court I may lurk ten days or a fortnight at Sheffield, if the enraged Lady does not shut the doors against me. The Warden * passed through in his way to Dover. He is not so fat, and more cheerful than ever. I had not any private conversation with him ; but he clearly holds the balance ;

* Lord North.

balance; unless he lets it drop out of his hand. The Pandæmonium (as I understand) does not meet till the twenty-sixth of November. Town is more a desert than I ever knew it. I arrived yesterday, dined at Sir Joshua's with a tolerable party; the chaise is now at the door; I dine at Richmond, lie at Hampton, &c. Adieu.

N^o CXLI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Lord SHEFFIELD at Coxheath Camp.*

BENTINCK-STREET, October 14th, 1782.

ON the approach of winter, my paper house at Hampton becomes less comfortable; my visits to Bentinck-street grow longer and more frequent, and the end of next week will restore me to the town, with a lively wish, however, to repeat the same, or a similar experiment, next summer. I admire the assurance with which you propose a month's residence at Sheffield, when you are not sure of being allowed three days. Here it is currently reported, that camps will not separate till Lord Howe's return from Gibraltar, and as yet we have no news of his arrival. Perhaps indeed you may have more intimate correspondence with your old friend Lord Shelburne, and already know the hour of your deliverance. I should like to be informed. As Lady S. has entirely forgotten me, I shall have the pleasure of forming a new acquaintance. I have often thought of writing, but it is now too late to repent.

I am at a loss what to say or think about our parliamentary state. A certain late Secretary of Ireland reckons the House of Commons thus: Minister one hundred and forty, Reynard ninety, Boreas one hundred and twenty, the rest unknown, or uncertain. The last of the three, by self or agents, talks too much of absence, neutrality, moderation. I still think he will discard the game.

I am

I am not in such a fury with the letter of American independence ; but I think it seems ill-timed and useless ; and I am much entertained with the metaphysical disputes between Government and Secession about the meaning of it. Lord Loughborough will be in town Sunday seven-night. I long to see him and Co. I think he will take a very decided part. If he could throw aside his gown, he would make a noble leader. The East India news are excellent. The French gone to the Mauritius, Heyder desirous of peace, the Nizam and Mahrattas our friends, and seventy lacks of rupees in the Bengal treasury, while we were voting the recal of Hastings. Adieu. Write soon.

N^o. CXLII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Lord SHEFFIELD.*

1787

I HAVE designed writing every post. The air of London is admirable ; my complaints have vanished, and the gout still respects me. Lord Loughborough, with whom I passed an entire day, is very well satisfied with his Irish expedition, and found the barbarous people very kind to him. The castle is strong, but the volunteers are formidable. London is dead, and all intelligence so totally extinct, that the loss of an army would be a favourable incident. We have not even the advantage of shipwrecks, which must soon, with the society of you and Gerard Hamilton, become the only pleasures of Brighton. My Lady is precious, and deserves to shine in London, when she regains her palace. The workmen are slow, but I hear that the Minister talks of hiring another house after Christmas*. Adieu, till Monday seven-night.

* Lord North, while his house was repairing, inhabited Lord Sheffield's in Downing-street.

N^o CXLIII.*The Same to the Same.*

January 17th, 1783.

AS I arrived about seven o'clock on Wednesday last, we were some time in town in mutual ignorance. Unlucky enough; yet our loss will be speedily repaired. Your reason for not writing is worthy of an Irish Baron: You thought Sarah might be at Bath, because you directed letters to her at Clifton near Bristol; where indeed I saw her in a delightful situation, swept by the winter winds, and scorched by the summer sun. A nobler reason for your silence would be the care of your papers, to record your steps, words, and actions. I was pleased with your Coventry oration: a panegyric on * * * * is a subject entirely new, and which no orator before yourself would have dared to undertake. You have acted with prudence and dignity in casting away the military yoke. This next summer you will sit down (if you can sit) in the long lost character of a country gentleman.

For my own part, my late journey has only confirmed me in the opinion, that Number Seven in Bentinck-street is the best house in the world. I find that peace and war alternately, and daily, take their turns of conversation, and this (Friday) is the pacific day. Next week we shall probably hear some questions on that head very strongly asked, and very foolishly answered, &c. Give me a line by return of post, and probably I may visit Downing-street on Monday evening; late, however, as I am engaged to dinner and cards. Adieu.

N. CXLIV.

[Although Dr. Priestley may not be justified for publishing the following Letters, yet as he thought fit to print them with a volume of sermons soon after Mr. Gibbon's death, it will not be improper to insert them in this collection.]

Mr. GIBBON to Dr. PRIESTLEY.

SIR,

January 23d. 1783.

AS a mark of your esteem, I should have accepted with pleasure your History of the Corruptions of Christianity. You have been careful to inform me, that it is intended, not as a gift, but as a challenge, and such a challenge you must permit me to decline. At the same time you glory in outstripping the zeal of the Musti and the Lama, it may be proper to declare, that I should equally refuse the defiance of those venerable divines. Once, and once only, the just defence of my own veracity provoked me to descend into the amphitheatre; but as long as you attack opinions which I have never maintained, or maintain principles which I have never denied, you may safely exult in my silence and your own victory. The difference between us, (on the credibility of miracles,) which you chuse to suppose, and wish to argue, is a trite and antient topic of controversy, and, from the opinion which you entertain of yourself and of me, it does not appear probable that our disputes would either edify or enlighten the Public.

The Public will decide to whom the *invidious* name of Unbeliever more justly belongs; to the Historian, who, without interposing his own sentiments, has delivered a simple narrative of authentic facts, or to the disputant who proudly rejects all natural proofs of the immortality of the soul, overthrows (by circumscribing) the

the inspiration of the evangelists and apostles, and condemns the religion of every Christian nation, as a fable less innocent, but not less absurd, than Mahomet's journey to the third Heaven.

And now, Sir, since you assume a right to determine the objects of my past and future studies, give me leave to convey to your ear the almost unanimous, and not offensive wish, of the philosophic world;—that you would confine your talents and industry to those sciences in which real and useful improvements *can* be made. Remember the end of your predecessor Servetus, not of his life, (the Calvins of our days are restrained from the use of the same fiery arguments,) but, I mean, the end of his reputation. His theological writings are lost in oblivion; and if his book on the Trinity be still preserved, it is only because it contains the first rudiments of the discovery of the circulation of the blood.

I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant.

N^o CXLV.

Dr. PRIESTLEY to Mr. GIBBON.

SIR,

BIRMINGHAM, 3d February 1783.

IT would have been impertinent in me, especially considering the object of my *History*, to have sent you a copy of it as a mark of my *esteem* or *friendship*. What I meant was to act the part of a fair and open *adversary*, and I am truly sorry that you decline the discussion I proposed: for though you are of a different opinion, I do not think that either of us could be better employed; and, should the Mufti and the Lama, whose challenge, you say, you would also decline, become parties in the business, I should rejoice the more. I do not well know what you can mean by intimating, that I am a greater Unbeliever than yourself; that I attack opinions which you never maintained, and maintain principles which you

VOL. II.

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never

never denied. If you mean to assert that you are a believer in Christianity, and meant to recommend it, I must say, that your mode of writing has been very ill adapted to gain your purpose. If there be any certain method of discovering a man's real object, yours has been to discredit Christianity in fact, while in words you represent yourself as a friend to it: a conduct which I scruple not to call highly unworthy and mean; an insult on the common sense of the Christian world; as a method of screening you from the notice of the law, (which is as hostile to me as it is to you,) you must know that it could avail you nothing; and, though that mode of writing might be deemed ingenious and witty in the first inventor of it, it has been too often repeated to deserve that appellation now.

According to your own rule of conduct, this charge ought to provoke you to descend into the amphitheatre once more, as much as the accusation of Mr. Davis: for it is a call upon you to defend, not your *principles* only, but also your *honour*. For what can reflect greater dishonour on a man, than to say one thing and mean another? You have certainly been very far from confining yourself, as you pretend, to a simple narrative of authentic facts, without interposing your own sentiments. I hold no opinions, obnoxious as they are, that I am not ready both to *avow* in the most explicit manner, and also to defend with any person of competent judgment and ability. Had I not considered you in this light, and also as fairly open, by the strain of your writings, to such a challenge, I should not have called upon you as I have done. The Public will form its own judgment both of that and of your silence on the occasion; and finally decide between you, the *humble historian*, and me, the *proud disputant*.

As to my *reputation*, for which you are so very obligingly concerned, give me leave to observe, that, as far as it is an object with any person, and a thing to be enjoyed by himself, it must depend upon his particular notions and feelings.—Now, odd as it will appear to you,

you, the esteem of a very few rational Christian friends (though I know that it will insure me the detestation of the greater part of the present nominally Christian world that happen to hear me) gives me more real satisfaction, than the applause of what you call the philosophic world. I admire Servetus, by whose example you wish me to take warning, more for his courage in dying for the cause of important truth, than I should have done if, besides the certain discovery of the circulation of the blood, he had made any other the most celebrated discovery in philosophy.

However, I do not see what my philosophical friends (of whom I have many, and whom I think I value as I ought,) have to do with my metaphysical or theological writings. They may, if they please, consider them as my particular whims or amusements, and accordingly neglect them. They have, in fact, interfered very little with my application to philosophy, since I have had the means of doing it. I was never more busy, or more successfully so, in my philosophical pursuits, than during the time that I have been employed about the History of the Corruptions of Christianity. I am at this very time, *totus in illis*, as my friends know; and as the Public will know in due time; which with me is never long, and if you had thought proper to enter into the discussion I proposed, it would not have made me neglect my laboratory, or omit a single experiment that I should otherwise have made.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

J. PRIESTLEY.

N^o CXLVI.

Mr. GIBBON to Dr. PRIESTLEY.

SIR,

BENTINCK-STREET, February 6th, 1783.

AS I do not pretend to judge of the sentiments or intentions of another, I shall not enquire how far you are inclined to suffer, or inflict martyrdom. It only becomes me to say, that the style and temper of your last letter have satisfied me of the propriety of declining all farther correspondence, whether public or private, with such an adversary. I am, Sir, your humble servant.

N^o CXLVII.

Dr. PRIESTLEY to Mr. GIBBON.

SIR,

BIRMINGHAM, 10th February, 1783.

NEITHER requested nor wished to have any *private* correspondence with you. All that my MS. card required, was a simple acknowledgment of the receipt of the copy of my work. You chose, however, to give me a specimen of your temper and feelings; and also, what I thought to be an opening to a further call upon you for a justification of yourself *in public*. Of this I was willing to take advantage; and, at the same time, to satisfy you, that my philosophical pursuits, for which, whether in earnest or not, you were pleased to express some concern, would not be interrupted in consequence of it.

As this correspondence, from the origin and nature of it, cannot be deemed *confidential*, I may, especially if I resume my observations on your conduct as an Historian, give the Public an opportunity of judging of the propriety of my answer to your first extraordinary letter, and also to this last truly *enigmatical* one; to interpret which requires

requires much more sagacity, than to discover your real intentions with respect to Christianity, though you might think you had carefully concealed them from all human inspection.

Wishing to hear from you just as little as you please in private, and just as much as you please in public, I am,
Sir, your humble servant.

N^o CXLVIII.

Mr. GIBBON to Dr. PRIESTLEY.

February 22d, 1783.

IF Dr. Priestley consults his friends, he will probably learn, that a single copy of a paper, addressed under a seal to a single person, and not relative to any public or official business, must always be considered as *private* correspondence; which a man of honour is not at liberty to print without the consent of the writer. That consent in the present instance, Mr. Gibbon thinks proper to withhold; and, as he desires to escape all further altercation, he shall not trouble Dr. Priestley or himself with explaining the motives of his refusal.

N^o CXLIX.

Dr. PRIESTLEY to Mr. GIBBON.

BIRMINGHAM, 25th February, 1783.

DR. Priestley is as unwilling to be guilty of any real impropriety as Mr. Gibbon can wish him to be: but, as the correspondence between them relates not to any *private*, but only to a *public matter*, he apprehends that it may, according to Mr. Gibbon's own distinction, at the pleasure of either of the parties be laid before the Public; who, in fact, are interested to know, at least,
the

the result of it. Dr. Priestley's conduct will always be open to the animadversion of Mr. Gibbon, or of any other person. His appeal is to men of honour; and even men of the world; and he desires no favour.

Dr. Priestley has sent a single copy of the correspondence to a friend in London, with leave to shew it to any other common friends, but with a prohibition to take any other copy: but between this and printing there is no difference, except in *mode* and *extent*. In the eye of the law and of reason both are equally publications; and has Mr. Gibbon never thought himself at liberty to shew a copy of a letter to a third person?

Mr. Gibbon may easily escape all further altercation by discontinuing this mutually disagreeable correspondence, by leaving Dr. Priestley to act as his own discretion or indiscretion may dictate; and for this, himself only, and not Mr. Gibbon, is responsible.

N° CL.

M. GIBBON à *Monf. DEYVERDUN*, à *Lausanne*.

A LONDRES, ce 20 Mai 1789.

QUE j'aime la douce et parfaite confiance de nos sentimens réciproques! Nous nous aimons dans l'éloignement et le silence, et il nous suffit à l'un et à l'autre, de savoir de tems en tems, des nouvelles de la santé et du bonheur de son ami. Aujourd'hui j'ai besoin de vous écrire; je commence sans excuses et sans reproches, comme si nous allions reprendre la conversation familière du jour précédent. Si je proposois de faire un *compte rendu* de mes études, de mes occupations, de mes plaisirs, de mes nouvelles liaisons, de ma politique toujours muette, mais un peu plus rapprochée des grands événemens, je multiplierois mes *in quarto*, et je ne fais pas encore votre avis sur ceux que je vous ai déjà envoyés. Dans cette histoire moderne,

il

il feroit toujours question de la décadence des empires ; et autant que j'en puis juger sur mes réminiscences et sur le rapport de l'ami Bugnon, vous amiez aussi peu la puissance de l'Angleterre que celle des Romains. Notre chute, cependant, a été plus douce. Après une guerre sans succès, et une paix assez peu glorieuse, il nous reste de quoi vivre contents et heureux ; et lorsque je me suis dépouillé du rôle de Membre du Parlement, pour redevenir homme, philosophe, et historien, nous pourrions bien nous trouver d'accord sur la plupart des scènes étonnantes qui viennent de se passer devant nos yeux, et qui fourniront une riche matière aux plus habiles de mes successeurs.

Bornons nous à cette heure à un objet moins illustre sans doute, mais plus intéressant pour tous les deux, et c'est beaucoup que le même objet puisse intéresser deux mortels qui ne sont pas vus, qui a peine se sont écrit depuis —oui ma foi—depuis huit ans. Ma plume, très paresseuse au commencement, ou plutôt avant le commencement, marche assez vite, lorsqu'elle s'est un fois mise en train ; mais une raison qui m'empêcheroit de lui donner carrière, c'est l'espérance de pouvoir bientôt me servir avec vous d'un instrument encore plus commode, la langue. Que l'homme, l'homme Anglois, l'homme Gibbon, est un sot animal ! Je l'espère, je le desire, je le puis, mais je ne fais pas si je le veux, encore moins si j'exécuterai cette volonté. Voici mon histoire, autant qu'elle pourra vous éclairer, qu'elle pourra m'éclairer moi-même, sur mes véritables intentions, qui me paroissent très obscures, et très équivoques ; et vous aurez la bonté de m'apprendre qu'elle sera ma conduite future. Il vous souvient, Seigneur, que mon grand pere a fait sa fortune, que mon pere l'a mangée avec un peu trop d'appétit, et que je jouis actuellement du fruit, ou plutôt du reste de leurs travaux. Vous n'avez pas oublié que je suis entré au Parlement sans patriotisme, sans ambition, et que toutes mes vues se bornoient à la place commode et honnête d'un *Lord of Trade*. Cette place, je
l'ai

l'ai obtenue enfin; je l'ai possédée trois ans, depuis 1779 jusqu'à 1782, et le produit net, qui se montoit à sept cent cinquante livres sterling, augmentoit mon revenu au niveau de mes besoins, et de mes desirs. Mais au printemps de l'année précédente, l'orage a grondé sur nos têtes: Milord North a été renversé, votre serviteur chassé, et le *Board* même, dont j'étois membre, aboli et cassé pour toujours, par la réformation de M. Burke, avec beaucoup d'autres places de l'Etat, et de la maison du Roi. Pour mon malheur, je suis toujours resté Membre de la Chambre basse: à la fin du dernier Parlement (en 1780) M. Elliot a retiré sa nomination; mais la faveur de Milord North a facilité ma rentrée, et la reconnoissance m'imposoit le devoir de faire valoir, pour son service, les droits que je tenois en partie de lui. Cet hyver nous avons combattu sous les étendards réunis (vous savez notre histoire) de Milord North, et de M. Fox; nous avons triomphé de Milord Shelburne et de la paix, et mon ami (je n'aime pas à profaner ce nom) a remonté sur la bête en qualité de Secrétaire d'Etat. C'est à présent qu'il peut bien me dire: "C'étoit beaucoup pour moi; ce n'étoit rien pour vous;" et malgré les assurances les plus fortes, j'ai trop de raison, pour avoir de la foi. Avec beaucoup d'esprit, et des qualités très respectables, il n'a plus ni le titre, ni le crédit de premier ministre; des collègues plus actifs lui enlèvent les morceaux les plus friands, qui sont aussitôt dévorés par la voracité de leurs créatures; nos malheurs et nos réformes ont diminué le nombre des grâces; par orgueil ou par paresse, je sollicite aussi mal, et si je parviens enfin, ce sera peut être à la veille d'une nouvelle révolution, qui me fera perdre dans un instant, ce qui m'aura coûté tant de soins et de recherches. Si je ne consultois que mon cœur et ma raison, je romprois sur le champ cette indigne chaîne de la dépendance; je quitterois le Parlement, Londres, l'Angleterre; je chercherois sous un ciel plus doux, dans un pays plus tranquille, le repos, la liberté, l'aisance, et une société éclairée et aimable. Je coulerois quelques années de ma vie sans espérance,

pérance, et sans crainte, j'achèverois mon histoire, et je ne rentrerois dans ma patrie qu'en homme libre, riche, et respectable par sa position, aussi bien que par son caractère. Mes amis, et surtout Milord Sheffield, ne veulent pas me permettre d'être heureux suivant mon goût et mes lumières. Leur prudence exige que je fasse tous mes efforts, pour obtenir un emploi très sur à la vérité, qui me donneroit mille guinées de rente, mais qui m'enlèveroit cinq jours par semaine. Je me prête à leur zèle, et je leur ai promis de ne partir qu'en automne, après avoir consacré l'été à cette dernière tentative. Le succès, cependant, est très incertain, et je ne fais si je le desiré de bonne foi.

Si je parviens à me voir exilé, mon choix ne sera pas douteux. Lausanne a eu mes prémices; elle me sera toujours chère par le doux souvenir de ma jeunesse. Au bout de trente ans, je me rappelle les poliffons qui sont aujourd'hui juges, les petites filles de la société du printemps, qui sont devenues grand-mères. Votre pays est charmant, et, malgré le dégoût de Jean Jacques, les mœurs, et l'esprit de ses habitans, me paroissent très assortis aux bords du lac Léman. Mais un trésor que je ne trouverois qu'à Lausanne; c'est un ami qui me convient également par les sentimens, et les idées, avec qui je n'ai jamais connu un instant d'ennui, de sécheresse, ou de réserve. Autrefois dans nos libres épanchemens, nous avons cent fois fait le projet de vivre ensemble, et cent fois nous avons épluché tous les détails du Roman, avec une chaleur qui nous étonnoit nous memes. A présent il demeure, ou plutôt vous demeurez, (car je me lasse de ce ton étudié,) dans une maison charmante et commode; je vois d'ici mon appartement, nos salles communes, notre table, et nos promenades; mais ce mariage ne vaut rien, s'il ne convient pas également aux deux époux, et je sens combien des circonstances locales, des goûts nouveaux, de nouvelles liaisons, peuvent s'opposer aux desseins, qui nous ont paru les plus agréables dans le lointain. Pour fixer mes idées, et pour nous épargner des regrets, il faut me dévoiler avec la franchise dont je vous ai donné l'exemple, le tableau extérieur

extérieur et intérieur de George Deyverdun. Mon amour est trop délicat, pour supporter l'indifférence et les égards, et je rougirois d'un bonheur dont je serois redevable, non à l'inclination, mais à la fidélité de mon ami. Pour m'armer contre les malheurs possibles, hélas ! peut être trop vraisemblables, j'ai essayé de me détacher de la pensée de ce projet favori, et de me représenter à Lausanne votre bon voisin, sans être précisément votre commensal. Si j'y étois réduit, je ne voudrois pas tenir maison, autant par raison d'économie, que pour éviter l'ennui de manger seul. D'un autre côté, une pension ouverte, fut elle montée sur l'ancien pied de celle de Mesery, ne conviendrait plus à mon âge, ni à mon caractère ? Passerois je ma vie au milieu d'une foule de jeunes Anglois échappés du college, moi qui aimerois Lausanne cent fois davantage, si j'y pouvois être le seul de ma nation ? Il me faudroit donc une maison commode et riante, un état au dessus de la bourgeoisie, un mari instruit, une femme qui ne ressembleroit pas à Madame Pavilliard, et l'assurance d'y être reçu comme le fils unique, ou plutôt comme le frere de la famille. Pour nous arranger sans gêne, je meublerais très volontiers un joli appartement sous le même toit, ou dans le voisinage, et puisque le ménage le plus foible, laisse encore de l'étoffe pour une forte pension, je ne serois pas obligé de chicaner sur les conditions pécuniaires. Si je me vois déchu de cette dernière espérance, je renoncerois en soupirant à ma seconde patrie, pour chercher un nouvel asyle, non pas à Geneve, triste séjour du travail et de la discorde, mais aux bords du lac de Neufchatel, parmi les bons Savoyards de Chamberry, ou sous le beau climat des Provinces Méridionales de la France. Je finis brusquement, parceque j'ai mille choses à vous dire. Je pense que nous nous ressemblons pour la correspondance. Pour le bavardage savant, ou même amical, je suis de tous les hommes le plus paresseux, mais de qu'il s'agit d'un objet réel, d'un service essentiel, le premier Courier emporte toujours ma réponse. A la fin d'un mois, je commencerais à compter les semaines, les jours, les heures. Ne me les faites pas compter trop long tems. Vale.

N. OLL

M. DEYVERDUN à M. GIBBON.

STRASBOURG, le 10 Juin, 1783.

JE ne saurais vous exprimer, Monsieur et cher ami, la variété et la vivacité des sensations que m'a fait éprouver votre lettre. Tout cela a fini par un fond de plaisir et d'espérance qui resteront dans mon cœur, jusqu'à ce que vous les en chassiez.

Un rapport singulier de circonstances contribue à me faire espérer que nous sommes destinés à vivre quelque tems agréablement ensemble. Je ne suis pas dégoûté d'une ambition que je ne connus jamais ; mais par d'autres circonstances, je me trouve dans la même situation d'embarras et d'incertitude où vous êtes aussi à cette époque. Il y a un an que votre lettre, mon cher ami, m'auroit fait plaisir sans doute, mais en ce moment, elle m'en fait bien davantage : elle vient en quelque façon à mon secours.

Depuis mon retour d'Italie, ne pouvant me déterminer à vendre ma maison, m'ennuyant d'y être seul (car je suis comme vous, Monsieur, et je déteste de manger sans compagnie) ne voulant pas louer à des étrangers, j'ai pris le parti de m'arranger assez joliment au premier étage, et de donner la second à une famille de mes amis, qui me nourrit, et que je loge. Cet arrangement a paru pendant long tems contribuer au bonheur des deux parties. Mais tout est transitoire sur cette terre. Ma maison sera vuide, selon tout apparence, sur la fin de l'été, et je me vois d'avance tout aussi embarrassé et incertain, que je l'étais il y a quelques années, ne sachant quelle nouvelle société choisir, et assez disposé à vendre enfin cette possession qui m'a causé bien des plaisirs, et bien des peines. Ma maison est donc à votre disposition pour cet automne, et vous y arriverez comme un Dieu dans une machine qui finit l'embroglio.

broglie. Voilà quant à moi ; parlons de vous maintenant avec la même sincérité.

Un mot de préambule. Quelque intéressé que je sois à votre résolution, convaincu qu'il faut aimer ses amis pour eux mêmes, sentant d'ailleurs combien il seroit affreux pour moi de vous voir des regrets, je vous donne ici ma parole d'honneur, que mon intérêt n'influe en rien sur ce que je vais écrire, et que je ne dirai pas un mot que je ne vous disse, si l'hermite de la grotte étoit un autre que moi. Vos amis Anglais vous aiment pour eux mêmes : je ne veux moi que votre bonheur. Rappelez vous, mon cher ami, que je vis avec peine votre entrée dans le Parlement, et je crois n'avoir été que trop bon prophète : je suis sur que cette carrière vous a fait éprouver plus de privations que de jouissances, beaucoup plus de peines que de plaisirs ; j'ai cru toujours, depuis que je vous ai connu, que vous étiez destiné à vivre heureux par les plaisirs du cabinet et de la société, que tout autre marche étoit un écart de la route du bonheur, et que ce n'étoit que les qualités réunies d'homme de lettres, et d'homme aimable de société, qui pouvoient vous procurer gloire, honneur, plaisirs, et une suite continuelle de jouissances. Au bout de quelques tours dans votre salle, vous sentirez parfaitement que j'avois bien vu, et que l'événement a justifié mes idées. Lorsque j'ai appris que vous étiez *Lord of Trade*, j'en ai été fâché ; quand j'ai su que vous aviez perdu cette place, je m'en suis réjoui pour vous ; quand on m'a annoncé que Milord North étoit remonté sur sa bête, j'ai cru vous voir très mal à votre aise, en croupe derrière lui, et je m'en suis affligé pour vous. Je suis donc charmé, mon cher ami, de vous savoir à pied, et je vous conseille très sincèrement de rester dans cette position, et bien loin de solliciter la place en question, de la refuser, si elle vous étoit offerte. Mille guinées vous dédommageront elles de cinq jours pris de la semaine ? Je suppose, ce que cependant j'ai peine à croire,

croire, que vous me disiez que oui : et la variété et l'inconstance continuelle de votre ministère, vous promettent elles d'en jouir long tems constamment, et n'est il pas plus désagréable, mon cher Monsieur, de n'avoir plus 1000 livres sterr. de rente, qu'il n'a été agréable d'en jouir ? D'ailleurs ne pourrez vous pas toujours rentrer dans la carrière, si l'ambition ou l'envie de servir la patrie, vous reprennent ; ne rentrerez vous pas avec plus d'honneur, lorsque vos rentes étant augmentées naturellement, vous serez libre et indépendant ?

En faisant cette retraite en Suisse, outre la beauté du pays, et les agrémens de la société, vous acquererez deux biens que vous avez perdus, la liberté et la richesse. Vous ne ferez d'ailleurs point inutile ; vos ouvrages continueront à nous éclairer, et indépendamment de vos talens, l'honnête homme, le galant homme, n'est jamais inutile.

Il me reste à vous présenter le tableau que vous trouveriez. Vous aimiez ma maison et mon jardin, c'est bien autre chose à présent. Au premier étage qui donne sur la descente d'Ouchy, je me suis arrangé un appartement qui me suffit, j'ai une chambre de domestique, deux salons, et deux cabinets. J'ai au plein pied de la terrasse, deux autres salons dont l'un sert en été de salle à manger, et l'autre de salon de compagnie. J'ai fait un nouvel appartement de trois pièces dans le vuide entre la maison et la remise, en sorte que j'ai à vous offrir tout le grand appartement, qui consiste actuellement en onze pièces, tant grandes que petites, tournées au Levant et au Midi, meublées sans magnificence, déplacée, mais avec une sorte d'élégance dont j'espère que vous seriez satisfait. La terrasse a peu changé ; mais elle est terminée par un grand cabinet mieux proportionné que le précédent, garnie tout du long, de caisses d'orangers, &c. La treille, qui ne vous est pas indifférente, a embelli, prospéré, et regne presque entièrement jusque au bout ; parvenu à ce bout, vous trouverez un petit chemin qui vous conduira à une chaumière placée dans un coin ; et de ce coin, en suivant le long d'une autre route à l'Anglaise, le mur d'un manège. Vous trouverez

au bout, un chalet avec écurie, vacherie, petite porte, petit cabinet, petite bibliothèque, et une galerie de bois doré, d'où l'on voit tout ce qui sort et entre en ville par la porte du Chêne, et tout ce qui se passe dans ce Faubourg. J'ai acquis la vigne au-dessous du jardin ; j'en ai arraché tout ce qui étoit devant la maison ; j'en ai fait un tapis vert, arrosé par l'eau du jet d'eau ; et j'ai fait tout autour de ce petit parc, une promenade très variée par les différens points de vue et les objets même intérieurs, tantôt jardin potager, tantôt parterre, tantôt vigne, tantôt prés, puis chalet, chaumière, petite montagne ; bref, les étrangers viennent le voir et l'admirent, et malgré la description pompeuse que je vous en fais, vous en serez content.

N. B. J'ai planté une quantité d'excellens arbres fruitiers.

Venons à moi ; vous comprenez bien que j'ai vieilli, excepté pour la sensibilité ; je suis à la mode, mes nerfs sont attaqués ; je suis plus mélancolique, mais je n'ai pas plus d'humeur ; vous ne souffrirez de mes maux que tout au plus négativement. Ensemble, et séparés par nos logemens, nous jouirons vis-à-vis l'un de l'autre, de la plus grande liberté. Nous prendrons une gouvernante douce et entendue, plutôt par commodité que par nécessité ; car je me chargerois sans crainte de la surintendance. J'ai fait un ménage de quatre, pendant quelque tems ; j'ai fait le mien, et j'ai remarqué que cela marchoit tout seul, quand c'étoit une fois en train. Les petites gens qui n'ont que ce mérite, font grand bruit pour rien. Mon jardin nous fournira avec abondance de bons fruits et d'excellens légumes. Pour la reste de la table et de la dépense domestique, je ne demanderais pas mieux que de vous recevoir chez moi, comme vous m'avez reçu chez vous ; mais nos situations sont différentes à cet égard ; cependant si vous étiez plus ruiné, je vous l'offrirois sans doute, et je devrois le faire ; mais avec les rentes que vous aviez, quand j'étois chez vous, en les supposant même diminuées, vous vivrez.

vivrez très agréablement à Lausanne. Enfin à cet égard nous nous arrangerons, comme il vous sera le plus agréable, et en proportion de nos revenus. Vous serez toujours ainsi, à ce que j'espère, plus décent et plus commodément, que vous ne seriez par tout ailleurs au même prix.

Quant à la société, quoique infiniment agréable, je commence ce chapitre par vous dire que j'évitais de vous y inviter, si vous étiez entièrement déseigné; les jours sont longs alors, et laissent bien du vuide; mais homme de lettres, comme vous êtes, j'en connois point de société qui vous convienne mieux. Nous aurons autour de nous un cercle, comme il seroit impossible d'en trouver ailleurs dans un aussi petit espace. Madame de Corcelles, Mademoiselle Sulens, et M. de Montolieu (Madame est morte), Messrs. Polier et leurs femmes, Madame de Severy, et M. et Madame de Nassau, Mademoiselle de Chandieu, Madame de St. Cierge, et M. avec leurs deux filles jolies et aimables, Madames de Croufaz, Polier, de Charrieres, &c. font un fonds de bonne compagnie dont on ne se lasse point, et dont M. de Servan est si content qu'il regrette toujours d'être obligé de retourner dans ses terres, et ne respire que pour s'établir tout à fait à Lausanne. Il passa tout l'hiver de 1782 avec nous, et il fut, on ne peut plus, agréable. Vous trouverez les mœurs changées en bien, et plus conformes à nos ages, et à nos caractères; peu de grandes assemblées, de grands repas, mais beaucoup de petits soupers, de petites assemblées, où l'on fait ce qu'on veut, où l'on cause, lit, &c. et dont on s'écarte avec soin les facheux de toute espece. Il y a le Dimanche une société, où tout ce qu'il y a d'un peu distingué en étrangères et étrangers, est invité. Cela fait des assemblées de 40 à 50 personnes, où l'on voit ce qu'on ne voit guères le reste de la semaine, et ces especes de *roulés* sont quelquefois plaisirs. Nous sommes fort dégoutés des étrangers, surtout des jeunes gens, et nous les écartons avec soin de nos petits comités, à moins qu'ils n'aient du mérite, ou quelques talens. A cet égard un de nos petits travers, c'est l'enjouement; mais vous en profiterez, mon cher

cher Monsieur, comme Edward Gibbon, et comme mon ami; vous ferez d'abord l'homme à la mode; et je vois d'ici que vous soutiendrez fort bien ce rôle, sans vous en fâcher, dût on un peu vous surfaire. *Je suis que tu me flattes, mais tu me fais plaisir*, est peut être le meilleur vers de Destouches. Voilà donc l'hiver; l'étude le matin, quelques conversations, quand vous serez fatigué, avec quelque homme de lettres, ou amateur, ou du moins qui aura vu quelque chose; à l'heure qu'il vous plaira un dîner, point de fermier général, mais l'honnête épistolicien, avec un ou deux amis quand vous voudrez; puis quelques visites, une soirée, souvent un souper. Quant à l'été, vu votre manière d'aimer la campagne, on dirait que ma remise a été faite pour vous; pendant que vous vous y promènerez en sénateur, je serai souvent en bon paysan Suisse, devant mon chalet, ou dans ma chaumière; puis nous nous rencontrerons tout à coup, et tâcherons de nous remettre au niveau l'un de l'autre. Nous fermerons nos portes à l'ordinaire, excepté aux étrangers qui passent leur chemin; mais quand nous voudrons, nous y aurons tous ceux que nous aimerons à y voir: car on ne demande pas mieux que d'y venir se rejouir. J'ai eu, un beau jour d'Avril ce printemps, un déjeuner, qui m'a coûté quelques Louis; ou il y avait plus de 40 personnes, je ne fais combien de petites tables, une bonne musique au milieu du verger, et une quantité de jeunes et jolies personnes dansant des branles, et formant des chiffres en cadence; j'ai vu bien des fêtes, j'en ai peu vu de plus jolies. Quand mon parc vous attirera, nous aurons, ou nous louerons ensemble (et ce sera ainsi un plaisir peu cher) un cahriole léger, avec deux chevaux gentils, et nous irons visiter nos amis dispersés dans les campagnes, qui nous recevront à bras ouverts. Vous en ferez content de nos campagnes; toujours en proportion vous comprenez, et vous trouverez en général un heureux changement pour les agrémens de la société; et une sorte de recherche simple, mais élégante. Les bergères du printemps, excepté Madame de Vanberg, ne sont sans doute plus présentables, mais il y en a d'autres assez gentilles

gentilles, et quoiqu'elles ne foyent pas en bien grand nombre, il y en aura toujours assez pour vous, mon cher Monsieur. Peu à peu mon imagination m'a emporté, et mon style s'égayé, comme cela nous arrivait quelquefois dans nos châteaux en Espagne. Il est bien tems de finir cet article, résumons nous plus sérieusement.

Si vous exécutez le plan que vous avez imaginé, j'aimerois même à dire que vous embrassez, surtout d'après ce que vous marquez vous même, *Si je ne consultais que mon cœur et ma raison, je romprois sur le champ cette indigne chaîne, &c.* Eh ! que voulez vous consulter, si ce n'est votre cœur et votre raison ? Si, dis-je, vous exécutez ce plan, vous retrouverez une liberté et une indépendance, que vous n'auriez jamais du perdre, et dont vous méritez de jouir, une aisance qui ne vous coûtera qu'un voyage de quelques jours, une tranquillité que vous ne pouvez avoir à Londres, et enfin un ami qui n'a peut être pas été un jour sans penser à vous, et qui malgré ses défauts, ses foiblesses et son infériorité, est encore un des compagnons qui vous conviennent le mieux.

Il me reste à vous apprendre pourquoi je vous réponds si tard ; vous savez déjà actuellement que ce n'est pas manque d'amitié et de zèle pour la chose ; mais votre lettre m'a été renvoyée de Lausanne ici, à Strasbourg, et je n'ai passé qu'une poste sans y répondre, ce qui n'est pas trop, vous l'avouerez, pour un pareil bavardage. Je suis parti de Lausanne la veille de Pâques pour venir voir un M. Bourcard de Basle, fort de mes amis ; il est ici auprès du Comte de Cagliostro, pour profiter de ses remèdes. Vous aurez entendu parler peut être de cet homme extraordinaire à tous égards. Comme j'ai été assez malade tout l'hiver, je profite aussi de ses remèdes ; mais comme le tems du séjour du Comte ici n'est rien moins que sur, le mieux sera que vous m'écriviez à M. D. chez M. Bourcard du Kurshgarten, à Basle.

Vol. II. Vous

Vous comprenez combien à tous égards, il est nécessaire m'écrire sans perte de tems, dèsque vous aurez pris une résolution. Adieu, mon cher ami.

N° CLII.

M. GIBBON à M. DEYVERDUN.

JE reçois votre lettre du 10 Juin, le 21 de ce mois. Aujourd'hui Mardi 24th, je mets la main à la plume (comme dit M. Fréron) pour y répondre, quoique ma missive ne puisse partir par arrangement des postes, que Vendredi prochain, 27 du courant. O merveille, de la grace efficace ! Elle n'agit pas moins puissamment sur vous, et moyennant le secours toujours prêt, et toujours prompt de nos couriers, un mois nous suffit pour la demande et la réponse. Je remercie mille fois le génie de l'amitié, qui m'a poussé, après mille efforts inutiles, à vous écrire enfin au moment le plus critique et le plus favorable. Jamais démarche n'a répondu si parfaitement à tous mes vœux et à toutes mes espérances. Je comptois sans doute sur la durée et la vérité de vos sentimens ; mais j'ignorois (telle est la foiblesse humaine) jusqu'à quel point ils avoient pu être attiédies par le tems et l'éloignement ; et je savois encore moins l'état actuel de votre santé, de votre fortune et de vos liaisons, qui auroient pu opposer tant d'obstacles à notre réunion. Vous m'écrivez, vous m'aimez toujours ; vous desirez avec zèle, avec ardeur, de réaliser nos anciens projets ; vous le pouvez, vous le voulez ; vous m'offrez dès l'automne votre maison, et quelle maison ! votre terrasse, et quelle terrasse ! votre société, et quelle société ! L'arrangement nous convient à tous les deux ; je retrouve à la fois le compagnon de ma jeunesse, un sage conseiller, et un peintre qui sait représenter et exagérer même les objets les plus rians. Ces exagérations me font pour
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le moins autant de plaisir, que la simple vérité. Si votre portrait étoit tout à fait ressemblant, ces agrémens n'existeroient que hors de nous mêmes, et j'aime encore mieux les trouver dans la vivacité de votre cœur et de votre imagination. Ce n'est pas que je ne reconnoisse un grand fond de vérité dans le tableau de Lausanne ; je connois le lieu de la scène, je me transporte en idée sur notre terrasse, je vois ces côteaux, ce lac, ces montagnes, ouvrages favoris de la nature, et je conçois sans peine les embellissemens que votre goût s'est plu y ajouter. Je me rappelle depuis vingt ou trente ans les mœurs, l'esprit, l'aisance de la société, et je comprends que ce véritable ton de la bonne compagnie se perpétue, et s'épure de père en fils, ou plutôt de mère en fille ; car il m'a toujours paru qu'à Lausanne, aussi bien qu'en France, les femmes sont très supérieures aux hommes. Dans un pareil séjour, je craindrois la dissipation bien plus que l'ennui, et le tourbillon de Lausanne étonneroit un philosophe accoutumé, depuis tant d'années à la tranquillité de Londres. Vous êtes trop instruit pour regarder ce propos, comme une mauvaise plaisanterie ; c'est dans les détroits qu'on est entraîné par la rapidité des courans : il n'y en a point en pleine mer. Désqu'on ne recherche plus les plaisirs bruyans, et qu'on s'affranchit volontiers des devoirs pénibles, la liberté d'un simple particulier se fortifie par l'immensité de la ville. Quant à moi, l'application à mon grand ouvrage, l'habitude, et la récompense du travail, m'ont rendu plus studieux, plus sédentaire, plus ami de la retraite. La chambre des communes et les grands dîners exigent beaucoup de tems ; et la tempérance d'un repas Anglois, vous permet de goûter de cinq ou six vins différens, et vous ordonne de boire une bouteille de claret après le dessert. Mais enfin je ne soupe jamais, je me couche de bonne heure, je reçois peu de visites, les matinées sont longues, les étés sont libres, et désque je ferme ma porte ; je suis oublié du Monde entier. Dans une société plus bornée et plus amicale, les

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démarches

démarches sont publiques, les droits sont réciproques, l'on dine de bonne heure, on se goûte trop pour ne pas passer l'après-midi ensemble ; on soupe, on veille, et les plaisirs de la soirée ne laissent pas de déranger le repos de la nuit, et le travail du lendemain. Quel est cependant le résultat de ces plaintes ? c'est seulement que la mariée est trop belle, et que j'ose me servir de l'excuse honnête de la santé et du privilege d'un homme de lettres ; il ne tiendra qu'à moi de modérer un peu l'excès de mes jouissances. Pour cette engouement que vous m'annoncez, et qui a toujours été le défaut des peuples les plus spirituels, je l'ai déjà éprouvé sur un plus grand théâtre. Il y a six ans que l'ami de Madame Necker fut reçu à Paris, comme celui de George Deyverdun pourroit l'être à Lausanne. Je ne connois rien de plus flatteur que cet accueil favorable d'un public poli et éclairé. Mais cette faveur, si douce pour l'étranger, n'est-elle pas un peu dangereuse pour l'habitant exposé à voir flétrir ses lauriers, par sa faute ou par l'inconstance des ses juges ? Non ; on se soutient toujours, peut être pas précisément, au même point d'élévation. A l'abri de trois gros volumes in quarto en langue étrangère, encore ce qui n'est pas un petit avantage, je conserverai toujours la réputation littéraire, et cette réputation donnera du relief aux qualités sociales, si l'on trouve l'historien sans travers, sans affectation et sans prétensions. Je serai donc charmé et content de votre société, et j'aurois pu dire en deux mots, ce que j'ai bavardé en deux pages ; mais il y a tant de plaisir à bavarder avec un ami ! car enfin je possède à Lausanne un véritable ami ; et les simples connoissances remplaceront sans beaucoup de peine, tout ce qui s'appelle liaison, et même amitié, dans ce vaste désert de Londres. Mais au moment où j'écris, je vois de tous côtés une foule d'objets dont la perte sera bien plus difficile à réparer. Vous connoissiez ma bibliothèque ; mais je suis en état de vous rendre le propos de votre maison *c'est bien autre chose à cette heure* ; formée peu à peu, mais avec beaucoup de soin et de dépense, elle peut se nommer aujourd'hui un beau

beau cabinet de particulier. Non content de remplir à rangs redoublés la meilleure piece qui lui étoit destinée, elle s'est débordée dans la chambre sur la rue, dans votre ancienne chambre à coucher, dans la mienne, dans tous les recoins de la maison de *Bentinck-street*, et jusques dans une chaumière que je me suis donnée à *Hampton Court*.

J'ai mille courtisans rangés autour de moi :

Ma retraite est mon Louvre, et j'y commande en roi.

Le fonds est de la meilleure compagnie Grecque, Latine, Italienne, Françoisse, et Angloise, et les auteurs les moins chers à l'homme de goût, des ecclésiastiques, des Byzantins, des Orientaux, sont les plus nécessaires à l'historien de la décadence et de la chute, &c. Vous ne sentez que trop bien le désagrément de laisser, et l'impossibilité de transporter cinq ou six milles volumes, d'autant plus que le ciel n'a pas voulu faire de la Suisse, un pays maritime. Cependant mon zele pour la réussite de nos projets communs, me fait imaginer que ces obstacles pourront s'applanir, et que je puis adoucir ou supporter ces privations douloureuses. Les bons auteurs classiques, la bibliothèque des nations, se retrouvent dans tous les pays. Lausanne n'est pas dépourvu de livres, ni de politesse, et j'ai dans l'esprit qu'on pourroit acquérir pour un certain tems, quelque bibliothèque d'un vieillard ou d'un mineur, dont la famille ne voudroit pas se défaire entièrement. Quant aux outils de mon travail, nous commencerons par examiner l'état de nos richesses ; après quoi il faudroit faire un petit calcul du prix, du poids et de la rareté de chaque ouvrage, pour juger de ce qu'il seroit nécessaire de transporter de Londres, et de ce qu'on acheteroit plus commodément en Suisse ; à l'égard de ces frais, on devroit les envisager comme les avances d'une manufacture transplantée en pays étranger, et dont on espere retirer dans la suite un profit raisonnable. Malheureusement votre bibliothèque publique, en y ajoutant même celle de M. de Bochat, est assez piteuse ; mais celles de Berne et de Basle sont très nombreuses,

nombreuses, et je compterois assez sur la bonhomie Helvétique, pour espérer que, moyennant des recommandations et des cautions, il me feroit permis d'en tirer les livres dont j'aurois essentiellement besoin. Vous êtes très bien placé pour prendre les informations, et pour fixer les démarches convenables ; mais vous voyez du moins combien je me retourne de tous les côtés, pour esquiver la difficulté la plus formidable.

Venons à présent à des objets moins relevés, mais très importants à l'existence et au bien être de l'animal, le logement, les domestiques, et la table. Pour mon appartement particulier, une chambre à coucher, avec un grand cabinet et une antichambre, auroient suffi à tous mes besoins ; mais si vous pouvez vous en passer, je me promènerai avec plaisir dans l'immensité de vos onze pièces, qui s'accommoderont sans doute aux heures et aux saisons différentes. L'article des domestiques renferme une assez forte difficulté, sur laquelle je dois vous consulter. Vous connoissez, et vous estimez Caplin mon valet de chambre, maître d'hôtel, &c. qui a été nourri dans notre maison, et qui comptoit y finir ses jours. Depuis votre départ, ses talens et ses vertus se sont développés de plus en plus, et je le considère bien moins sur le pied d'un domestique, que sur celui d'un ami. Malheureusement il ne fait que l'Anglois, et jamais il n'apprendra de langue étrangère. Il m'accompagna, il y a six ans, dans mon voyage à Paris, mais il rapporta fidelement à Londres toute l'ignorance, et tous les préjugés d'un bon patriote. A Lausanne il me coûteroit beaucoup, et à l'exception du service personnel, il ne nous feroit que d'une très petite utilité. Cependant je supporterois volontiers cette dépense, mais je suis très persuadé que, si son attachement le portoit à me suivre, il s'ennuyeroit à mourir dans un pays où tout lui seroit étranger et désagréable. Il faudroit donc me détacher d'un homme dont je connois le zèle, la fidélité, rompre tout d'un coup de petites habitudes qui sont liées avec le bien être journalier et momentané, et se résoudre à lui substituer

tuer un visage nouveau, peut être un mauvais sujet, toujours quelque aventurier Suisse pris sur le pavé de Londres. Vous rappelez vous un certain Georges Suisse qui a fait autrefois avec moi, le voyage de France et d'Italie ? Je le crois marié et établi à Lausanne ; s'il vit encore, si vous pouvez l'engager à se rendre ici, pour me ramener en Suisse, la compagnie d'un bon et ancien serviteur ne laisseroit pas d'adoucir la chute, et il resteroit peut être auprès de moi, jusqu'à ce que nous eussions choisi un jeune homme du pays, adroit, modeste et bien élevé, à qui je ferois un parti avantageux. Les autres domestiques, gouvernantes, laquais, cuisinière, &c. se prennent et se renvoyent sans difficulté. Un article bien plus important c'est notre table, car enfin nous ne sommes pas assez hermites, pour nous contenter des légumes et des fruits de votre jardin, tout excellens qu'ils sont ; mais je n'ai presque rien à ajouter à l'honnêteté de vos propos, qui me donnent beaucoup plus de plaisir que de surprise. Si je me trouvois sans fortune, au lieu de rougir des bienfaits de l'amitié, j'accepterois vos offres aussi simplement que vous les faites. Mais nous ne sommes pas réduits à ce point, et vous comprenez assez qu'une déconfiture Angloise laisse encore une fortune fort décente au Pays de Vaud, et pour vous dire quelque chose de plus précis, je dépenserois sans peine et sans inconvénient cinq ou six cens Louis. Vous connoissez le résultat aussi bien que les détails d'un ménage ; en supposant une petite table de deux philosophes Epicuriens, quatre, cinq, ou six domestiques, des amis assez souvent, des repas assez rarement, beaucoup de sensualité, et peu de luxe, à combien estimez vous en gros le dépense d'un mois et d'une année ? Le partage que vous avez déjà fait, me paroît de plus raisonnables ; vous me logez, et je vous nourris. A votre calcul, j'ajouterois mon entretien personnel, habits, plaisirs, gages de domestiques, &c. et je verrois d'une manière assez nette, l'ensemble de mon petit établissement.

Après avoir essuyé tant de détails minutieux, le cher lecteur s'imagine sans doute que la résolution de me fixer pendant

dant quelques tems aux bords du Lac Léman, est parfaitement décidée. Hélas ! rien n'est moins vrai ; mais je me suis livré au charme délicieux de compter, de sonder, de palper ce bonheur, dont je sens tout le prix, qui est à ma portée, et auquel j'aurai peut-être la bêtise de renoncer. Vous avez raison de croire, mais vous ignorez jusqu'à quel point vous l'avez, que ma carrière politique a été plus semée d'épines que de roses. Eh ! quel objet, quel mortel, pourroit me consoler de l'ennui des affaires, et de la honte de la dépendance ? *La gloire* ? Comme homme de lettres, j'en jouis, comme orateur je ne l'aurai jamais, et le nom des simples soldats est oublié dans les victoires aussi bien que dans les défaites. *Le devoir* ? Dans ces combats à l'aveugle, où les chefs ne cherchent que leur avantage particulier, il y a toujours à parier que les subalternes feront plus de mal que de bien. *L'attachement personnel* ? Les ministres sont rarement dignes de l'inspirer ; jusqu'à présent Lord North m'a pas eu à se plaindre de moi, et si je me retire du Parlement, il lui sera très aisé d'y substituer un autre muet, tout aussi affidé que son ancien ferviteur. Je suis intimement convaincu, et par la raison, et par le sentiment, qu'il n'y a point de parti, qui me convienne aussi bien que de vivre avec vous, et auprès de vous à Lausanne ; et si je parviens à la place (*Commissioner of the Excise or Customs*) ou je vise, il y aura toutes les semaines cinq longues matinées, qui m'avertiront de la folie de mon choix. Vous vous trompez à la vérité à l'égard de l'instabilité de ces emplois ; ils sont presque les seuls qui ne se ressentent jamais des révolutions du ministère. Cependant si cette place s'offroit bientôt, je n'aurois pas le bon sens et le courage de la refuser. Quels autres conseillers veux je prendre, si non mon cœur et ma raison ? Il en est de puissans et toujours écoutés : les égards, la mauvaise honte, tous mes amis, ou soi disant tels, s'écrieront que je suis un homme perdu, ruiné, un fou qui se dérobe à ses protecteurs, un misanthrope qui s'exile au bout du monde, et puis les exagérations sur tout ce qui seroit fait en ma faveur, si sûrement, si promptement, si libéralement,

Milord

Milord Sheffield opinera à me faire interdire et enfermer ; mes deux tantes et ma belle mere se plaindront que je les quitte pour jamais, &c. Et l'embarras de prendre mon bonnet de nuit, comme disoit le sage Fontenelle, lorsqu'il n'étoit question que de se coucher, combien de bonnets de nuit ne me faudra-t-il pas prendre, et les prendre tout seul, car tout le monde, amis, parens, domestiques, s'opposera à ma suite. Voila à la vérité des obstacles assez peu redoutables, et en les décrivant, je sens qu'ils s'affoiblissent dans mon esprit. Grace à ce long bavardage vous connoissez mon intérieur, comme moi même, c'est à dire assez mal ; mais cette incertitude, très amicale pour moi, seroit très facheuse pour vous. Votre réponse me parviendra vers la fin de Juillet, et huit jours après, je vous promets une replique nette et décisive : *je pars* ou *je reste*. Si je pars, ce sera au milieu de Septembre : je mangerai les raisins de votre treille, les premiers jours d'Octobre, et vous aurez encore le tems de me charger de vos commissions. Ne me dites plus : *Monsieur*, et très *cher ami* ; le premier est froid, le second est superflu.

N° CLIII.

M. DEYVERDUN à M. GIBBON.

ME voilà un peu embarrassé actuellement ; je ne dois vous appeller ni Monsieur, ni ami. Eh bien ! vous saurez qu'étant parti Samedi de Strasbourg, pendant que je venois ici, votre seconde lettre alloit là, et qu'ainsi je reçus votre troisième, Dimanche, et votre seconde, hier. La mention que vous y faisiez du Suisse George, dont je n'ai pu rien trouver dans la première, m'a fait comprendre qu'il y en avoit une seconde, et j'ai cru devoir attendre un courier, la troisième n'exigeant pas de réponse.

Pour votre parole, permettez que je vous en dispense encore, et même jusqu'au dernier jour, je sens bien qu'un procédé

procédé contraire, vous conviendrait; mais certes il ne me convient pas du tout. Ceci, comme vous le dites, est une espèce de mariage, et pensez vous que malgré les engagements les plus solennels, je n'eusse pas reconduit chez elle, du pied des autels, la femme la plus aimable qui m'eut temoigné des regrets. Jamais je ne me consolerois, si je vous voyois mécontent dans la suite, et dans le cas de me faire des reproches. C'est à vous à faire, si vous croyez nécessaire, des démarches de votre côté, qui fortifient votre résolution; pour moi, je n'en ferai point d'essentielles, jusqu'à ce que j'aye reçu encore une lettre de vous. Après ce petit préambule, parlons toujours comme si l'affaire étoit décidée, et repassons votre lettre. Tout ce que vous dites des grandes et petites villes, est très vrai, et votre comparaison des détroits et de la pleine mer, est on ne peut pas plus juste et agréable; mais enfin, *comme on fait son lit, on se couche*, disoit Sancho Pancha d'agréable mémoire, et qui peut mieux faire son lit à sa guise qu'un étranger, qui, n'ayant ni devoirs d'état ni de sang à remplir, peut vivre entièrement isolé, sans que personne y puisse trouver à redire? Moi même, bourgeois et citoyen de la ville, je suis presque entièrement libre. L'été, par exemple, je déteste de m'enfermer le soir dans des chambres chaudes, pour faire une partie. Eh bien! on m'a persécuté un peu la première année; à présent on me laisse en repos. Il y aura sans doute quelque changement dans votre manière de vivre; mais il me semble qu'on se fait aisément à cela. Les diners, surtout en femmes, sont très rares; les soupers peu grands; on reste plutôt pour être ensemble, que pour manger, et plusieurs personnes ne s'assèyent point. Je crois, tout compté et rabattu, que vous aurez encore plus de tems pour le cabinet qu'à Londres; on sort peu le matin, et quand nos amis communs viendront chez moi, et vous demanderont, je leur dirai; "ce n'est pas un oisif comme vous autres, il travaille dans son cabinet;" et ils se tairont respectueusement.

Pour les bibliothèques publiques, votre idée ne pourroit, je pense, se réaliser pour un lecteur, ou même un écrivain ordinaire,

ordinaire, mais un homme qui joue un rôle dans la république des lettres, un homme aimé et confidéré; trouvera, je m'imagine, bien des facilités; d'ailleurs, j'ai de bons amis à Berne, et je prendrai ici des informations.

Passons à la table. Sij'étois à Lausanne, cet article seroit plus sur, je pourrois revoir mes papiers, consulter; j'ai une chienne de mémoire. A vue de pays cela pourra aller de 20 à 30 Louis par mois, plus ou moins, vous sentez, suivant la friandise, et le plus ou moins de convives. Marquez moi dans votre première combien vous coûte le votre.

Je sens fort bien tous les bonnets de nuit: point de grands changemens sans embarras, même sans regrets; vous en aurez quelquefois sans doute: par exemple, si votre salle à manger, votre salle de compagnie, sont plus riantes, vous perdrez pour le vase de la bibliothèque. Pour ce qui est des représentations, discours au moins inutiles, il me semble que le mieux se deseroit de masquer vos grandes operations, de ne parler que d'une course, d'une visite chez moi, de six mois ou plus ou moins. Vous seriez bien, je pense, d'aller chez mon ami Louis Teissier; c'est un brave et honnête homme, qui m'est attaché, qui aime notre pays; il vous donnera tout plein de bons conseils avec zèle, et vous gardera le secret.

Vous aurez quelquefois à votre table un poète;—oui, Monsieur, un poète:—nous en avons un enfin. Procurez vous un volume 8vo. *Poësies Helvetiennes*, imprimés l'année passée chez Moufer, à Lausanne. Vous trouverez entr'autres dans l'épître au jardinier de la grotte, votre ami et votre parc. Toute la prose est de votre très humble serviteur, qui desire qu'elle trouve grace devant vous.

Le Comte de Cagliostro a fait un séjour à Londres. On ne fait qui il est, d'où il tire son argent; il exerce gratis ses talens pour la médecine; il a fait des cures admirables; mais c'est d'ailleurs le composé le plus étrange. J'ai cessé de prendre ces rémedes qui m'échauffoient—l'homme d'ailleurs me gâtoit le médecin. Je suis revenu à Basle avec mon ami. Adieu; récrivez moi le plutôt possible.

N^o CLIV.

M. GIBBON à M. DEYVERDUN.

HAMPTON COURT, ce 1 Juillet, 1783.

A PRES avoir pris ma résolution, l'honneur, et ce qui vaut encore mieux l'amitié, me défendent de vous laisser un moment dans incertitude. **JE PARS.** Je vous en donne ma parole, et comme je suis bien aise de me fortifier d'un nouveau lien, je vous prie très sérieusement de ne pas m'en dispenser. Ma possession, sans doute, ne vaut pas celle de Julie ; mais vous serez plus inexorable que St. Preux. Je ne sens plus qu'une vive impatience pour notre réunion. Mais le mois d'Octobre est encore loin ; 92 jours, et nous aurons tout le tems de prendre, et de nous donner des éclaircissemens dont nous avons besoin. Après un mûr examen, je renonce au voyage de George Suisse, qui me paroît incertain, cher et difficile. Après tout mon valet de chambre et ma bibliothèque, sont les deux articles les plus embarrassans. Si je ne retenois pas ma plume, je remplirois sans peine la feuille ; mais il ne faut pas passer du silence, à un babil intarissable. Seulement si je connois le Comte de Cagliostro, cet homme extraordinaire, &c. Savez vous le Latin ? oui, sans doute ; mais faites, comme si je ne le favois point. Quand retournez vous à Lausanne vous même ? Je pense que vous y trouverez une petite bête bien aimable, mais tant soit peu méchante, qui se nomme Milady Elizabeth Foster ; parlez lui de moi, mais parlez en avec discrétion ; elle a des correspondances partout. Vale.

N° CLV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord*
SHEFFIELD.

July 10th, 1783.

YOU will read the following lines with more patience and attention than you would probably give to an hasty conference, perpetually interrupted by the opening of the door, and perhaps by the quickness of our own tempers. I neither expect nor desire an answer on a subject of extreme importance to myself, but which friendship alone can render interesting to you. We shall soon meet at Sheffield.

It is needless to repeat the reflections which we have sometimes debated together, and which I have often seriously weighed in my silent solitary walks. Notwithstanding your active and ardent spirit, you must allow that there is some perplexity in my present situation, and that my future prospects are distant and cloudy. I have lived too long in the world to entertain a very sanguine idea of the friendship or zeal of ministerial patrons; and we are all sensible how much the powers of patronage are reduced.

* * * * *

At the end of the Parliament, or rather long before that time, (for their lives are not worth a year's purchase,) our Ministers are kicked down stairs, and I am left their disinterested friend, to fight through another opposition, and to expect the fruits of another revolution. But I will make a more favourable supposition, and conceive myself in six months firmly seated at the board of customs; before the end of the next six months I should infallibly hang myself. Instead of regretting my disappointment, I rejoice in my escape; as I am satisfied that no salary could pay me for the irksomeness of attendance, and the drudgery of business so repugnant to my taste, (and I will dare to say,) so unworthy

unworthy of my character. Without looking forwards to the possibility, still more remote, of exchanging that laborious office for a smaller annuity, there is surely another plan, more reasonable, more simple, and more pleasant; a temporary retreat to a quiet and less expensive scene. In a four years residence at Lausanne, I should live within my income, save, and even accumulate, my ready money; finish my History, an object of profit, as well as fame, expect the contingencies of elderly lives, and return to England at the age of fifty, to form a lasting independent establishment, without courting the smiles of a Minister, or apprehending the downfall of a party. Such have been my serious sober reflections. Yet I much question, whether I should have found courage to follow my reason and my inclination, if a friend had not stretched his hand to draw me out of the dirt. The twentieth of last May I wrote to my friend Deyverdun, after a long interval of silence, to expose my situation, and to consult in what manner I might best arrange myself at Lausanne. From his answer, which I received about a fortnight ago, I have the pleasure to learn, that his heart and his house are both open for my reception; that a family which he had lodged for some years is about to leave him, and that at no other time my company could have been so acceptable and convenient. I shall step, at my arrival, into an excellent apartment and a delightful situation; the fair division of our expences will render them very moderate, and I shall pass my time with the companion of my youth, whose temper and studies have always been congenial to my own. I have given him my word of honour to be at Lausanne in the beginning of October, and no power or persuasion can divert me from this IRREVOCABLE resolution, which I am every day proceeding to execute.

I wish, but I scarcely hope, to convince you of the propriety of my scheme; but at least you will allow, that when we are not able to prevent the *follies* of our friends, we should strive to render them as easy

easy and harmless as possible. The arrangement of my house, furniture, and books will be left to meaner hands, but it is to your zeal and judgment alone that I can trust the more important disposal of Lenborough and * * *

* *. On these subjects we may go into a committee at Sheffield-Place, but you know it is the rule of a committee, not to hear any arguments against the *principle* of the bill. At present I shall only observe, that neither of these negotiations ought to detain me here; the former may be dispatched as well, the latter much better, in my absence. *Vale.*

N° CLVI.

M. GIBBON à M. DEYVERDUN,

SHEFFIELD-PLACE, le 31 Juillet 1783.

VOTRE papier s'est furieusement rappetisé; vous avez si bien retranché le superflu, que vous oubliez l'essentiel, et ce n'est que par des conjectures fines et savantes que je devine la date du tems et du lieu. Quant à moi je suis actuellement au château de Milord Sheffield, à quarante milles de Londres, ce qui ajoute deux jours pour l'arrivée et le départ du courier. Je reçois votre lettre (je ne fais du quantime) le 30 Juillet de l'an de grace 1783, je répons du 31 du dit mois et de la dite année. Le zele ne se rallentit point pour la consummation du grand œuvre. Je sens votre procédé délicat et généreux, et quoique je n'eusse pas été fâché de trouver dans votre fermeté, un appui à la mienne, mon inclination est si bien affermie sur la base inébranlable de l'inclination et de la raison, que je ne crains plus les obstacles extérieurs ni intérieurs. Dèsque j'ai osé fixer mon départ, les nuages qui le couvroient, se font évanouis; les montagnes s'aplanissoient devant moi, et les dragons qui s'étoient présentés sur ma route, se font apprivoisés. La semaine passée, je frappai le grand coup par la cassation du bail
de

de ma maison de *Bentinch-street* ; et après le mois de Septembre, si je ne couche pas à Lausanne, je concherais dans la rue. Mes différens bonnets de nuit s'arrangent tous les jours, avec beaucoup d'ordre et de facilité. Lord Sheffield lui même, ce terrible St. George, vrai champion de l'Angleterre, s'est rendu à mes raisons, ou plutôt aux vôtres. Il est charmé du tableau de votre première lettre, et malgré l'activité de son ame, au lieu de me condamner, il me porte envie ; et nous disputons (un peu en l'air) sur le projet d'une visite que lui, son aimable compagne et sa fille ainée, se proposent de nous faire dans deux ans aux bords du Lac Léman. Bien loin de combattre mon dessein, il me conseille, il me seconde dans l'exécution, et je n'aurai pas besoin de recourir aux lumières de votre ami Louis Teyffier, d'autant plus que pour les menus détails de la correspondance étrangère, je trouve dans le libraire Elmsly un conseiller sage, instruit et discret. * * * *

* * * * * Votre calcul de la dépense de la maison surpasse, non pas absolument mes moyens, mais un peu mes espérances et mes conjectures. La consommation en Suisse n'est point chargée d'impôts, le vin y coule comme l'eau de fontaine ; votre jardin produit des fruits et des légumes. Se peut il que vingt ou trente Louis se dépensent tous les mois pour le pain, la viande, le bois, la chandelle, quelque peu de vin étranger, les domestiques de la cuisine, &c. ? Je me flatte que dans l'incertitude, vous avez cayé au plus fort ; mais enfin tout ce détail se réglera suivant nos goûts et nos facultés ; et un mois d'expérience sera plus instructif que cent pages de raisonnemens. La comparaison que vous me demandez de mon ménage de Londres, ne meneroit à rien. A la rigueur je ne tien pas maison ; je ne donne presque jamais à manger ; en hyver je dine assez rarement chez moi ; je ne soupe jamais ; et une partie assez considérable de la dépense (celle des clubs et des tavernes) n'entre point dans le compte de la

maison.

maison. Ma nourriture domestique n'excede pas toutefois votre calcul Lausannois ; mais je sens la différence entre le petit couvert triste et melquin d'un garçon, et la table honnête et hospitalière de deux amis, qui auront d'autres amis, &c.

Votre idée de masquer mes grands opérations est de la plus profonde politique ; mais les déclarations, et même les démarches qui seront nécessaires pour me retirer de la Chambre des Communes, déclareront un peu trop tôt l'étendue de mes projets. Cependant on peut tirer quelque parti de cette honnête dissimulation, pour calmer un peu les scrupules, et les regrets des dames âgées que vous connoissez, et que vous ne connoissez pas. Mais le moyen le plus efficace pour arrêter, ou pour ne pas écouter les mauvais discours, c'est de s'y dérober par une prompte fuite, et depuis que ma résolution a été prise, je compte les jours et les momens. Le 10 du mois prochain je retournerai à Londres, où je travaillerai vivement à préparer ce grand changement d'état. J'attends tous les jours la réponse de Madame Gibbon, à qui j'ai tâché de persuader qu'une entrevue de trois ou quatre jours à Bath, seroit moins douce qu'amère à tous les deux. Si elle se rend, ou fait semblant de se rendre à mes raisons, je compte que tout sera fini la première, ou du moins la seconde semaine de Septembre, et comme je couperai droit par la Champagne, et la Franche-Comté, je pourrois fort bien me trouver à Lausanne vers le 20 ou le 25 de ce mois là, supposé toujours que cette promptitude vous convienne, que votre maison sera libre, et que vous y serez rendu vous même. J'avois quelque idée de me détourner par Strasbourg, de vous prendre à Bâle, et de passer avec vous par Berne, &c. mais, tout bien considéré, j'aime mieux abréger le grand voyage et réserver cette promenade (si nous avons envie de la faire) pour un saison plus tranquille. J'attends votre réponse dans une trentaine de jours ; mais sans l'attendre je vous écrirai de Londres, pour continuer le fil de l'histoire, et peut être pour vous charger de

quelques achats de livres, qui se feront plus commodément à Bâle qu'à Lausanne. Vous ne me donnez point de commissions. Cependant ce pays n'est pas sans industrie. Milord et Milady Sheffield vous embrassent très amicalement. Ce sera pour moi la perte la plus sensible.

N° CLVII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable*
Lord SHEFFIELD.

Monday, August 18th, 1783.

IN the preparations of my journey I have not felt any circumstance more deeply than the kind concern of Lady Sheffield and the silent grief of Mrs. Porten. Yet the age of my friends makes a very essential difference. I can scarcely hope ever to see my aunt again; but I flatter myself, that in less than two years, my *sister* will make me a visit, and that in less than four, I shall return it with a cheerful heart at Sheffield-Place. Business advances; this morning my books were shipped for Rouen, and will reach Lausanne almost as soon as myself. On Thursday morning the bulk of the library moves from Bentinck-street to Downing-street. I shall escape from the noise to Hampton Court, and spend three or four days in taking leave. I want to know your precise motions, what day you arrive in town, whether you visit Lord * * * * * before the races, &c. I am now impatient to be gone, and shall only wait for a last interview with you. Your medley of judges, advocates, politicians, &c. is rather *useful* than pleasant. Town is a vast solitude. Adieu.

N° CLVIII.

The Same to the Same.

BENTINCK-STREET, August 20th, 1783.

I AM now concluding one of the most unpleasant days of my life. Will the day of our meeting again be accompanied with proportionable satisfaction? The business of preparation will serve to agitate and divert my thoughts; but I do not like your brooding over melancholy ideas in your solitude, and I heartily wish that both you and my dear Lady S. would immediately go over and pass a week at Brighton. Such is our imperfect nature, that dissipation is a far more efficacious remedy than reflection. At all events, let me hear from you soon: I have passed the evening at home, without gaining any intelligence.

N CLIX.

M. DEYVERDUN à M. GIBBON.

DE NEUCHÂTEL, le 20 Aout 1783.

IL y a long tems que je n'ai été aussi mécontent de moi que je le suis dans ce moment; j'ai fait par l'événement une grande étourderie; j'ai manqué à ceux que me quittent, et à celui qui vient me joindre; enfin je me suis très mal conduit. M. * * * * *, qui loge chez moi, me paroïssoit si disposé à quitter ma maison, quand je partis au printems, que ne doutant pas qu'il ne trouvât à s'arranger pendant tout l'été, je la regardois déjà d'avance comme vacante. Le plaisir extrême que j'avois à vous l'offrir, n'a pas peu contribué à soutenir cette illusion; enfin n'entendant parler cependant de rien, je lui ai écrit après avoir reçu il y a six jours votre dernière, et il vient de me

K 2

répondre

répondre qu'il n'a rien trouvé encore, mais qu'il n'épargnera ni soins ni dépenses, pour déloger, je ne lui ai au reste point marqué de quoi il étoit question ; mais je l'ai prié de me dire à quelle époque il croyoit que ma maison pourroit être vacante. Je lui écrirai demain, car il me paraît qu'il est piqué, et tel que je le connois, malgré ce que je pourrai lui marquer, il sera fort empressé à décamper ; mais malgré cela, il ne faut compter sur la maison entière pour votre arrivée.

Je vous demande mille pardons, mon cher ami, je me mets à votre merci ; et en vérité si vous me voyiez en ce moment, vous auriez pitié de moi. Que nous reste-t-il à faire ? car enfin il ne faut pas perdre la tête. J'ai un appartement de deux chambres sans lit, et deux petits cabinets, où vous pourriez être passablement, en attendant que la maison fût tout à fait libre ; le tout est à plein pied de la terrasse, je me procureroit un logement au bout de mon jardin, et nous pourrions nous faire apporter à manger, chose pratiquée par nombre de Grands Seigneurs, entr'autres par Monseigneur le Margrave d'Anspach. 2. Ou bien louer un appartement garni que nous occuperons ensemble. Ou enfin 3. passer l'hiver dans quelle autre ville du Continent qu'il vous plaira choisir, où j'irai vous joindre et vous porter mes excuses. Une réflexion que je fais dans ce moment ci, et qui me console un peu, c'est que dans votre première lettre, votre résolution ne tenoit point à ma maison, ni même à l'idée de loger et vivre avec moi. Ce seconde article aura toujours lieu, s'il vous convient, et le premier ne sera que différé ; ainsi appeaisez vous, mon cher ami, pardonnez moi, et écrivez moi tout de suite lequel de ces partis vous convient le mieux, pour que je m'y conforme ; ou si vous en imaginez un nouveau, annoncez le moi. Une réflexion qui contribue encore à me consoler, c'est que pendant le tems que nous camperons ainsi en quelque manière, nous aurons le tems de bien voir autour de nous, et de nous arranger à notre aise, d'un manière stable et commode pour notre établissement. Encore une fois cependant, mon cher ami, mille pardons.

Milord

Milord Sheffield s'est montré plus raisonnable que je ne l'aurais cru; diantre ! n'allez pas dire cela à sa seigneurie; mais dites-lui, je vous prie, combien me plait l'espoir d'avoir l'honneur de le connoître; je vois encore d'ici son beau parc et le charmant ruisseau. Son suffrage dans des circonstances qui doivent sans doute le prévenir contre moi, me fait le plus grand plaisir, parceque je le regarde comme une bien forte preuve que vous prenez un parti convenable à votre bonheur. Des commissions, je ne saurais trop que vous dire dans ce moment; comme vous avez une maison montée, voyez s'il n'y auroit pas des choses Anglaises auxquelles vous êtes accoutumé, et qui vous feroient plaisir, on en pourroit remplir une caisse. Un service de cette porcelaine de Bath, par exemple, nous conviendrait, ce me semble, assez.

Une de mes craintes maintenant, c'est que cette lettre ne vous parvienne peut être point avant votre départ; cela feroit très fâcheux. Toujours aurai-je soin de me trouver à Lausanne, au moins vers le milieu de mois prochain. Des courtiers, comme celui que vous amenez, sont ordinairement de vrais domestiques de Grand Seigneurs, chers et importants; mais vous les connoîtrez en route. Ne soyez pas trop fâché contre moi, du contretens que je vous annonce, et pensez qu'il y a enfin un appartement honnête de garçon, ma terrasse, mon jardin et votre ami, qui ne peuvent vous manquer—

Tout à vous,

D.

N° CLX.

EDWARD GIBBON Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord
SHEFFIELD.

Friday, August 22d, 1783.

I AM astonished with your apparition and flight, and I am at a loss to conjecture the mighty and sudden business of * * * *, which could not be delayed till next week. Timeo * * * *, their selfish cunning, and your sanguine

sanguine unsuspecting spirit. Not dreaming of your arrival, I thought it unnecessary to apprize you, that I delayed Hampton to this day; on Monday I shall return, and will expect you Tuesday evening, either in Bentinck or Downing-street, as you like best. You have seen the piles of learning accumulated in your parlour; the transportation will be achieved to-day, and Bentinck-street is already reduced to a light, ignorant habitation, which I shall inhabit till about the first of September; four days must be allowed for clearing and packing; these I shall spend in Downing-street, and after seeing you a moment on your return, I shall start about Saturday the sixth. London is a desert, and life, without books, business, or society, will be somewhat tedious. From this state, you will judge that your plan coincides very well, only I think you should give me the whole of Wednesday in Bentinck-street. With regard to Bushy, perhaps as a compliment to Lord L. you had better defer it till your return. I admire Gregory Way, and should envy him, if I did not possess a disposition somewhat similar to his own. My Lady will be reposed and restored at Brighton; the torrent of Lords, Judges, &c. a proper remedy for you, was a medicine ill-suited to her constitution. I tenderly embrace her.

N^o CLXI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable*
Lady SHEFFIELD.

MY DEAR FRIEND, BENTINCK-STREET, August 30th, 1783.

FOR the names of Sheffalina, &c. are too playful for the serious temper of my mind. In the whole period of my life I do not recollect a day in which I felt more unpleasant sensations, than that on which I took my leave of Sheffield-Place. I forgot my friend Deyverdun, and the fair prospect of quiet and happiness which awaits me at Lausanne.

Lausanne. I lost sight of our almost certain meeting at the end of a term, which, at our age, cannot appear very distant; nor could I amuse my uneasiness with the hopes, the more doubtful prospect, of your visit to Switzerland. The agitation of preparing every thing for my departure has, in some degree, diverted these melancholy thoughts; yet I still look forwards to the decisive day (to-morrow se'nnight) with an anxiety of which yourself and Lord S. have the principal share.

Surely never any thing was so unlucky as the unseasonable death of Sir John Ruffel on his passage to his friend at Sheffield-Place, which so strongly reminded us of the instability of human life and human expectations. The inundation of the assises must have distressed and overpowered you; but I hope and I wish to hear from yourself, that the air of your favourite Brighton, the bathing, and the quiet society of two or three friends have composed and revived your spirits. Present my love to Sarah, and compliments to Miss Carter, &c. Give me a speedy and satisfactory line. I am most truly yours.

N° CLXII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord*
SHEFFIELD.

DOWNING-STREET, September 8th, 1783.

AS we are not unconscious of each other's feelings, I shall only say, that I am glad you did not go alone into Suffex; an American rebel to dispute with gives a diversion to uneasy spirits, and I heartily wished for such a friend or adversary during the remainder of the day. No letter from Deyverdun; the post is arrived, but two Flanders mails are due. Æolus does not seem to approve of my designs, and there is little merit in waiting till Friday. I should wait with more reluctance, did I think there was much chance of success. I dine with Craufurd, and if any thing is decided, will send an extraordinary Gazette.

You

You have obliged me beyond expression, by your kindness to aunt Kitty; she will drink her afternoon tea at Sheffield next Friday. For my sake Lady S. will be kind to the old lady, who will not be troublesome, and will vanish at the first idea of Brighton. Has not that salubrious air already produced some effects? Peace will be proclaimed to-morrow; odd! as war was never declared. The buyers of stock seem as indifferent as yourself about the definitive treaty. Tell Maria, that though you had forgotten the *Annales de la Vertu*, I have directed them to be sent, but know nothing of their plan or merit. Adieu. When you see my Lady, say every thing tender and friendly to her. I did not know how much I loved her. She may depend upon my keeping a separate, though not perhaps a very frequent account with her. *A propos*, I think aunt Kitty has a secret wish to sleep in my room; if it is not occupied, she might be indulged. Once more, adieu.

N° CLXIII.

M. GIBBON à M. DEYVERDUN.

Downing-street, à Londres, le 9 Septembre 1784.

SELON ma diligence ordinaire je répondis le 31 Juillet à votre lettre sans date, reçu le jour auparavant. Je voyois couler le mois d'Août, fortement persuadé qu'il ne s'achèveroit point, sans m'apporter votre *ultimatum*. Nous voici au 9 Septembre, quarante jours depuis ma missive, et je n'ai point encore de vos nouvelles! Il est vrai que des vents contraires nous retiennent deux mailles de Flandres, et vos dépêches peuvent et doivent s'y trouver. Mais si elles ne m'apportent rien de votre part, je serai très étonné, et pas moins embarrassé. Se peut-il que vos lettres, ou les miennes se soient égarées en chemin? êtes vous mort? êtes vous malade? avez vous changé d'avis? est-il survenu des difficultés? Je vous ai écrit de nouveau

veau le 19 Août ; mais l'incertitude de mes craintes me fait encore hazarder ce billet. Après des travaux inouis, j'ai enfin brisé tous mes liens, et depuis ma résolution, je n'ai pas eu un instant de regrets ; ma vive impatience se fortifie tous les jours, et depuis que j'ai abandonné ma maison et ma bibliothèque, l'ennui a prêté des ailes à l'espérance et à l'amitié. Enfin j'avois fixé mon départ au commencement de la semaine ; à cette heure il est renvoyé à Vendredi prochain, 12 de ce mois, dans la supposition toujours d'une lettre de votre part, car je ne saurois entreprendre ma course, sans être assuré de la réception qui m'attend au bout. Je me ferai toujours précéder par un mot de billet ; mais la saison est tellement orageuse, qu'il me sera impossible d'arrêter le jour de mon arrivée à Lausanne, jusqu'à ce que je me voye en suréte au-delà de la mer. Adieu. Vous devez être de retour à Lausanne. Annoncez moi aux enfans des mes anciennes connoissances.

N° CLXIV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable*
Lord SHEFFIELD.

Thursday, September 11th, 1783.

THE scheme (which you may impart to my Lady) is completely vanished, and I support the disappointment with heroic patience. * * * * * goes down to Chatsworth to-morrow, and * * * does not recommend my waiting for the event ; yet the appointment is not yet declared, and I am ignorant of the name and merits of my successful competitor. Is it not wonderful that I am still in suspense, without a letter from Deyverdun ? No, it is not wonderful, since no Flanders mail is arrived : to-morrow three will be due. I am therefore in a miserable state of doubt and anxiety ; in a much better house indeed than my own, but without books, or business, or society. I send or call two or three times each day to Elmsly's, and can only say that I shall fly the next day, Saturday, Sunday,

day, &c. after I have got my *quietus*. Aunt Kitty was delighted with my Lady's letter; at her age, and in her situation, every kind attention is pleasant. I took my leave this morning; and as I did not wish to repeat the scene, and thought she would be better at Sheffield, I suffer her to go to-morrow. Your discretion will communicate or withhold any tidings of my departure or delay as you judge most expedient. Christie writes to you this post; he talks, in his rhetorical way, of many purchasers. Do you approve of his fixing a day for the auction? To us he talked of an indefinite advertisement. No news, except that we keep Negapatnam. The other day the French Ambassador mentioned that the Empress of Russia, a precious —, had proposed to ratify the principles of the armed neutrality, by a definitive treaty, but that the French, obliging creatures! had declared that they would neither propose nor accept an article so disagreeable to England. Grey Elliot was pleased with your attention, and says you are a perfect master of the subject*. Adieu. If I could be sure that no mail would arrive to-morrow, I would run down with my aunt. My heart is not light. I embrace my Lady with true affection, but I need not repeat it.

N° CLXV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable*
Lord SHEFFIELD.

DOWNING-STREET, September 12th, 1783.

SINCE my departure is near, and inevitable, you and Lady S. will be rather sorry than glad to hear that I am detained, day after day, by the caprice of the winds. Three Flanders mails are now due. I know not how to move without the final letter from Deyverdun, which I expected a fortnight ago, and my fancy (perfectly unreasonable)

* American commerce.

sonable) begins to create strange phantoms. A state of suspense is painful, but it will be alleviated by the short notes which I mean to write, and hope to receive, every post. A separation has some advantages, though they are purchased with bitter pangs; among them is the pleasure of knowing how dear we are to our friends, and how dear they are to us. It will be a kind office to sooth aunt Kitty's sorrows, and to "rock the cradle of declining age." She will be vexed to hear that I am not yet gone; but she is reasonable and cheerful. Adieu. Most truly yours.

N° CLXVI.

The Same to the Same.

DOWNING-STREET, Saturday, September 13th, 1783.

ENFIN la bombe a crevé.—The three Flanders mails are arrived this day, but without any letters from Deyverdun. Most incomprehensible! After many adverse reflections, I have finally resolved to begin my journey on Monday; a heavy journey, with much apprehension, and much regret. Yet I consider, first, That if he is alive and well, (an unpleasant *if*;) scarcely any event can have happened to disappoint our mutual wishes; and, 2dly, That, supposing the very worst, even that worst would not overthrow my general plan of living abroad, though it would derange my hopes of a quiet and delightful establishment with my friend. Upon the whole, without giving way to melancholy fears, my reason conjectures that his indolence thought it superfluous to write any more, that it was my business to act and move, and his duty to sit still and receive me with open arms. At least he is well informed of my operations, as I wrote to him (since his last) July thirty-first, from Sheffield-Place; August nineteenth; and this week, September ninth. The two first have already reached him.

As

As I shall not arrive at, or depart from Dover, till Tuesday night, (alas! I may be confined there a week,) you will have an opportunity, by dispatching a parcel per post to Edmsly's, to catch the Monday's post. Let us improve these last short moments: I want to hear how poor Kitty behaves. I am really impatient to be gone. It is provoking to be so near, yet so far from, certain persons. London is a desert. I dine to-morrow with the Paynes, who pass through. Lord Loughborough was not returned from Buxton yesterday. Sir Henry Clinton found me out this morning; he talks with rapture of visits to be made at Sheffield, and returned at Brighton. I envy him those visits more than the red ribbon. Adieu.

N° CLXVII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable*
Lord SHEFFIELD.

Dover, Wednesday, 17th September, 1784,
ten o'clock in the morning.

THE best laws are useless without proper guardians. Your letter *per* Sunday's post is not arrived, (as its fate is uncertain, and irrevocable, you must repeat any material article,) but that *per* Monday's post reached me last night. Oliver is more insolent than his great-grandfather; but you will cope with one, and would not have been much afraid of the other. Last night the wind was so high, that the vessel could not stir from the harbour; this day it is brisk and fair. We are flattered with the hope of making Calais harbour by the same tide, in three hours and a half; but any delay will leave the disagreeable option of a tottering boat or a tossing night. What a cursed thing to live in an island! this step is more awkward than the whole journey. The triumvirate of this memorable embarkation will consist of the grand Gibbon, Henry Laurens, Esquire, President of Congress, and Mr. Secretary, Colonel, Admiral, Philosopher, Thompson, attended by three horses, who are not the most agreeable fellow passengers.

sengers. If we survive, I will finish and seal my letter at Calais. Our salvation shall be ascribed to the prayers of my Lady and Aunt; for I do believe they both pray.

Boulogne, Thursday Morning, Ten o'clock.

Instead of Calais, the wind has driven us to Boulogne, where we landed in the evening, without much noise and difficulty. The night is passed, the custom-house is dispatched, the post-horses are ordered, and I shall start about eleven o'clock. I had not the least symptom of sea-sickness, while my companions were spewing round me. Laurens has read the pamphlet*, and thinks it has done much mischief. A good sign! Adieu. The Captain is impatient. I shall reach Lausanne by the end of next week, but may probably write on the road.

N. CLXVIII.

EDWARD GIBBON Esquire to the Right Honourable
Lord SHEFFIELD.

LANGRES, September 23d. 1783.

LET the geographical Maria place before you the map of France, and trace my progress as far as this place, through the following towns: Boulogne, (where I was forced to land,) St. Omer, (where I recovered my road,) Aire, Bethune, Douay, Cambray, St. Quentin, La Fere, Laon, Rheims, Chalons, St. Dizier, and Langres, where I have just finished my supper. The Inns, in general, more agreeable to the palate, than to the sight or smell. But, with some short exceptions of time and place, I have enjoyed good weather and good roads, and at the end of the ninth day, I feel so little fatigued, that the journey appears no more than a pleasant airing. I have generally

conversed

* Lord Sheffield's Observations on the Commerce of the American States.

conversed with Homer and Lord Clarendon, often with Caplin and Muff*; sometimes with the French postillions, of the above-mentioned animals the least rational. To-morrow I lie at Besançon, and, according to the arrangement of post or hired horses, shall either sup at Lausanne on Friday, or dine there Saturday. I feel some suspense and uneasiness with regard to Deyverdun; but in the scale both of reason and constitution, my hopes preponderate very much above my fears. From Lausanne I will immediately write. I embrace my Lady. If aunt Kitty's gratitude and good-breeding have not driven her away upon the first whisper of Brighton, she will share this intelligence; if she is gone, a line from you would be humane and attentive. *Monseigneur les Chevaux seront prêts à cinq heures.* Adieu. I am going into an excellent bed, about six feet high from the ground.

N° CLXIX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord SHEFFIELD.*

LAUSANNE, September 30th, 1783.

I ARRIVED safe in harbour last Saturday, the 27th instant, about ten o'clock in the morning; but as the post only goes out twice a week, it was not in my power to write before this day. Except one day, between Langres and Besançon, which was laborious enough, I finished my easy and gentle airing without any fatigue, either of mind or body. I found Deyverdun well and happy, but much more happy at the sight of a friend, and the accomplishment of a scheme which he had so long and impatiently desired. His garden, terrace, and *park*, have even exceeded the most sanguine of my expectations and remembrances; and you yourself cannot have forgotten the

* His dog.

the charming prospect of the lake, the mountains, and the declivity of the Pays de Vaud. But as human life is perpetually chequered with good and evil, I have found some disappointments on my arrival. The easy nature of Deyverdun, his indolence, and his impatience, had prompted him to reckon too positively that his house would be vacant at Michaelmas; some unforeseen difficulties have arisen, or have been discovered when it was already too late, and the consummation of our hopes is (I am much afraid) postponed to next spring. At first I was knocked down by the unexpected thunderbolt, but I have gradually been reconciled to my fate, and have granted a free and gracious pardon to my friend. As his own apartment, which afforded me a temporary shelter, is much too narrow for a settled residence, we hired for the winter a convenient ready furnished apartment in the nearest part of the Rue de Bourg, whose back door leads in three steps to the terrace and garden, as often as a tolerable day shall tempt us to enjoy their beauties; and this arrangement has even its advantage, of giving us time to deliberate and provide, before we enter on a larger and more regular establishment. But this is not the sum of my misfortunes; hear, and pity! The day after my arrival (Sunday) we had just finished a very temperate dinner, and intended to begin a round of visits on foot, *chapeau sous le bras*, when, most unfortunately, Deyverdun proposed to shew me something in the court; we boldly and successfully ascended a flight of stone steps, but in the descent I missed my footing, and strained, or sprained, my ankle in a painful manner. My old latent enemy, (I do not mean the Devil,) who is always on the watch, has made an ungenerous use of his advantage; and I much fear that my arrival at Lausanne will be marked with a fit of the gout, though it is quite unnecessary that the intelligence or suspicion should find its way to Bath. Yesterday afternoon I lay, or at least sat, in state to receive visits, and at the same moment my room was filled with four different nations.

nations. The loudest of these nations was the single voice of the Abbé Raynal, who, like your friend, has chosen this place for the asylum of freedom and history. His conversation, which might be very agreeable, is intolerably loud, peremptory, and insolent; and you would imagine that he alone was the monarch and legislator of the world. Adieu. I embrace my Lady, and the infants. With regard to the important transactions for which you are constituted plenipotentiary, I expect with some impatience, but with perfect confidence, the result of your labours. You may remember what I mentioned of my conversation with * * * * * about the place of Minister at Bern: I have talked it over with Deyverdun, who does not dislike the idea, provided this place was allowed to be my villa, during at least two-thirds of the year; but for my part, I am sure that * * * * * are worth more than ministerial friendship and gratitude; so I am inclined to think, that they are preferable to an office which would be procured with difficulty; enjoyed with constraint and expence, and lost, perhaps, next April; in the annual revolutions of our domestic Government. Again adieu.

N° CLXX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable*
Lady SHEFFIELD.

LAUSANNE, October 28th, 1783.

THE progress of my gout is in general so regular, and there is so much uniformity in the History of its Decline and Fall, that I have hitherto indulged my laziness, without much shame or remorse, without supposing that you would be very anxious for my safety, which has been sufficiently provided for by the triple care of my friend Deyverdun, my humbler friend Caplin, and a very conversable physician, (not the famous Tissot) whose ordinary fee is ten batz, about fifteen pence English. After the usual increase and decrease

crease of the member (for it has been confined to the injured part) the gout has retired in good order, and the remains of weakness, which obliged me to move on the rugged pavement of Lausanne with a stick, or rather small crutch, are to be ascribed to the sprain, which might have been a much more serious business. As I have now spent a month at Lausanne, you will enquire with much curiosity, more kindness, and some mixture of spite and malignity, how far the place has answered my expectations, and whether I do not repent of a resolution which has appeared so rash and ridiculous to my ambitious friends? To this question, however natural and reasonable, I shall not return an immediate answer, for two reasons: 1. *I have not yet made a fair trial.* The disappointment and delay with regard to Deyverdun's house, will confine us this winter to lodgings, rather convenient than spacious or pleasant. I am only beginning to recover my strength and liberty, and to look about on persons and things; the greatest part of those persons are in the country taken up with their vintage; my books are not yet arrived, and, in short, I cannot look upon myself as settled in that comfortable way which you and I understand and relish. Yet the weather has been heavenly, and till this time, the end of October, we enjoy the brightness of the sun, and somewhat gently complain of its immoderate heat. 2. If I should be too sanguine in explaining my satisfaction in what I have done, you would ascribe that satisfaction to the novelty of the scene, and the inconstancy of man; and I deem it far more safe and prudent to postpone any positive declaration, till I am placed by experience beyond the danger of repentance and recantation. Yet of one thing I am sure, that I possess in this country, as well as in England, the best cordial of life, a sincere, tender, and sensible friend, adorned with the most valuable and pleasant qualities both of the heart and head. The inferior enjoyments of leisure and society are likewise in my power; and in the short excursions which I have hitherto made, I

VOL. II. L have

have commenced or renewed my acquaintance with a certain number of persons, more especially women, (who, at least in France and this country, are undoubtedly superior to our prouder sex,) of rational minds and elegant manners. I breakfast alone, and have declared that I receive no visits in a morning, which you will easily suppose is devoted to study. I find it impossible, without inconvenience, to defer my dinner beyond two o'clock. We have got a very good woman cook. Deyverdun, who is somewhat of an Epicurean philosopher, understands the management of a table, and we frequently invite a guest or two to share our luxurious, but not extravagant repasts. The afternoons are (and will be much more so hereafter) devoted to society, and I shall find it necessary to play at cards much oftener than in London: but I do not dislike that way of passing a couple of hours, and I shall not be ruined at shilling whist. As yet I have not supped, but in the course of the winter I must sometimes sacrifice an evening abroad, and in exchange I hope sometimes to steal a day at home, without going into company

* * * * *

I have all this time been talking to Lord Sheffield, I hope that he has dispatched my affairs, and it would give me pleasure to hear that I am no longer member for Lymington, nor Lord of *Lenborough*. Adieu. I feel every day that the distance serves only to make me think with more tenderness of the persons whom I love.

N^o CLXXI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord*
SHEFFIELD.

LAUSANNE, November 14th, 1783.

LAST Tuesday, November eleventh, after plaguing and vexing yourself all the morning, about some business of your fertile creation, you went to the House
of

of Commons, and passed the afternoon, the evening, and perhaps the night, without sleep or food, stifled in a close room by the heated respiration of six hundred politicians, inflamed by party and passion, and tired of the repetition of dull nonsense, which, in that illustrious assembly, so far outweighs the proportion of reason and eloquence. On the same day, after a studious morning, a friendly dinner, and a cheerful assembly of both sexes, I retired to rest at eleven o'clock, satisfied with the past day, and certain that the next would afford me the return of the same quiet and rational enjoyments. *Which has the better bargain?* Seriously, I am every hour more grateful to my own judgment and resolution, and only regret that I so long delayed the execution of a favourite plan, which I am convinced is the best adapted to my character and inclinations. Your conjecture of the revolutions of my face, when I heard that the house was for this winter inaccessible, is probable, but false. I bore my disappointment with the temper of a sage, and only use it to render the prospect of next year still more pleasing to my imagination. You are likewise mistaken, in imputing my fall to the awkwardness of my limbs. The same accident might have happened to Slingby himself, or to any *hero* of the age, the most distinguished for his *bodily activity*. I have now resumed my entire strength, and walk with caution, yet with speed and safety, through the streets of this mountainous city. After a month of the finest autumn I ever saw, the *bise** made me feel my old acquaintance; the weather is now milder, and this present day is dark and rainy, not much better than what you probably enjoy in England. The town is comparatively empty, but the Noblesse are returning every day from their chateaux, and I already perceive that I shall have more reason to complain of dissipation than of dulness. As I told Lady S. I am afraid of being too rash and hasty in expressing my satisfaction; but I must again repeat, that appearances are extremely favourable. I am sensible that

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general

* The North East wind.

general praise conveys no distinct ideas, but it is very difficult to enter into particulars where the individuals are unknown, or indifferent to our correspondent. You have forgotten the *old* generation, and in twenty years a new one is grown up. Death has swept many from the world, and chance or choice has brought many to this place. If you enquire after your old acquaintance Catherine, you must be told, that she is solitary, ugly, blind, and universally forgotten. Your later flame, and our common goddess, the Eliza, passed a month at the inn. She came to consult Tissot, and was acquainted with Cerjat. And now to business. * * * *

* * * *
 With regard to meaner cases, these are two, which you can and will undertake. 1. As I have not renounced my country, I should be glad to hear of your parliamentary squabbles, which may be done with small trouble and expence. After an interesting debate, my Lady in due time may cut the speeches from Woodfall. You will write or dictate any curious anecdote, and the whole, inclosed in a letter, may be dispatched to Lausanne. 2. A set of Wedgewood china, which we talked of in London, and which would be most acceptable here. As you have a *sort* of a taste, I leave to your own choice the colour and the pattern; but as I have the inclination and means to live very handsomely *here*, I desire that the size and number of things may be adequate to a plentiful table. If you see Lord North, assure him of my gratitude; had he been a more successful friend, I should now be drudging at the Board of Customs, or vexed with business in the amiable society of ———. To Lord Loughborough present an affectionate sentiment; I am satisfied with his intention to serve me, if I had not been in such a fidget. I am sure you will not fail, while you are in town, to visit and comfort poor aunt Kitty. I wrote to her on my first arrival, and she may be assured that I will not neglect her. To my Lady I say nothing; we have now our private

vate correspondence, into which the eye of an husband should not be permitted to intrude. I am really satisfied with the success of the pamphlet*; not only because I have a sneaking kindness for the author, but as it shews me that plain sense, full information, and warm spirit, are still acceptable in the world. You talk of Lausanne as a place of retirement, yet, from the situation and freedom of the Pays de Vaud, all nations, and all extraordinary characters, are astonished to meet each other. The Abbé Raynal, the grand Gibbon, and Mercier, author of the *Tableau de Paris*, have been in the same room. The other day, the Prince and Princess de Ligne, the Duke and Duchess d'Urfel, &c. came from Brussels on purpose (literally true) to act a comedy at * * * * *, in the country. He was dying, and could not appear; but we had comedy, ball, and supper. The event seems to have revived him; for that great man is fallen from his antient glory, and his nearest relations refuse to see him. I told you of poor Catherine's deplorable state; but Madame de Mesery, at the age of sixty-nine, is still handsome. Adieu.

N° CLXXII.

EDWARD GIBBON Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord SHEFFIELD.

LAUSANNE, December 20th, 1783.

I HAVE received both your epistles; and as any excuse will serve a man who is at the same time very busy and very idle, I patiently expected the second, before I entertained any thoughts of answering the first * *

* * * * *

I therefore conclude, that on every principle of common sense, before this moment your active zeal has expelled me

* Observations on the Commerce with the American States.

me from the house, to which, without regret, I bid an everlasting farewell. The agreeable hour of five o'clock in the morning, at which you commonly retire, does not tend to revive my attachment; but if you add the soft hours of your morning committee *, in the discussion of taxes, frauds, smugglers, &c. I think I should beg to be released and quietly sent to the galleys, as a place of leisure and freedom. Yet I do not depart from my general principles of toleration. Some animals are made to live in the water, others on the earth, many in the air, and some, as it is now believed, even in fire. Your present hurry of Parliament I perfectly understand; when opposition make the attack.

— *Hore* —

Memento cito mors venit, aut victoria lata.

But when the Minister brings forward any strong and decisive measure, he at length prevails; but his progress is retarded at every step, and in every stage of the bill, by a pertinacious, though unsuccessful, minority. I am not sorry to hear of the splendour of Fox; I am proud, in a foreign country, of his fame and abilities, and our little animosities are extinguished by my retreat from the English stage. With regard to the substance of the business, I scarcely know what to think: the vices of the Company †, both in their persons and their constitution, were manifold and manifest; the danger was imminent, and such an empire, with thirty millions of subjects, was not to be lost for trifles. Yet, on the other hand, the faith of charters, the rights of property! I hesitate and tremble. Such an innovation would at least require that the remedy should be as certain as the evil, and the proprietors may perhaps insinuate, that *they* were as competent guardians of their own affairs, as either * * * * * or * * * * *. Their acting without a salary, seems childish, and their not being removable by the Crown,

* A select Committee for inquiring into frauds committed in respect to the revenue.

† East India Company.

Crown, is a strange and dangerous precedent. But enough of politics, which I now begin to view through a thin, cold, distant cloud, yet not without a reasonable degree of curiosity and patriotism. From the papers (especially when you add an occasional slice of the Chronicle) I shall be amply informed of facts and debates. From you I expect the causes, rather than the events, the true springs of action, and those interesting anecdotes which seldom ascend the garret of a Fleet-street editor. You say that many friends (alias acquaintance) have expressed curiosity and concern; I should not wish to be immediately forgotten; That others (you once mentioned Gerard Hamilton) condemn Government, for suffering the depasture of a man who might have done them some credit and some service, perhaps as much as * * * * himself. To you, in the confidence of friendship, and without either pride or resentment, I will fairly own that I am somewhat of Gerard's opinion; and if I did not compare it with the rest of his character, I should be astonished that * * * * suffered me to depart, without even a civil answer to my letter. Were I capable of hating a man, whom it is not easy to hate, I should find myself amply revenged by * * * *. But the happy souls in paradise are susceptible only of love and pity, and though Lausanne is not a Paradise, more especially in winter, I do assure you, in sober prose, that it has hitherto fulfilled, and even surpassed, my warmest expectation. Yet I often cast a look toward Sheffield-Place, where you now repose, if you can repose, during the Christmas recess. Embrace my Lady, the young Baroness, and the gentle Louisa, and insinuate to your silent Consort, that separate letters require separate answers. Had I an air balloon, the great topic of modern conversation, I would call upon you till the meeting of Parliament. *Vale.*

N° CLXXIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mrs. PORTEN.*

DEAR MADAM,

LAUSANNE, December 27th, 1783.

THE unfortunate are loud and loquacious in their complaints, but real happiness is content with its own silent enjoyment; and if that happiness is of a quiet uniform kind, we suffer days and weeks to elapse without communicating our sensations to a distant friend. By you, therefore, whose temper and understanding have extracted from human life on every occasion the best and most comfortable ingredients, my silence will always be interpreted as an evidence of content, and you would only be alarmed (the danger is not at hand) by the too frequent repetition of my letters. Perhaps I should have continued to slumber, I don't know how long, had I not been awakened by the anxiety which you express in your last letter. * * *

From this base subject I descend to one which more seriously and strongly engages your thoughts, the consideration of my health and happiness. And you will give me credit when I assure you with sincerity, that I have not repented a single moment of the step which I have taken, and that I only regret the not having executed the same design two, or five, or even ten years ago. By this time I might have returned independent and rich to my native country; I should have escaped many disagreeable events that have happened in the meanwhile, and I should have avoided the parliamentary life, which experience has proved to be neither suitable to my temper, nor conducive to my fortune. In speaking of the happiness which I enjoy, you will agree with me, in giving the preference to a sincere and sensible friend; and though you cannot discern the full extent of his merit, you will easily believe that Deyverdun is the man. Perhaps two persons so perfectly fitted to live together, were never formed by Nature and Education.

Education. We have both read and seen a great variety of objects; the lights and shades of our different characters are happily blended, and a friendship of thirty years has taught us to enjoy our mutual advantages, and to support our unavoidable imperfections. In love and marriage, some harsh sounds will sometimes interrupt the harmony, and in the course of time, like our neighbours, we must expect some disagreeable moments; but confidence and freedom are the two pillars of our union, and I am much mistaken, if the building be not solid and comfortable. One disappointment I have indeed experienced, and patiently supported. The family who were settled in Deyverdun's house started some unexpected difficulties, and will not leave it till the spring; so that you must not yet expect any poetical, or even historical, description of the beauties of my habitation. During the dull months of winter we are satisfied with a very comfortable apartment in the middle of the town, and even derive some advantage from this delay; as it gives us time to arrange some plans of alteration and furniture, which will embellish our future and more elegant dwelling. In this season I rise (not at four in the morning) but a little before eight; at nine, I am called from my study to breakfast, which I always perform alone, in the English stile, and, with the aid of Caplin*, I perceive no difference between Lausanne and Bentinck-street. Our mornings are usually passed in separate studies; we never approach each other's door without a previous message, or thrice knocking, and my apartment is already sacred and formidable to strangers. I dress at half past one, and at two (an early hour, to which I am not perfectly reconciled,) we sit down to dinner. We have hired a female cook, well-skilled in her profession, and accustomed to the taste of every nation; as for instance, we had excellent mince-pies yesterday. After dinner, and the departure of our company, one, two, or three friends, we read together some amusing book, or play at chess, or retire

* His English Valet de Chambre.

retire to our rooms, or make visits, or go to the coffee-house. Between six and seven the assemblies begin, and I am oppressed only with their number and variety. Whist, at shillings or half-crowns, is the game I generally play, and I play three rubbers with pleasure. Between nine and ten we withdraw to our bread and cheese, and friendly converse, which sends us to bed at eleven; but these sober hours are too often interrupted by private or numerous suppers, which I have not the courage to resist, though I practise a laudable abstinence at the best furnished tables. Such is the skeleton of my life; it is impossible to communicate a perfect idea of the vital and substantial parts, the characters of the men and women with whom I have very easily connected myself in looser and closer bonds, according to their inclination and my own. If I do not deceive myself and if Deyverdun does not flatter me, I am already a general favourite; and as our likings and dislikes are commonly mutual, I am equally satisfied with the freedom and elegance of manners, and (after proper allowances and exceptions) with the worthy and amiable qualities of many individuals. The autumn has been beautiful, and the winter hitherto mild, but in January we must expect some severe frost. Instead of rolling in a coach, I walk the streets, wrapped up in a fur cloak; but this exercise is wholesome, and except an accidental fit of the gout of a few days, I never enjoyed better health. I am no longer in Pavillard's house, where I was almost starved with cold and hunger, and you may be assured that I now enjoy every benefit of comfort, plenty, and even decent luxury. You wish me happy; acknowledge that such a life is more conducive to happiness, than five nights in the week passed in the House of Commons, or five mornings spent at the Custom-house. Send me, in return, a fair account of your own situation in mind and body. I am satisfied your own good sense would have reconciled you to inevitable separation; but there never was a more suitable diversion than your visit

to

to Sheffield-Place. Among the innumerable proofs of friendship which I have received from that family, there are none which affect me more sensibly than their kind civilities to you, though I am persuaded that they are at least as much on your account as on mine. At length Madame de * * * * is delivered by her tyrant's death; her daughter, a valuable woman of this place, has made some enquiries, and though her own circumstances are narrow, she will not suffer her father's widow to be left totally destitute. I am glad you derived so much melancholy pleasure from the letters, yet had I known it, I should have withheld * * * * *

N^o. CLXXIV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord*
SHEFFIELD.

LAUSANNE, January 24th. 1784.

WITHIN two or three days after your last *gracious* epistle, your complaints were silenced, and enquiries were satisfied, by an ample dispatch of four pages, which overflowed the inside of the cover, and in which I exposed my opinions of things in general, public as well as private, as they existed in my mind, in my state of ignorance and error, about the eighteenth or twentieth of last month. Within a week after that date I epistolised, in the same rich and copious strain, the two venerable females of New-man-street and Bath, whose murmurings must now be changed into songs of gratitude and applause. My correspondence with the holy matron of Northamptonshire has been less lively and loquacious. You have not forgotten the author's vindication of himself from the foul calumnies of pretended Christians. Within a fortnight after his arrival at Lausanne, he communicated the joyful event to Mrs. Esther Gibbon. She answered, *per* return of post, both letters at the same time, and in very dutiful language, almost excusing her advice, which was intended for my spiritual,

spiritual, as well as temporal good, and assuring me, that *nobody should be able to injure me with her*. Unless the saint is an hypocrite, such an expression must convey a favourable and important meaning. At all events, it is worth giving *ourselves* some trouble about her, without indulging any sanguine expectations of inheritance. So much for my females; with regard to my male correspondents, you are the only one to whom I have given any signs of my existence, though I have formed many a generous resolution. Yet I am not insensible of the kind and friendly manner in which Lord Loughborough has distinguished me. He could have no inducements of interest, and now that I view the distant picture with impartial eyes, I am convinced that (for a statesman) he was sincere in his wishes to serve me. When you see *him*, the Paynes, Eden, Crauford, &c. tell them that I am well, happy, and ashamed. On your side, the zeal and diligence of your pen has surprised and delighted me, and your letters, at this interesting moment, are exactly such as I wished them to be—authentic anecdotes, and rational speculations, worthy of a man who acts a part in the great theatre, and who fills a seat, not only in the general Pandæmonium, but in the private council of the Princes of the infernal regions. With regard to the detail of parliamentary operations, I must repeat my request to you, or rather to my Lady, who will now be on the spot, that she will write, not with her pen, but with her scissors, and that after every debate which deserves to pass the sea and the mountains, she will dissect the faithful narrative of Woodfall, and send it off by the next post, as an agreeable supplement to the meagre accounts of our weekly papers. The wonderful revolutions of last month have sounded to my ear more like the shifting scenes of a comedy, or comic-opera, than like the sober events of real and modern history; and the irregularity of our winter posts, which sometimes retarded, and sometimes hastened, the arrival of the dispatches, has increased the confusion of

our

our ideas. Surely the Lord has blinded the eyes of Pharaoh and of his servants; the obstinacy of last spring was nothing compared to the headstrong and headlong madness of this winter. I expect with much impatience the first days of your meeting; the purity and integrity of the coalition will suffer a fiery trial; but if they are true to themselves and to each other, a majority of the House of Commons must prevail; the rebellion of the young gentlemen will be crushed, and the masters will resume the government of the school. After the address and answer, I have no conception that Parliament can be dissolved during the session; but if the present Ministry can outlive the storm, I think the death-warrant will infallibly be signed in the summer. *Here* I blush for my country, without confessing her shame. Fox acted like a man of honour, yet surely his union with Pitt affords the only hope of salvation. How miserably are we wasting the season of peace!

I have written three pages before I come to my own business and feelings. In the first place, I most sincerely rejoice that I left the ship, and swam ashore on a plank; the daily and hourly agitation in which I must have lived would have made me truly miserable; and if I had obtained a place during pleasure, * * * * *, for instance? On the first news of the dissolution, I considered my seat as so totally and irrecoverably gone, that I have been less afflicted with * * * * *'s obstinacy. * *

On this occasion remember you are acting for a *poor* friend; dismiss a little of the spirit of faction and patriotism, and stoop to a prudential line of conduct, which in your own case you might possibly disdain. * * *

Perhaps you will abuse my prudence and patriotism, when I inform you, that I have already vested a part (thirty thousand livres, about one thousand three hundred pounds) in the new loan of the King of France. I get eight *per cent.*

cent. on the joint lives of Deyverdun and myself, besides thirty tickets in a very advantageous lottery, of which the highest prize is an annuity of forty thousand livres (one thousand seven hundred pounds) a year. At this moment, the beginning of a peace, I think (and the world seems to think) the French funds at least as solid as our own, I have empowered my agent, M. de Lessart, a capital banker at Paris, to draw upon Gosling for the money two months hence: and to avoid all accidents that may result from untoward delays, and mercantile churlishness, I expect that you will support my credit in Fleet-street with your own more respectable name.

What say you now? Am I not a wise man? My letter is enormous, and the post on the wing. In a few days I will write to my Lady herself, and enter something more into the details of domestic life. Suffice it to say, that the scene becomes each day more pleasant and comfortable, and that I complain only of the dissipation of Lau-
 Yanne. In the course of March or April we shall take possession of Deyverdun's house. My books, which by some strange neglect, did not leave Paris till the third of this month, will arrive in a few weeks; and I shall soon resume the continuation of my History, which I shall prosecute with the more vigour, as the completion affords me a distant prospect of a visit to England. Adieu. Ever yours.

N° CLXXV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord*
 SHEFFIELD.

BARON!

LAUSANNE, February 2d, 1784.

AFTER my last enormous dispatch, nothing can remain, except some small gleanings, or occasional hints; and thus in order: I am not conscious that any of your valuable MSS. have miscarried, or that I have omitted to answer any essential particulars. They stand in my bureau

bureau carefully arranged, and docketed under the following dates ; September twenty-three, October twenty-three, November eighteen, December two, December fifteen, December nineteen, December twenty-three, December twenty-nine, January sixteen, which last I have received this day, February the 2d. For greater perspicuity, it will not be amiss (on either side) to number our future epistles, by a conspicuous Roman character inscribed in the front, to which we may at any time refer. But instead of writing by Ostend, the shorter and surer way, especially on all occasions that deserve celerity, will be to inclose them to my banker, M. de Lessart at Paris, who will forward them to me. Through Germany the passage by sea is more uncertain, the roads worse, and the distance greater : we often complain of delay and irregularity at this interesting moment. By your last I find that you have boldly and generously opened a treaty with the enemy, which I proposed with fear and hesitation. I impatiently expect the result ; and again repeat, that *whatever* you can obtain for * * * * *, I shall consider it as so much saved out of the fire, &c. &c. Do you remember Dunning's motion (in the year 1780) to address the Crown against a dissolution of Parliament ; a simple address we rejected, as an infringement on the prerogative ? yet how far short of these strong democratical measures, for which you have probably voted, as I should have probably have done : such is the contagion of party. Fox drives most furiously, yet I should not be surpris'd if Pitt's moderation and character should insensibly win the nation, and even the House, to espouse his cause. * * * * *

Unless when I look back on England with a selfish or a tender regard, my hours roll away very pleasantly, and I can again repeat with truth, that I have not regretted one single moment the step which I have taken. We are now at the height of the winter dissipation, and I am peculiarly happy when I can steal away from great assemblies,

blies, and suppers of twenty or thirty people, to a more private party, of some of those persons whom I begin to call my friends. Till we are settled in our house little can be expected on our side; yet I have already given two or three handsome dinners; and though every thing is grown dearer, I am not alarmed at the general view of my expence. Deyverdun salutes you; and we are agreed that few married couples are better entitled to the fitch of bacon than we shall be at the end of the year. When I had written about half this epistle my books arrived; at our first meeting all was rapture and confusion, and two or three posts, from the second to this day, the fourteenth, have been suffered to depart unnoticed. Your letter of the twenty-seventh of January, which was not received till yesterday, has again awakened me, and I thought the surest way would be to send off this single sheet without any farther delay.

I sincerely rejoice in the stability of Parliament*; and the first faint dawn of reconciliation, which must however be effected by the equal balance of parties, rather than by the wisdom of the country gentlemen†.

My Lady!—But it would be highly incongruous to begin my letter at the bottom of the page. Adieu, therefore, till next post.

N° CLXXVI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable*
Lord SHEFFIELD.

LAUSANNE, May 11th, 1784.

ALAS! alas! alas! We may now exchange our mutual condolence. Last Christmas, on the change of administration, I was struck with the thunderbolt of the unexpected event, and in the approaching

* This supposition was founded on Mr Banks's declaration in the name of Mr. Pitt.

† At the St. Alban's Tavern.

diffolution

dissolution I foresaw the loss of * * * * *
 * * * * *. The long continuance and various
 changes of the tempest rendered me by degrees callous and
 insensible; when the art of the mariners was exhausted I
 felt that we were sinking, I expected the ship to founder,
 and when the fatal moment arrived, I was even pleased to be
 delivered from hope and fear, to the calmness of despair.
 I now turn my eyes, not on the past, but on the present
 and the future; what is lost I try to consider as if it never
 had existed; and every day I congratulate my own good
 fortune, let me say my prudence and resolution, in migra-
 ting from your noisy stage to a scene of repose and con-
 tent. But even in this separate state, I was still anxious
 for my friend upon English earth, and at first was much
 delighted with your hint, that you were setting off for
 Coventry, without any prospect of an opposition. Every
 post, Wednesdays and Saturdays, I eagerly looked for the
 intelligence of your victory; and in spite of my misbeha-
 viour, which I do not deny, I must abuse *my Lady*, rather
 than you, for leaving me in so painful a situation. Each
 day raised and increased my apprehension; the *Courier de*
P'Europe first announced the contest, the English papers
 proclaimed your defeat, and your last letter, which I re-
 ceived four days ago, shewed me that you exerted first the
 spirit, and at last the temper of an hero. I am not much
 surpris'd that you should have been swept away in the ge-
 neral unpopularity, since even in this quiet place, your
 friends are considered as a factious crew, acting in direct
 opposition both to the King and people. For yourself I
 am at a loss what to say. If this repulse should teach you
 to renounce all connection with Kings and Ministers, and
 Patriots and Parties, and Parliaments; for all of which
 you are by many degrees too honest; I should exclaim,
 with Teague of respectable memory, "By my shoul,
 dear joy, you have *gained* a loss." Private life, whether
 contemplative or active, has surely more solid and inde-
 pendent charms; you have *some* domestic comforts; Shef-

field-Place is still susceptible of useful and ornamental improvement. (alas! how much better might even the last * * * * have been laid out!) and if those cares are not sufficient to occupy your leisure, I can trust your restless and enterprising spirit to find new methods to preserve you from the insipidity of repose. But I much fear your discontent and regret at being excluded from that Pandemonium which we have so often cursed, as long as you were obliged to attend it. The leaders of the party will flatter you with the opinion of their friendship and your own importance; the warmth of your temper makes you credulous and unsuspicious; and, like the rest of our species, male and female, you are not absolutely deaf to the voice of praise. Some other place will be suggested, easy, honourable, certain, where nothing is wanted but a man of character and spirit to head a superior interest; the opposition, if any, is contemptible, and the expence cannot be large. You will go down, find almost every circumstance falsely stated, repent that you had engaged yourself, but you cannot desert those friends who are firmly attached to your cause; besides, the money you have already spent would have been thrown away; another thousand will complete the business: deeper and deeper will you plunge, and the last evil will be worse than the first. You see I am a free-spoken counsellor; may I not be a true prophet! Did I consult my own wishes, I should observe to you, that as you are no longer a slave, you might soon be transported, as you seem to desire, to one of the Alpine hills. The purity and calmness of the air is the best calculated to allay the heat of a political fever; the education of the two Princesses might be successfully conducted under your eye and that of my Lady; and if you had resolution to determine on a residence, not a visit, at Lausanne, your worldly affairs might repose themselves after their late fatigues. But you know that I am a friend to toleration, and am always disposed to make the largest allowance for the different natures of animals; a
lion

lion and a lamb, an eagle and a worm. I am afraid we are too quiet for you; here it would not be easy for you to create any business; you have for some time neglected books, and I doubt whether you would not think our suppers and assemblies somewhat trifling and insipid. You are far more difficult than I am; you are in search of information, and you are not content with your company, unless you can derive from them information or extraordinary amusement. For my part, I like to draw knowledge from books, and I am satisfied with polite attention and easy manners. Finally, I am happy to tell, and you will be happy to hear, that this place has in every respect exceeded my best and most sanguine hopes. How often have you said, as often as I expressed any ill-humour against the hurry, the expence, and the precarious condition of my London life, "Ay, that is a nonsensical scheme of retiring to Lausanne that you have got into your head, a pretty fancy; you remember how much you liked it in your youth, but you have now seen more of the world, and if you were to try it again, you would find yourself woefully disappointed?" I had it in my head, in my heart, I have tried it, I have not been disappointed, and my knowledge of the world has served only to convince me, that a capital and a crowd may contain much less real society, than the small circle of this gentle retirement. The winter has been longer, but, as far as I can learn, less rigorous than in the rest of Europe. The spring is now bursting upon us, and in our own garden it is displayed in all its glory. I already occupy a temporary apartment, and we live in the lower part of the house; before you receive this we shall be in full possession. We have much to enjoy and something to do, which I take to be the happiest condition of human life. Now for business, the kind of subject which I always undertake with the most reluctance, and leave with the most pleasure.

* * * * *

Adieu.

M 2

And

And now, my Lady,

LET me approach your gentle, not grimalkin, presence, with deep remorse. You have indirectly been informed of my state of mind and body; (the whole winter I have not had the slightest return of the gout, or any other complaint whatsoever;) you have been apprised, and are now apprised, of my motions, or rather of my perfect and agreeable repose; yet I must confess (and I feel) that something of a direct and personal exchange of sentiment has been neglected on my side, though I still persuade myself that when I am settled in my new house I shall have more subject, as well as leisure, to write. Such tricks of laziness your active spirit is a stranger to, though Mrs. * * * complains that she has never had an answer to her last letters. Poor Lady Pembroke! you will feel for her; after a cruel alternative of hope and fear, her only daughter, Lady Charlotte, died at *Ant in Provence*; they have persuaded her to come to this place, where she is intimately connected with the Cerjat family. She has taken an agreeable house, about three miles from the town, and lives retired. I have seen her; her behaviour is calm, but her affliction ———. I accept with gratitude your friendly proposal of Wedgewood's ware, and should be glad to have it bought and packed, and sent without delay through Germany; and I shall only say, that I wish to have a very complete service for two courses and a dessert, and that our suppers are numerous, frequently fifteen or twenty persons. Adieu. I do not mean this as your letter. You are very good to poor Kitty. With you I do not condole about Coventry.

N^o. CLXXVII.

EDWARD GIBBON Esquire to Mrs. GIBBON, Bath.

DEAR MADAM,

LAUSANNE, May 28th, 1734.

I BEGIN without preface or apology, as if I had received your letter by the last post. In my own defence I know not what to say; but if I were disposed to recriminate, I might observe that you yourself are not perfectly free from the sin of laziness and procrastination. I have often wondered why we are not fonder of letter-writing. We all delight to talk of ourselves, and it is only in letters, in writing to a friend, that we can enjoy that conversation, not only without reproach or interruption, but with the highest propriety and mutual satisfaction; sure that the person whom we address feels an equal, or at least a strong and lively interest in the consideration of the pleasing subject. On the subject therefore of *self* I will entertain a friend, to whom none of my thoughts or actions, none of my pains or pleasures, can ever be indifferent. When I first cherished the design of retiring to Lausanne, I was much more apprehensive of wounding your tender attachment, than of offending Lord Sheffield's manly and vehement friendship. In the abolition of the Board of Trade, the motives for my retreat became more urgent and forcible; I wished to break loose, yet I delayed above a year before I could take my final resolution; and the letter in which I disclosed it to you cost me one of the most painful struggles of my life. As soon as I had conquered that difficulty, all meaner obstacles fell before me, and in a few weeks I found myself at Lausanne, astonished at my firmness and my success. Perhaps you still blame or still lament the step which I have taken. If on your own account, I can only sympathize with your feelings, the recollection of which often costs me a sigh: if on mine, let me fairly state what I have escaped in England, and what

what I have found at Lausanne. Recollect the tempests of this winter, how many anxious days I should have passed, how many noisy, turbulent, hot, unwholesome nights, while my political existence, and that of my friends, was at stake; yet these feeble efforts would have been unavailing; I should have lost my seat in Parliament, and after the extraordinary expence of another year, I must still have pursued the road of Switzerland, unless I had been tempted by some selfish patron, or by Lord S.'s aspiring spirit, to incur a most inconvenient expence for a new seat; and once more, at the beginning of an opposition, to engage in new scenes of business. As to the immediate prospect of any thing like a quiet and profitable retreat, I should not know where to look; my friends are no longer in power. With * * * * and his party I have no connection; and were he disposed to favour a man of letters, it is difficult to say what he could give, or what I would accept; the reign of pensions and sinecures is at an end, and a Commission in the Excise or Customs, the summit of my hopes, would give me income at the expence of leisure and liberty. When I revolve these circumstances in my mind, my only regret, I repeat it again and again, is, that I did not embrace this salutary measure three, five, ten years ago. Thus much I thought it necessary to say, and shall now dismiss this unpleasant part of the subject. For my situation here, health is the first consideration; and on that head your tenderness had conceived some degree of anxiety. I know not whether it has reached you that I had a fit of the gout the day after my arrival. The deed is true, but the cause was accidental; carelessly stepping down a flight of stairs, I sprained my ancle; and my ungenerous enemy instantly took advantage of my weakness. But since my breaking that double chain, I have enjoyed a winter of the most perfect health that I have perhaps ever known, without any mixture of the little flying inconveniences which in my best days have sometimes disturbed the tranquillity of my
English

English life. You are not ignorant of Dr. Tiffot's reputation, and his merit is even above his reputation. He assures me, that in his opinion, the moisture of England and Holland is most pernicious; the dry pure air of Switzerland most favourable to a gouty constitution: that experience justifies the theory; and that there are fewer martyrs of that disorder in this, than in any other country in Europe. This winter has every where been most uncommonly severe: and you seem in England to have had your full share of the general hardship: but in this corner, surrounded by the Alps, it has rather been long than rigorous; and its duration stole away our spring, and left us no interval between furs and silks. We now enjoy the genial influence of the climate and the season; and no station was ever more calculated to enjoy them than Deyverdun's house and garden, which are now become my own. You will not expect that the pen should describe, what the pencil would imperfectly delineate. A few circumstances may, however, be mentioned. My library is about the same size with that in Bentinck-street, with this difference, however, that instead of looking on a paved court twelve feet square, I command a boundless prospect of vale, mountain, and water, from my three windows. My apartment is completed by a spacious light closet, or store-room, with a bed-chamber and dressing-room. Deyverdun's habitation is pleasant and convenient, though less extensive: for our common use we have a very handsome winter apartment of four rooms; and on the ground-floor, two cool saloons for the summer, with a sufficiency, or rather superfluity, of offices, &c. A terrace, one hundred yards long, extends beyond the front of the house, and leads to a close impenetrable shrubbery; and from thence the circuit of a long and various walk carries me round a meadow and vineyard. The intervals afford abundant supply of fruit, and every sort of vegetables; and if you add, that this villa (which has been much ornamented by my friend) touches the best and most sociable part of the town,

town, you will agree with me, that few persons, either princes or philosophers, enjoy a more desirable residence. Deyverdun, who is proud of his own works, often walks me round, pointing out, with acknowledgment and enthusiasm, the beauties that change with every step and with every variation of light. I share, or at least I sympathize with his pleasure. He appears contented with my progress, and has already told several people, that he does not despair of making me a gardener. Be that as it may, you will be glad to hear that I am, by my own choice, infinitely more in motion, and in the open air, than I ever have been formerly; yet my perfect liberty and leisure leave me many studious hours; and as the circle of our acquaintance retire into the country, I shall be much less engaged in company and diversion. I have seriously resumed the prosecution of my History; each day and each month adds something to the completion of the great work. The progress is slow, the labour continual, and the end remote and uncertain; yet every day brings its amusement, as well as labour; and though I dare not fix a term, even in my own fancy, I advance, with the pleasing reflection, that the business of publication (should I be detained here so long) must enforce my return to England, and restore me to the best of mothers and friends. In the mean while, with health and competence, a full independence of mind and action, a delightful habitation, a true friend, and many pleasant acquaintance; you will allow, that I am rather an object of envy than of pity; and if you were more conversant with the use of the French language, I would seriously propose to you to repose yourself with us in this fine country. My indirect intelligence (on which I sometimes depend with more implicit faith than on the kind dissimulation of your friendship) gives me reason to hope that the last winter has been more favourable to your health than the preceding one. Assure me of it yourself honestly and truly, and you will afford me one of the most lively pleasures.

N° CLXXVIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord*
SHEFFIELD.

LAUSANNE, June 19th, 1784.

In this glorious season I frequently give tea and supper to a dozen men and women with ease and reputation, and heartily with you and my Lady were among them. In this corner of Europe we enjoy, or shall speedily enjoy, (besides threescore English, with Lady Pembroke, and forty French, with the Duchesse de Sivrac at their head,) M. and Madame Necker, the Abbé Raynal, the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick, Prince Henry of Prussia, perhaps the Duke of Cumberland; yet I am still more content with the humble natives, than with *most* of these illustrious names. Adieu. The post is on the wing, and you owe me a long epistle. I am, as usual, in the firm intention of writing next week to my Lady.

N° CLXXIX.

The Same to the Same.

LAUSANNE, October 18th, 1784.

SINCE my retreat to Lausanne our correspondence has never received so long an interruption; and as I have been equally taciturn with the rest of the English world, it may now be a problem among that sceptical nation, whether the Historian of the Decline and Fall be a living substance or an empty name. So tremendous is the sleepy power of laziness and habit, that the silence of each post operated still more strongly to benumb the hand, and to freeze the *epistolary* ink. How or when I should have naturally awakened, I cannot tell; but the pressure of my affairs,

affairs, and the arrival of your last letter, compel me to remember that you are entrusted with the final amputation of the best limb of my property. The subject is in itself so painful, that I have postponed it, like a child's phyc, from day to day; and losing whole mornings, as I walked about my library, in useless regret and impotent resolution, you will be amazed to hear that (after peeping to see if you are all well, and returned from Ireland) I have not yet had the courage to peruse your letter, for fear of meeting with some gloomy intelligence; and I will now finish what I have to say of pecuniary matters, before I know whether its contents will fortify or overthrow my unbiassed sentiments.

To what purpose (will you say) are these tardy and useless repinings? To arraign your manager? No, I am satisfied with the skill and firmness of the pilot, and complain only of the untoward violence of the tempest. To repent of your retreat into Switzerland? No, surely, every subsequent event has tended to make it as necessary as it has proved agreeable. Why then these lamentations? Hear and attend—It is to interest (if possible more strongly) your zeal and friendship, to justify a sort of avarice, a love of money, very foreign to my character, but with which I cling to these last fragments of my fortune.

As far as I can judge from the experience of a year, though I find Lausanne much more expensive than I imagined, yet my stile of living (and a very handsome stile it is) will be brought *nearly* within my ordinary revenues. I wish our poor country could say as much! But it was always my favourite and rational wish, that at the winding up of my affairs I might possess a sum, from one to two thousand pounds, neither buried in land, nor locked up in the funds, but free, light, and ready to obey any call of interest, or pleasure, or virtue; to defray any extraordinary expence, support any delay, or remove any obstacle.

For

For the attainment of this object, I trust in your assistance.

Thus much for this money transaction; to you I need add no other stimulative, than to say that my ease and comfort very much depend on the success of this plan.

As I thought every man of sense and fortune in Ireland must be satisfied, I did not conceive the cloud so dark as you represent it. I will seriously peruse the 8vo. and in due time the 4to. edition*; it would become a classic book, if you could find leisure (will you ever find it?) to introduce order and ornament. You must negotiate *directly* with Deyverdun; but the state will not hear of parting with their only Reynolds†. I embrace my Lady; let her be angry, provided she be well. Adieu. Yours.

P. S. The care of Ireland may have amused you in the summer; but how do you mean to employ the winter? Do you not cast a longing, lingering look at St. Stephen's chapel? With your fiery spirit, and firm judgment, I almost wish you there; not for your benefit, but for the public. If you resolve to recover your seat, do not listen to any fallacious and infinite projects of interest, contest, return, petition, &c. but limit your expence.

N° CLXXX.

EDWARD GIBBON Esquire to the Right Honourable Lady
SHEFFIELD.

LAUSANNE, October 22d, 1784.

A FEW weeks ago, as I was walking on our terrace with M. Tissot, the celebrated physician; M. Mercier, the author of the *Tableau de Paris*; Monsieur, Madame, and Mademoiselle Necker; the Abbé de Bourbon, a natural

* Observations on the Commerce with the American States.

† Alluding to his portrait.

a natural son of Lewis the Fifteenth, the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick, Prince Henry of Prussia, and a dozen Counts, Barons, and extraordinary persons, among whom was a natural son of the Empress of Russia—Are you satisfied with this list? which I could enlarge and embellish, without departing from truth; and was not the Baron of Sheffield (profound as he is on the subject of the American trade) doubly mistaken with regard to Gibbon and Lausanne? Whenever I used to hint my design of retiring, that illustrious Baron, after a proper effusion of d—d fools, condescended to observe, that such an obscure nook in Switzerland might please me in the ignorance of youth, but that after tasting for so many years the various society of Paris and London, I should soon be tired with the dull and uniform round of a provincial town. In the winter, Lausanne is indeed reduced to its native powers; but during the summer, it is possibly, after Spa, one of the most favourite places of general resort. The tour of Switzerland, the Alps, and the Glaciers, is become a fashion. Tiffot attracts the invalids, especially from France; and a colony of English have taken up the habit of spending their winters at Nice, and their summers in the Pays de Vaud. Such are the splendour and variety of our summer visitors; and you will agree with me more readily than the Baron, when I say that this variety, instead of being a merit, is, in my opinion, one of the very few objections to the residence of Lausanne. After the dissipation of the winter I expected to have enjoyed, with more freedom and solitude, myself, my friend, my books, and this delicious paradise; but my position and character make me here a sort of public character, and oblige me to see and be seen. However, it is my firm resolution for next summer to assume the independence of a philosopher, and to be visible only to the persons whom I like. On that principle I should not, most assuredly, have avoided the Neckers and Prince Henry. The former have purchased the barony of Copet near Geneva; and as the buildings

were

were very much out of repair, they passed this summer at a country-house at the gates of Lausanne. They afford a new example, that persons who have tasted of greatness, can seldom return with pleasure to a private station. In the moments when we were alone he conversed with me freely, and I believe truly, on the subject of his administration and fall; and has opened several passages of modern history, which would make a very good figure in the American book*. If they spent the summers at the castle of Copet, about nine leagues from hence, a fortnight or three weeks visit would be a pleasant and healthful excursion; but, alas! I fear there is little appearance of its being executed. Her health is impaired by the agitation of her mind: instead of returning to Paris, she is ordered to pass the winter in the southern provinces of France, and our last parting was solemn; as I very much doubt whether I shall ever see her again. They have now a very troublesome charge, which you will experience in a few years, the disposal of a Baroness; Mademoiselle † Necker, one of the greatest heiresses in Europe, is now about eighteen, wild, vain, but good-natured, with a much larger provision of wit than of beauty: what increases their difficulties is their religious obstinacy of marrying her only to a protestant. It would be an excellent opportunity for a young Englishman of a great name and a fair reputation. Prince Henry must be a man of sense; for he took more notice, and expressed more esteem for me, than any body else. He is certainly (without touching his military character) a very lively and entertaining companion. He talked with freedom, and generally with contempt, of most of the princes of Europe; with respect of the Empress of Russia, but never mentioned the name of his brother, except once, when he hinted that it was *he himself* that won the battle of Rosbach. His nephew, and our nephew,

* Observations on the Commerce with the American States.

† Now Madame de Staal.

the hereditary Prince of Brunfwick is here for his education. Of the English, who live very much as a national colony, you will like to hear of Mrs. Frazer and *one* more. Donna Catherina * pleases every body, by the perfect simplicity of her state of nature. You know she has had the resolution to return from England (where she told me she saw you) to Lausanne, for the sake of Miss Bristow, who is in bad health, and in a few days they set off for Nice. *The other* is the Eliza; she passed through Lausanne, in her road from Italy to England; poorly in health, but still adorable, (nay, do not frown!) and I enjoyed some delightful hours by her bed-side. She wrote me a line from Paris, but has not executed her promise of visiting Lausanne in the month of October. My pen has run much faster, and much farther, than I intended on the subject of others; yet, in describing them, I have thrown some light over myself and my situation. A year, a very short one, has now elapsed since my arrival at Lausanne; and after a cool review of my sentiments, I can sincerely declare, that I have never, during a single moment, repented of having executed my *absurd* project of retiring to Lausanne. It is needless to dwell on the fatigue, the hurry, the vexation which I must have felt in the narrow and dirty circle of English politics. My present life wants no foil, and shines by its own native light. The chosen part of my library is now arrived, and arranged in a room full as good as that in Bentinck-street, with this difference indeed, that instead of looking on a stone court, twelve feet square, I command, from three windows of plate glass, an unbounded prospect of many a league of vineyards, of fields, of wood, of lake, and of mountains; a scene which Lord Sheffield will tell you is superior to all you can imagine. The climate, though severe in winter, has perfectly agreed with my constitution, and the year is accomplished without any return of the gout. An excellent
house,

* The Honourable Mrs. Frazer.

house, a good table, a pleasant garden, are no contemptible ingredients in human happiness. The general style of society hits my fancy; I have cultivated a large and agreeable circle of acquaintance, and I am much deceived if I have not laid the foundations of two or three more intimate and valuable connections; but their names would be indifferent, and it would require pages, or rather volumes, to describe their persons and characters. With regard to my standing dish, my domestic friend, I could not be much disappointed, after an intimacy of eight-and-twenty years. His heart and his head are excellent; he has the warmest attachment for me, he is satisfied that I have the same for him: some slight imperfections must be mutually supported; two bachelors, who have lived so long alone and independent, have their peculiar fancies and humours, and when the mask of form and ceremony is laid aside, every moment in a family-life has not the sweetness of the honey-moon, even between the husbands and wives who have the truest and most tender regard for each other. Should you be very much surprised to hear of my being married? Amazing as it may seem, I do assure you that the event is less improbable than it would have appeared to myself a twelvemonth ago. Deyverdun and I have often agreed, in jest and in earnest, that a house like ours would be regulated, and graced, and enlivened, by an agreeable female companion; but each of us seems desirous that his friend should sacrifice himself for the public good. Since my residence here I have lived much in women's company; and, to your credit be it spoken, I like you the better the more I see of you. Not that I am in love with any particular person. I have discovered about half-a-dozen *wives* who would please me in different ways, and by various merits: one as a mistress (a widow, vastly like *the* Eliza; if she returns I am to bring them together); a second, a lively entertaining acquaintance; a third, a sincere good-natured friend; a fourth, who would represent with grace and dignity at the head of my table and family; a fifth, an excellent economist and housekeeper.

housekeeper; and a sixth, a very useful nurse. Could I find all these qualities united in a single person, I should dare to make my addressee, and should deserve to be refused. You hint in some of your letters, or rather postscripts, that you consider me as having renounced England, and having fixed myself for the rest of my life in Switzerland, and that you suspect the sincerity of my vague or insidious schemes of purchase or return. To remove, as far as I can, your doubts and suspicions, I will tell you, on that interesting subject, fairly and simply as much as I know of my own intentions. There is little appearance that I shall be suddenly recalled by the offer of a place or pension. I have no claim to the friendship of your young minister, and should he propose a Commissioner of the Customs, or Secretary at Paris, the supposed objects of my low ambition, Adam in Paradise would refuse them with contempt. *Here* therefore I shall certainly live till I have finished the remainder of my History; an arduous work, which does not proceed so fast as I expected, amidst the avocations of society, and miscellaneous study. As soon as it is completed, most probably in three or *four* years, I shall infallibly return to England, about the month of May or June; and the necessary labour of printing with care two or three quarto volumes, will detain me till their publication, in the ensuing spring. Lord Sheffield and yourself will be the loadstone that most forcibly attracts me; and as I shall be a vagabond on the face of the earth, I shall be the better qualified to domesticate myself with you, both in town and country. Here then, at no very extravagant distance, we have the certainty (if we live) of spending a year together, in the peace and freedom of a friendly intercourse; and a year is no very contemptible portion of this mortal existence. Beyond that period all is dark, but not gloomy. Whether, after the final completion of my History, I shall return to Lausanne, or settle in England, must depend on a thousand events which lie beyond the reach of human foresight, the
state

state of public and private affairs, my own health, the health and life of Deyverdun, the various changes which may have rendered Lausanne more dear, or less agreeable, to me than at present. But without losing ourselves in this distant futurity, which perhaps we may never see, and without giving any positive answer to Maria's parting question, whether I shall be buried in England or Switzerland, let me seriously and earnestly ask you, whether you do not mean to visit me next summer? The defeat at Coventry would, I should think, facilitate the project; since the Baron is no longer detained the whole winter from his domestic affairs, nor is there any attendance on the House that keeps him till Midsummer in dust and dispute. I can send you a pleasant route, through Normandy, Paris, and Lyons, a visit to the Glaciers, and your return down the Rhine, which would be commodiously executed in three or four months, at no very extravagant expence, and would be productive of health and spirits to you, of entertainment to you both, and of instruction to *the* Maria. Without the smallest inconvenience to myself, I am able to lodge yourselves and family, by arranging you in the winter apartment, which in the summer season is not of any use to us. I think you will be satisfied with your habitation, and already see you in your dressing-room; a small pleasant room, with a delightful prospect to the west and south. If poor aunt Kitty (you oblige me beyond expression by your tender care of that excellent woman) if she were only ten years younger, I would desire you to take her with you, but I much fear we shall never meet again. You will not complain of the brevity of this epistle; I expect, in return, a full and fair account of yourself, your thoughts and actions, soul and body, present and future, in the safe, though unreserved, confidence of friendship. The Baron in two words hinted but an indifferent account of your health; you are a fine machine; but as he was absent in Ireland, I hope I understand the cause and the

Vol. II. N

remedy.

remedy. Next to yourself, I want to hear of the two Barons. You must give me a faithful picture (and though a mother you can give it) of their present external and internal forms; for a year has now elapsed, and in their lives a year is an age. Adieu. Ever yours.

N° CLXXXI.

EDWARD GIBSON Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord SHEFFIELD.

LANCASHIRE, March 13th, 1785.

MY long silence (and it has been long) must not, on this occasion, be imputed to laziness, though that little devil may likewise have been busy. But you cannot forget how many weeks I remained in suspense, expecting every post the final sentence, and not knowing what to say in that passive uncertainty. It is now something more than a fortnight since your last letter, and that of Golling informed me of the event. I have intended every day to write, and every day I have started back with reluctance and disgust, from the consideration of the wretched subject. Lenborough irrecoverably gone, for three-fourths of its real, at least of its ancient, value; my seat in parliament sunk in the abyss of your cursed politics; and a balance neatly cyphered and summed by Golling, which shews me a very shallow purse, in which others have a clearer right to dip than myself.

Another week is now elapsed, and though nothing is changed in this too faithful state of my affairs, I feel myself able to encounter them with more spirit and resolution; to look on the future, rather than the past, on the fair, rather than on the foul side of the prospect. I shall speak in the confidence of friendship, and while you listen to the more doleful tale of my wants and wishes; you

now you will have the satisfaction of hearing some circumstances in my present situation of a less unpleasing nature. 1. In the first place, I most heartily rejoice in the sale, however unfavourable, of the Bucks estate. Considering the dullness of the times, and the high interest of money, it is not a little to obtain even a tolerable price, and I am sensible how much your patience and industry have been exercised to extort the payment. 2. Your resistance to my Swiss expedition was more friendly than wise. Had I yielded, after eighteen months of suspense and anxiety, I should now, a still poorer man, be driven to embrace the same resource, which has succeeded according to, or even beyond, my most sanguine expectations. I do not pretend to have discovered the terrestrial paradise, which has not been known in this world since the fall of Adam; but I can truly declare, (now the charms of novelty are long since faded,) that I have found the plan of life the best adapted to my temper and my situation. I am now writing to you in a room as good as that in Bentinck-street, which commands the country, the lake, and the mountains, and the opening prospect of the spring. The aforelaid room is furnished without magnificence, but with every conveniency for warmth, ease, and study, and the walls are already covered with more than two thousand volumes, the choice of a chosen library. I have health, friends, an amusing society, and perfect freedom. A Commissioner of the Excise! the idea makes me sick. If you ask me what I have saved by my retreat to Lausanne? I will fairly tell you (in the two great articles of a carriage and a house in town, both which were indispensable, and are now annihilated, with the difference of clubs, public places, servants wages, &c.) about four hundred pounds, or guineas, a year; no inconsiderable sum, when it must be annually found as addition to an expence which is somewhat larger than my present revenue. 3. *What is then, you will ask, my present establishment?* This is not by any means a cheap country; and, except in the article of wine, I could give a

dinner, or make a coat, perhaps for the same price in London as at Lausanne. My chief advantage arises from the things which I do not want; and in some respects my style of living is enlarged by the increase of my relative importance, an obscure bachelor in England, the master of a considerable house at Lausanne. Here I am expected to return entertainments, to receive ladies, &c. and to perform many duties of society, which, though agreeable enough in themselves, contribute to inflate the house-keeper's bills. From the disbursements of the first year I cannot form any just estimate; the extraordinary expenses of the journey, carriage of heavy goods from England, the acquisition of many books, which it was not expedient to transport, the purchase of furniture, wine, fitting up my library, and the irregularity of a new menage, have consumed a pretty large sum. But in a quiet, prudent, regular course of life, I think I can support myself with comfort and honour for six or seven hundred pounds a year, instead of a thousand or eleven hundred in England.

Besides these uncertainties, (uncertain at least as to the time,) I have a sure and honourable supply from my own pen. I continue my History with pleasure and assiduity; the way is long and laborious, yet I see the end; and I can almost promise to land in England next September twelvemonth, with a manuscript of the current value of about four thousand pounds, which will afford either a small income or a large capital. 5. It is in the meanwhile that my situation is somewhat difficult.

Such are the services and revenues of the year; proceed we now, in the style of the budget, to the ways and means of extraordinary supplies.

I will not affront your friendship, by observing that you will incur little or no risk on this occasion. Read, consider, act, and write.

It is a knowledge of the world, and of the human mind, which is the only true wisdom.

It is the privilege of friendship to make our friend a patient hearer, and active associate in our own affairs; and I have now written five pages on my private affairs, without saying a word either of the public, or of yourself. Of the public I have little to say; I never was a very warm patriot, and I grow every day a citizen of the world. The scramble for power or profit at Westminster or St. James's, and the names of Pitt and Fox, become less interesting to me than those of Cæsar and Pompey. You are not a friend of the young Minister, but he is a great favourite on the continent, as he appears to be still; and you must own that the fairness of his character, his eloquence, his application to business, and even his youth, must prepossess at least the ignorant in his favour. Of the merit or defects of his administration I cannot pretend to speak; but I find, from the complaints of some interested persons, that his restraints on the smuggling of tea have already ruined the East India Companies of Antwerp and Sweden, and that even the Dutch will scarcely find it worth their while to send any ships to China. Your Irish friends appear to be more quiet, at least the volunteers and national congress seem to subside. How far that tranquillity must be purchased on our side, by any pernicious sacrifices, you will best decide; and from some hint in your last letters, I am inclined to think that you are less affected than might be supposed with national or local prejudice. Your introduction I have attentively read; the matter, though most important in itself, is out of the line of my studies and habits, and the subordinate beauties of style you disclaim. Yet I can say with truth, that I never met with more curious and diligent investigation, more strong sense, more liberal spirit, and more cool and impartial temper in the same number of pages. By this time you have probably read Necker's book on the finances. Perhaps for you there is too much French enthusiasm and paint; but in many respects you must have gained a knowledge of his country; and on the whole, you must have been pleased with the picture of a
great

great and benevolent mind. In your attack on Deyverdun for my picture I cannot promise you much success; he seems resolved to maintain his right of possession, and your only chance would be a personal assault. The next summer (how time slips away!) was fixed for your visit to Lausanne. We are prepared at all points to receive you, my Lady, and a princess or two, with their train; and if you have proper contempt for St. Stephen's chapel, you are perfectly free, and at leisure (can you ever be at leisure?) for the summer season. As you are now in a great measure disengaged from any affairs, you may find time to inform me of your proceedings and your projects. At present I do not even know whether you pass the winter at Sheffield-Place or in Downing-street. My Lady revenges herself of my long silence; yet I embrace her and the infants. Adieu. You have deranged the Decline and Fall this morning. I have finished my epistle since dinner, and am now going to a pleasant party and good supper.

N^o. CLXXXII.

EDWARD GIBBON Esquire to the Right Honourable
Lord SHEFFIELD.

LAUSANNE, September 5th. 1785.

EXTRACT from a weekly English Paper, September 5th, 1785. "It is reported, but we hope without foundation, that the celebrated Mr. Gibbon, who had retired to Lausanne in Switzerland to finish his valuable History, lately died in that city."

The hope of the Newspaper-writer is very handsome and obliging to the Historian; yet there are several weighty reasons which would incline me to believe that the intelligence may be true. *Primo*, It must one day be true; and therefore may, very probably be so at present. *Secundo*, We may always depend on the impartiality, accuracy; and veracity of an English Newspaper. *Tertio*, which is
indeed

indeed the strongest argument. We are credibly informed that for a long time past the said celebrated Historian has not written to any of his friends in England; and as that respectable personage had always the reputation of a most exact and regular correspondent, it may be fairly concluded from his silence, that he either is, or ought to be dead. The only objection that I can foresee, is the assurance that Mr. G—— himself read the article as he was eating his breakfast, and laughed very heartily at the mistake of his brother Historian; but as he might be desirous of concealing that unpleasant event, we shall not insist on his apparent health and spirits, which might be affected by that subtle politician. He affirms, however, not only that he is alive, and was so on the fifth of September, but that his head, his heart, his stomach, are in the most perfect state, and that the climate of Lausanne has been congenial both to his mind and body. He confesses indeed, that after the last severe winter, the gout, his old enemy, from whom he hoped to have escaped, pursued him to his retreat among the mountains of Helvetia, and that the siege was long, though more languid than in his precedent attacks; after some exercise of patience he began to creep, and gradually to walk; and though he can neither run, nor fly, nor dance, he supports himself with firmness on his two legs, and would willingly kick the impertinent Gazetteer; impertinent enough, though more easily to be forgiven than the insolent *Courier du Bas Rhin*, who about three years ago amused himself and his readers with a fictitious epistle from Mr. Gibbon to Dr. Robertson. Perhaps now you think, Baron, that I shall apologize in humble style for my silence and neglect. But, on the contrary, I do assure you that I am truly provoked at your Lordship's not condescending to be in a passion. I might really have been dead, I might have been sick; if I were neither dead nor sick, I deserved a volley of curses and reproaches for my infernal laziness, and you have defrauded me of my just dues. Had I been silent till Christmas,

till

till doomsday, you would never have thought it worth your while to abuse me. Why then (let me ask in your name) did you not write before? That is indeed a very curious question of natural and moral philosophy. Certainly I am not lazy; elaborate quartos have proved, and will abundantly prove my diligence. I can write; spare my modesty on that subject. I like to converse with my friends by pen or tongue, and as soon as I can set myself a going, I know no moments that run off more pleasantly. I am so well convinced of that truth, and so much ashamed of forcing people that I love to forget me, that I have now resolved to set apart the first hour of each day for the discharge of my obligations; beginning, *comme de raison*, with yourself, and regularly proceeding to Lord Loughborough and the rest. May Heaven give me strength and grace to accomplish this laudable intention! Amen. Certainly (yet I do not know whether it be so certain) I should write much oftener to you if we were not linked in business, and if my business had not always been of the unpleasant and mortifying kind. Even now I shove the ugly monster to the end of this epistle, and will confine him to a page by himself, that he may not infect the purer air of our correspondence. Of my situation here I have little new to say, except a very comfortable and singular truth, that my passion for my wife or mistress (Fanny Laufanne) is not palled by satiety and possession of two years. I have seen her in all seasons, and in all humours, and though she is not without faults, they are infinitely overbalanced by her good qualities. Her face is not handsome, but her person, and every thing about her, has admirable grace and beauty: she is of a very cheerful sociable temper; without much learning, she is endowed with taste and good sense; and though not rich, the simplicity of her education makes her a very good economist; she is forbid by her parents to wear any expensive finery; and though her limbs are not much calculated for walking, she has not yet asked me to keep her a coach. Last spring (not to wear the metaphor to rags) I saw

Laufanne

Lancaster in a new light, during my long fit of the gout, and must boldly declare, that either in health or sickness I find it far more comfortable than your huge metropolis. In London my confinement was sad and solitary; the many forgot my existence when they saw me no longer at Brookes's; and the few, who sometimes cast a thought or an eye on their friend, were detained by business or pleasure, the distance of the way, or the hours of the House of Commons, and I was proud and happy if I could prevail on Elmsly to enliven the dullness of the evening. Here the objects are nearer, and much more distinct, and I myself am an object of much larger magnitude. People are not kinder, but they are more idle, and it must be confessed that, of all nations on the globe, the English are the least attentive to the old and infirm; I do not mean in acts of charity, but in the offices of civil life. During three months I have had round my chair a succession of agreeable men and women, who came with a smile, and vanished at a nod; and as soon as it was agreeable I had a constant party at cards, which was sometimes dismissed to their respective homes, and sometimes detained by Deyverden to supper, without the least trouble or inconvenience to myself. In a word, my plan has most completely answered; and I solemnly protest, after two years trial, that I have never in a single moment repented of my transmigration. The only disagreeable circumstance is the increase of a race of animals with which this country has been long infested, and who are said to come from an island in the Northern Ocean. I am told, but it seems incredible, that upwards of forty thousand English, masters and servants, are now absent on the continent; and I am sure we have our full proportion, both in town and country, from the month of June to that of October. The occupations of the closet, indifferent health, want of horses, in some measure plead my excuse; yet I do too much to please myself, and probably too little to satisfy my countrymen. What is still more unlucky is, that a part of

of the colony of this present year are really good company, people one knows, &c.; the Astons, Hales, Hampdens, Trevors, Lady Clarges and Miss Carter, Lord Northington, &c. I have seen Trevor several times, who talks of you, and seems to be a more exact correspondent than myself. *His wife* is much improved by her diplomatic life, and shines in every company, as a woman of fashion and elegance. But those who have repaid me for the rest, were Lord and Lady Spencer. I saw them almost every day, at my house or their own, during their stay of a month; for they were hastening to Italy, that they might return to London next February. He is a valuable man, and where he is familiar, a pleasant companion; she a charming woman, who, with sense and spirit, has the simplicity and playfulness of a child. You are not ignorant of her talents, of which she has left me an agreeable specimen, a drawing of the Historic Muse, sitting in a thoughtful posture to compose. So much of self and Co. let us now talk a little of your house and your two countries. Does my Lady ever join in the abuse which I have merited from you? Is she satisfied with her own behaviour, her unpardonable silence, to one of the prettiest, most obliging, most entertaining, most, &c. epistles that ever was penned since the epistles of * * *

* * * Will she not *new* one word of reply? I want some account of her spirits, health, amusements, of the elegant accomplishments of Maria, and the opening graces of Louisa: of yourself I wish to have some of those details which she is most likely to transmit. Are you patient in your exclusion from the House? Are you satisfied with legislating with your pen? Do you pass the whole winter in town? Have you resumed the pursuits of farming, &c.? What new connections, public or private, have you formed? A tour to the continent would be the best medicine for the shattered nerves of a foldier and politician. By this expression you will perceive that your letter to Deyverdun is received; it landed last post, after I had already written the two first pages of this composition. On
the

the whole my friend was pleased and flattered; but instead of surrendering, or capitulating, he seems to be making preparations for an obstinate defence. He already talks of the right of possession *, of the duties of a good citizen, of a *virtus exalt regnum*, and of a vote of the two hundred, that whomsoever shall, directly or indirectly, &c. is an enemy to his country. Between you be the strife, while I sit with my scales in my hand, like Jupiter on Mount Ida. I begin to view with the same indifference the combat of Achilles Pitt, and Hector Fox; for such, as it should now seem, must be the comparison of the two warriors.

At this distance I am much less angry with bills, taxes, and propositions, than I am pleased with Pitt for making a friend and a deserving man happy, for releasing Barr from the shackles of the law, and for enhancing the gift of a secure and honourable competency, by the handsome manner in which it was conferred. This I understand to be the case, from the unsuspicious evidence of Lord Northington and Chief Baron Skinner; and if I can find time, (*resolution*), I will send him a hearty congratulation; if I fail, you may at least communicate my intentions. Of Ireland I know nothing, and while I am writing the Decline of a great Empire, I have not leisure to attend to the affairs of a remote and petty province. I see that your friend Foster has been hooted by the mob, and unanimously chosen Speaker of the House of Commons. How could Pitt expose himself to the disgrace of withdrawing his propositions after a public attempt? Have Ministers no way of computing beforehand the sense or nonsense of an Irish Parliament? I am quite in the dark: your pamphlet, or book, would probably have opened my eyes; but, whatever may have been the reason, I give you *my word of honour*, that I have never seen nor heard of it. Here we are much more engaged with continental politics. In general we hate the Emperor, as the enemy of peace,

without
His portrait, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

without daring to make war. The old lion of Prussia acts a much more glorious part, as the champion of public tranquillity, and the independence of the German states. And now for the bitter and nauseous pill of pecuniary business, upon which I shall be as concise as possible in the two articles of my discourse, land and money.

It is impossible to hate more than I do this odious necessity of owing, borrowing, anticipating, and I look forwards with impatience to the happy period when the supplies will always be raised within the year, with a decent and useful surplus in the treasury. I now trust to the conclusion of my History, and it will hasten and secure the principal comforts of my life. You will believe I am not lazy; yet I fear the term is somewhat more distant than I thought. My long gout lost me three months in the spring; in every great work unforeseen dangers, and difficulties, and delays will arise; and I should be rather sorry than surpris'd if next autumn was postponed to the ensuing spring. If my Lady (a good creature) should write to Mrs. Porten, she may convey news of my life and health, without saying any thing of this possible delay. Adieu. I embrace, &c.

LAUSANNE, October 1st, 1785.

N° CLXXXIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord*
SHEFFIELD.

LAUSANNE, January 17th, 1786.

HEAR, all ye nations! An epistle from Sheffield-Place received the seventeenth of January, is answered the same day; and to say the truth, this method, which is the best, is at the same time the most easy and pleasant. Yet I do not allow that on the last past silence and delay you have any more reason to swear than myself. Our letters crossed each other, our claims were equal, and if both had

had been stiffly maintained, our mutual silence must have continued till the day of judgment. The balance was doubtless in my favour, if you recollect the length, the fulness, the variety of pleasant and instructive matter of my last dispatch. Even at present, of myself, my occupations, my designs, I have little or nothing to add; and can only speak dryly and briefly to very dry and disagreeable business. * * * *

But we shall both agree, that the true criminal is my Lady; and though I do suppose that a letter is on the road, which will make some amends, her obstinate, contumacious, dilatory silence, so many months or years since my valuable letter, is worthy a royal tigers. * * *

Notwithstanding your gloomy politicians, I do love the funds; and were the next war to reduce them to half, the remainder would be a better and pleasanter property, than a similar value in your dirty acres. We are now in the height of our winter amusements; balls, great suppers, comedies, &c. and, except St. Stephen's, I certainly lead a more gay and dissipated life here, among the Alps, (by the bye, a most extraordinary mild winter,) than in the midst of London. Yet my mornings, and sometimes an afternoon, are diligently employed. My work advances, but much remains, indeed much more than I imagined; but a great book, like a great house, was never yet finished at the given time. When I talk of the spring of eighty-seven, I suppose all my time well bestowed; and what do you think of a fit of the gout, that may disqualify me for two or three months? You may growl, but if you calmly reflect on my pecuniary and sentimental state, you will believe that I most earnestly desire to complete my labour, and visit England. Adieu.

N° CLXXXIV

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord*
SHEFFIELD.

LAUSANNE, May 10th, 1786.

BY the difference, I suppose, of the posts of France and Germany, Sir Stanier's letter, though first written, is still on the road, and your's, which I received yesterday morning, brought me the first account of poor Mrs. Porten's departure. There are few events that could afflict me more deeply, and I have been ever since in a state of mind more deserving of your pity than of your reproaches. I certainly am not ignorant that we have nothing better to wish for ourselves than the fate of that best-humoured woman, as you very justly style her; a good understanding and an excellent heart, with health, spirits, and a competency, to live in the midst of her friends till the age of fourscore, and then to shut her eyes without pain or remorse. Death can have deprived her only of some years of weakness, perhaps of misery; and for myself, it is surely less painful to lose her at present, than to find her in my visit to England next year sinking under the weight of age and infirmities, and perhaps forgetful of herself and of the persons once the dearest to her. All this is perfectly true: but all these reflections will not dispel a thousand sad and tender remembrances that rush upon my mind. To her care I am indebted in earliest infancy for the preservation of my life and health. I was a puny child, neglected by my mother, starved by my nurse, and of whose being very little care or expectation was entertained; without her maternal vigilance I should either have been in my grave, or imperfectly lived a crooked ricketty monster, a burden to myself and others. To her instructions I owe the first rudiments of knowledge, the first exercise of reason, and a taste for books, which is still the pleasure and glory of my life; and though the taught

taught me neither language nor science, she was certainly the most useful preceptor I ever had. As I grew up, an intercourse of thirty years endeared her to me, as the faithful friend and the agreeable companion. You have seen with what freedom and confidence we lived together, and have often admired her character and conversation, which could alike please the young and the old. All this is now lost, finally, irrecoverably lost! I will agree with my Lady, that the immortality of the soul is at some times a very comfortable doctrine. A thousand thanks to her for her constant kind attention to that poor woman who is no more. I wish I had as much to applaud, and as little to reproach, in my own behaviour towards Mrs. Porten since I left England; and when I reflect that my letters would have soothed and comforted her decline, I feel more deeply than I can express, the real neglect, the seeming indifference, of my silence. To delay a letter from the Wednesday to the Saturday, and then from the Saturday to the Wednesday, appears a very slight offence; yet in the repetition of such delay, weeks, months, and years will elapse, till the omission may become irretrievable, and the consequence mischievous or fatal. After a long lethargy, I had roused myself last week, and wrote to the three old Ladies; my letter for Mrs. Porten went away last post, Saturday night, and yours did not arrive till Monday morning. Sir Stanier will probably open it, and read the true picture of my sentiments for a friend who, when I wrote, was already extinct. There is something sad and awful in the thought, yet, on the whole, I am sorry that even this tardy epistle preceded my knowledge of her death: but it did not precede (you will observe) the information of her dangerous and declining state, which I conveyed in my last letter, and her anxious concern that she should never see or hear from me again. This idea, and the hard thoughts which you must entertain of me, press so much on my mind, that I must frankly acknowledge a strange inexcusable supineness, on which I desire you would make

no comment, and which in some measure may account for my delays in corresponding with you. The unpleasant nature of business, and the apprehension of finding something disagreeable, tempted me to postpone from day to day, not only the answering; but even the opening, your penultimate epistle; and when I received your last, yesterday morning, the seal of the former was still unbroken. Oblige me so far as to make no reflections; my own may be of service to me hereafter. Thus far (except the last sentence) I have run on with a sort of melancholy pleasure, and find my heart much relieved by unfolding it to a friend. And the subject so strongly holds me, so much disqualifies me for other discourse, either serious or pleasant, that here I would willingly stop, and reserve all miscellaneous matter for a second volunteer epistle. But we both know how frail are promises, how dangerous are delays, and there are some pecuniary objects on which I think it necessary to give you an immediate, though now tardy, explanation.

I do not return you any formal thanks for

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I have really a hundred things to say of myself, of you and Co. of your works, of mine, of my books in Downing-street, of Lausanne, of politics, &c. &c. After this, some epistolary debts must and shall be paid; and to proceed with order, I have fixed this day fortnight (May twenty-fifth) for the date and dispatch of your second epistle. Give me credit once more. Pray does my Lady think herself absolved from all obligation of writing to me? To her at least I am not in arrear. Adieu.

N^o CLXXXV.

EDWARD GIBBON Esquire to Sir STANIER PORTEN,
 Kensington-Palace.

MY DEAR SIR.

LAUSANNE, May 12th, 1786.

THE melancholy event which you have communicated, in your last obliging letter of the twenty-fourth of April, might indeed be too naturally feared and expected. If we consult our reason, we can wish nothing better for ourselves than the lot of that dear and valuable friend whom we have now lost*. A warm heart, a strong and clear understanding, a most invaluable happiness of temper, which shewed her the agreeable or comfortable side of every object, and every situation; an easy competency, the reward of her own attention; private friendship, general esteem, a mature age, and a placid decline. But these rational motives of consolation are insufficient to check a thousand soft and sad remembrances that rush into my mind; the intimacy of a whole life; of mine, at least, from the earliest dawn of my infancy; the maternal and assiduous care of my health, and afterwards of my mind; the freedom and frequency of our conversations; the regret which I felt in our last separation, and the hope, however faint and precarious, of seeing her again. Time alone can reconcile us to this irreparable loss, and to his healing power I must recommend your grief, as well as my own. I sincerely applaud her very proper and natural disposal of her effects, and am proud of the pre-eminence which she has allowed me in a list of dear and worthy relations.

I am too full of a single idea to expatiate, as I should otherwise do, on indifferent matters; yet not totally indifferent to my friends, since they relate to my present situation. My health is in general perfectly good, and the only

VOL. II.

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drawbacks

* His aunt, Mrs. Catherine Porten.

drawbacks some occasional visits of the gout, which abate, however, in strength, and are grown, I think less frequent and lasting. The life which I lead is temperate and tranquil, and the distemper itself is not common in the purity and dryness of the climate. After a long trial, I can now approve my own choice of retiring to Switzerland. My delightful habitation, at once in town and country; my library, and the society of agreeable men and women, compose a very eligible plan of life, which is shaded with very few, and very slight exceptions. I prosecute with ease, and regular diligence, the conclusion of my History; and, as far as I can judge, I may hope to deliver it to the press in the course of next year. That important business will recal me to England, and detain me there some months; and I shall rejoice in the opportunity of revisiting my country and my friends; among them those of Kensington-Palace hold a high and distinguished place.

I truly sympathize, my dear Sir, in your paternal feelings, in the health and progress of your very promising children. May that, and every other blessing, attend both yourself and Lady Porten. My friend M. Deyverdin desires to assure you of his respect and good wishes. I am, dear Sir, most affectionately yours.

N^o CLXXXVI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord*
SHEFFIELD.

LAUSANNE, July 2d. 1786.

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* * * Since I have another page, and some leisure moments, we may as well employ it in friendly converse; the more so, as the great letter to which I alluded is wonderfully precarious and uncertain: the more so likewise, as our correspondence for some time past has been of an abrupt and disagreeable cast. Let us first talk of Sheffield's

field's works: they are of two sorts: *Primo*, Two nymphs, whom I much desire to see; the sprightly Maria and the gentle Louisa. I perfectly represent them both in the eye of fancy; each of them accomplished according to her age and character, yet totally different in their external and internal forms. *Secundo*, Three pamphlets; pamphlets! I cry you mercy; three weighty treatises, almost as useful as an inquiry into the state of the primitive church. And here let me justify, if I have not before, my silence on a subject which we authors do not easily forgive. The first, whose first editions had seen the light before I left England, followed me here in a more complete edition; and that Treatise on the American Trade has been read, judged, approved, and reported. The second, on Ireland, I have seen by accident the copy you sent to Mr. Trevor, who passed last summer (eighty-five) here. The third, and in my present situation the most interesting, on the French Commerce*, I have not yet seen by any means whatsoever, and you who know what orders you have given to Elmsly or others, will best discern on whom should be laid the fault and the blame. By the bye, Mrs. Trevor is now here, without her husband, and I am just going to see her, about a mile out of town: she is judged elegant and amiable. But to return to your books, all that I have seen must do you honour, and might do the public service; you are above the trifling decorations of style; but your sense is strong, your views impartial, and your industry laudable. I find that your American Tract is just translated into German. Do you still correspond with * * * *? If he could establish a beneficial intercourse between the two first nations in the world, I would excuse him some little political tergiversation. At some distance of time and place, those domestic squabbles lose much of their importance; and though I should not forgive him any breach of private friendship or confidence, I can-

* A mistake—Lord Sheffield did not PUBLISH any tract on French Commerce.

I cannot much blame him if he chose rather to serve his family and his country, than to persevere in a hopeless and, as I suspect, an unpopular opposition. You have never told me clearly and correctly how you support your inactive retreat from the House of Commons; whether you have resumed your long forgotten taste for rural and domestic pleasures, and whether you have never cast a look towards Coventry, or some other borough equally pure and respectable. In the short space that is left I will only repeat more distinctly, that in the present contemplation of my work, June or July of next year is the earliest term at which I can hope to see England; and if I have a fit of the gout? I have indeed been free from the monster this last twelvemonth; but he is most arbitrary and capricious. Of my own situation let me say with truth that it is tranquil, easy, and well adapted to my character. All enthusiasm is now at an end; I see things in their true light, and I applaud the judgment and choice of my retirement. I am well, happy, and diligent; but your kind hint of the London house is perfectly superfluous; as instead of the *spring*, we must already read the *summer* of next year. Do not be childish or passionate; trust me, I wish to appear in England; but it must be with my book in my hand; and a book takes more time in making than a pudding. Adieu. Will my Lady never write?

You see why I have left a blank in the first page; and when I begun I had no design of going beyond it; and now, unless I have some extraordinary fit of diligence and zeal, shall probably wait till the return of your epistle. A word before we part, about the least unpleasant of my business; my library in Downing-street. Excuse the accidental derangement; I shall send for no more books, and only beg you to give them shelter in your uninhabited parlour till my arrival. Two or three mornings will suffice for personal review, and the subsequent steps of sale or travel will most properly be executed under my own eye. Once more adieu.

N^o CLXXXVIIEDWARD GIBBON Esquire to Mr. CADELL, Bookseller,
London.

DEAR SIR,

LAUSANNE, December 16th, 1786.

I RECEIVED your letter this morning (the 16th instant), and answer it the same day. I am a sad correspondent, but it has been my constant endeavour that my negligence should never affect the interest or happiness of my friends.

The report you so kindly mention is somewhat incorrect. I never could fix a particular day for dining with Lord Sheffield, nor should I think of performing the journey in the winter month of February. The last autumn was the term which I had fixed in my hopes, and long since in my letters to him. It has been changed to next spring, and by the spring I must now understand the middle of the summer, which I can at present ascertain with some confidence, from a nearer prospect of the end of my work, which I shall bring over for the press. It will consist of three more quarto volumes, somewhat thinner, perhaps, than their predecessors; but as that difference cannot be enough to affect the price, it will be so much saved on the author's pains, and the printer's expences. I am happy to understand the public entertain the same opinion of the past, and the same impatience for the remainder; and, unless I am strangely deceived, their expectation will not be disappointed. The three last volumes are laboured at least with equal diligence; they contain a longer period of time, and a far greater variety of events; and the whole will comprise a general series of history, from the reign of Trajan and the Antonines, to the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet the Second; with a review of Mahomet and his successors, the Crusades and the Turks, as far as in their utmost latitude they are connected with the fate of the Eastern or Western Empire. With regard to our pecuniary arrangements, I persuade myself that

that we shall have no more difficulties now than heretofore; that you will cheerfully assign the same value to the three younger as to the three elder brothers; and that so important a transaction will have been concluded in the first instance by three minutes of conversation, and in the second by three lines of a letter; a memorable example in the annals of authors and booksellers. If you agree with me on this subject, you may provide paper, &c. as soon as you please in the spring, in the full confidence of seeing me with my book in the summer; and I should not be sorry to learn what time (in using the utmost expedition) would be sufficient for printing; and how late you would consent to publish in the ensuing spring. At this moment, when I am straining every nerve to conclude my living labours, I am ill-disposed to lose any time in the dull dead work of correcting a new edition. When I am in England, quiet in the country, there would be room and leisure for a complete revision; and I should have no objection to place at the end of the sixth volume a string of amendments and improvements, which hereafter might be inserted in their proper places. We shall likewise have occasion for a good and general index to the whole.

I sincerely condole with you in your various losses: Rose and Strahan were indeed valuable men. For myself, you will rejoice to hear that I am satisfied with my Swiss retirement; and that, except some mild and transient fits of the gout, I enjoy as much health and happiness as is compatible with the lot of man. I expect with much impatience Dr. Robertson's improved edition. There are three or four books which I should like to have without delay: that work, Pennant's Arctic Zoology, White's Sermon (the Arabic professor), the Annual Registers since the year 1782. With Elmsley's assistance (he is a sad dog, but I will write to him soon) could you not inclose them in a small box, with any other recent publications of merit, and dispatch them instantly by some more costly and expeditious mode of conveyance? I am, most faithfully yours.

N° CLXXXVIII.

EDWARD GIBBON Esquire to the Right Honourable
Lord SHEFFIELD.

LAUSANNE, January 20th, 1787.

AFTER some sallies of wrath, you seem at length to have subsided in sullen silence, and I must confess not totally without reason. Yet if your mind be still open to truth, you will confess that I am not so black as I appear. 1. Your Lordship has shewn much less activity and eloquence than formerly, and your last letter was an answer to mine, which I had expected some time with impatience. Bad examples are dangerous to young people. 2. Formerly I have neglected answering your epistles on essential, though unpleasant, business; and the *res-publica* or *privata* may have suffered by my neglect. Supposing therefore we had no transactions, why should I write so often? To exchange sentimental compliments, or to relate the various and important transactions of the republic of Lausanne. As long as I do not inform you of my death, you have good grounds to believe me alive and well. You have a general, and will soon have a more particular idea of my system and arrangement here. One day glides away after another in tranquil uniformity. Every object must have sides and moments less luminous than others; but, upon the whole, the life and the place which I have chosen are most happily adapted to my character and circumstances; and I can now repeat, at the end of three years, what I soon and sincerely affirmed, that never, in a single instant, have I repented of my scheme of retirement to Lausanne; a retirement which was judged by my best and wisest friend a project little short of insanity. The place, the people, the climate, have answered or exceeded my warmest expectations. And though I truly rejoice in my approaching visit to England, Mr. Pitt, were he your friend and mine, would not find it an easy task to prevent my return. 3. And now let me add a third reason, which often

often diverted me from writing; namely, my impatience to see you this next summer. I am building a great book, which, besides the three stories already exposed to the public eye, will have three stories more before we reach the roof and battlements. You too have built or altered a great Gothic castle with baronial battlements. Did you finish it within the time you intended? As that time drew near, did you not find a thousand nameless and unexpected works that must be performed; each of them calling for a portion of time and labour? and had you not despised, nobly despised, the minute diligence of finishing, sitting up, and furnishing the apartments, you would have discovered a new train of indispensable business. Such, at least, has been my case. A long while ago, when I contemplated the distant prospect of my work, I gave you and myself some hopes of landing in England last autumn; but, alas! when autumn grew near, hills began to rise on hills, Alps on Alps, and I found my journey far more tedious and toilsome than I had imagined. When I look back on the length of the undertaking, and the variety of materials, I cannot accuse, or suffer myself to be accused of idleness; yet it appeared that unless I doubled my diligence, another year, and perhaps more, would elapse before I could embark with my complete manuscript. Under these circumstances I took, and am still executing, a bold and meritorious resolution. The mornings in winter, and in a country of early dinners, are very concise; to them, my usual period of study, I now frequently add the evenings, renounce cards and society, refuse the most agreeable evenings, or perhaps make my appearance at a late supper. By this extraordinary industry, which I never practised before, and to which I hope never to be again reduced, I see the last part of my History growing apace under my hands; all my materials are collected and arranged; I can exactly compute, by the square foot, or the square page, all that remains to be done; and after concluding text and notes, after a general review

review of my time and my ground, I can now decisively ascertain the final period of the Decline and Fall, and can boldly promise that I will dine with you at Sheffield-Place in the month of August, or perhaps of July, in the present year; within less than a twelvemonth of the term which I had loosely and originally fixed; and perhaps it would not be easy to find a work of that size and importance in which the workman has so tolerably kept his word with himself and the public. But in this situation, oppressed with this particular object, and stealing every hour from my amusement, to the fatigue of the pen, and the eyes, you will conceive, or you might conceive, how little stomach I have for the epistolary style; and that instead of idle, though friendly, correspondence, I think it far more agreeable to employ my time in the effectual measures that may hasten and exhilarate our personal interview. About a month ago I had a voluntary, and not unpleasing, epistle from Cadell; he informs me that he is going to print a new octavo edition, the former being exhausted, and that the public expect with impatience the conclusion of that excellent work, whose reputation increases every day, &c. I answered him by the return of the post, to inform him of the period and extent of my labours, and to express a reasonable hope that he would set the same value on the three last as he had done on the three former volumes. Should we conclude in this easy manner a transaction so honourable to the author and bookseller, my way is clear and open before me; in pecuniary matters I think I am assured for the rest of my life of never troubling my friends, or being troubled myself; a state to which I aspire, and which I indeed deserve, if not by my management, at least by moderation.

In your last, you talk more of the French treaty than of yourself and your wife and family; a true English *quid dunc!* For my part, in this remote, inland, neutral country, you will suppose, that after a slight glance on the papers, I have neither had the means nor the inclination to think

think very deeply about it. As a citizen of the world, a character to which I am every day rising or sinking, I must rejoice in every agreement that diminishes the separation between neighbouring countries, which softens their prejudices, unites their interest and industry, and renders their future hostilities less frequent and less implacable. With regard to the present treaty, I hope both nations are gainers; since otherwise it cannot be lasting; and such double mutual gain is surely possible in fair trade, though it could not easily happen in the mischievous amusements of war and gaming.

What a delightful hand have these great statesmen made of it since my departure! without power, and, as far as I can see, without hope. When we meet I shall advise you to digest all your political and commercial knowledge, (England, Ireland, France, America,) and, with some attention to style and order, to make the whole a classic book, which may preserve your name and benefit your country. I know not whether you have seen Sir Henry Clinton since his return: he passed a day with me, and seemed pleased with my reception and place. We talked over you and the American war. I embrace the *silent my Lady* and the two honourable Misses, whom I sigh to behold and admire. Adieu. Ever yours.

Though I can part with land, you find I cannot part with books: the remainder of my library has so long embarrassed your room, that it may now await my presence and final judgment. Has my Lady read a novel intitled *Caroline de Lichfield*, of our home manufacture; I may say of ours, since Deyverdun and myself were the judges and patrons of the manuscript. The author, who is since married a second time, (Madame de Croufaz, now Montolieu,) is a charming woman. I was in some danger. Once more, bar a long fit of the gout, and the Historian will land at Dover before the end of July. Adieu.

N° CLXXXIX.

EDWARD GIBBON Esquire to Mr. CADELL, London.

DEAR SIR,

LAUSANNE, February 24th, 1787.

I AM perfectly satisfied with your's and Mr. Strahan's cheerful and liberal assent to my proposal, and am glad to find that your partner has not degenerated from his worthy father, whose loss I sincerely lament. The sole remaining difficulty (of the volumes falling below the guinea price) it is unnecessary for the present to discuss, as I think it unlikely to happen. As I am resolved to finish and revise the work before I leave Lausanne, it will depend on yourself to arrange your preparations of paper, &c. in such a manner that we may lose no time, but go to press the first week after my arrival. But in the mean while I wish you to reflect and inquire; 1st, In how many months the impression of the three volumes may be completed, either with ordinary or extraordinary diligence. And, adly, How late in next year you would be desirous or willing to publish. On my revival I may find more alterations and improvements to make than I at present foresee; I may be disabled by a fit of the gout; and your speedy answer will inform me of the utmost latitude in which I may be indulged, without totally disconcerting our common interest. You probably agree with me in the necessity of a good general index for the six volumes. If you are possessed of an intelligent workman, he might without delay take in hand the first three volumes; but in that case I must desire him to send me as soon as possible a short specimen by the post. I have thought on the subject of index-making, and can give him some advice, which will abridge the size, without impairing the use and value of his alphabetical table. By a letter of the thirteenth instant, Elmsly informs me that he is on the point of sending the books; and I hope to have them here before the

the end of next month. I propose writing to him very soon; but as the events of life are uncertain, it may be safer to answer his question through your channel: "The author of *Caroline* (Madame de Croufaz) is now become Madame la Baronne de Montolieu by second marriage, and has other cares and pleasures besides those of writing. Her pen is not idle, but her new schemes of romance are not in any degree of forwardness or maturity. Perhaps an handsome proposal from an English bookseller might stimulate her diligence." I am sincerely yours.

In our style of negociation it is almost superfluous to say that I reserve about a score of copies for myself and my friends.

N^o CXC.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable*
Lord SHEFFIELD.

LAUSANNE, June 2d, 1767.

I BEGIN to discover that if I wait till I could achieve a just and satisfactory epistle, equally pleasant and instructive, you would have a poor chance of hearing from me. I will therefore content myself with a simple answer to a question, which (I love to believe) you repeat with some impatience: "When may we expect you in England?" My great building is, as it were, completed, and some slight ornaments, the painting and glazing of the last finished rooms may be dispatched without inconvenience in the autumnal residence of Sheffield-Place. It is therefore my sincere and peremptory intention to depart from Lausanne about the twentieth of July, and to find myself (*me trouver*) in London on or before the glorious first of August. I know of nothing that can prevent it but a fit of the gout, the capricious tyrant, who obeys no laws either of time or place; and so unfortunately are we circumstanced.

circumstanced, that such a fit, if it came late and lasted long, would effectually disable me from coming till next spring; since thereby I should lose the season, the moon-
soon, for the impression of three quarto volumes, which will require nine months (a regular parturition); and cannot advantageously appear before the beginning or middle of May. At the same time do not be apprehensive that I mean to play you a dog's trick. From a thousand motives it is my wish to come over this year; the desire of seeing you, and the *silent fullen* my Lady; the family arrangements, discharge of servants, which I have already made; the strong wish of settling my three youngest children in a manner honourable to them and beneficial to their parents. Much miscellaneous matter rises to my pen, but I will not be tempted to turn the leaf. Expect me therefore at Sheffield-Place, with strong probability, about the fifteenth of August. Adieu. Yours.

N^o CXCI.

EDWARD GIBBON Esquire to the Right Honourable
Lord SHEFFIELD.

LAUSANNE, July 21st, 1787.

THE twentieth of July is past; and I am still at Lausanne; but the march of heavy bodies, such as armies and historians, can seldom be seen or fixed to a precise day. Some particular reasons have engaged me to allow myself another week; and the day of my departure is now (*I believe*) determined for Sunday the twenty-ninth instant. You know the road and the distance. I am no rapid English traveller, and my servant is not accustomed to ride post. I was never fond of deeds of darkness; and if the weather be hot, we must repose in the middle of the day. Yet the roads are in general good: between sun and sun the interval is long; and, barring the accidents of winds and waves, I think it possible to reach London in ten or twelve days; viz. on or before the ninth of August.

August. With your active spirit, you will scarce understand how I can look on this easy journey with some degree of reluctance and apprehension; but after a tranquil sedentary life of four years, (having lain but a single night out of my own bed,) I see mountains and monsters in the way; and so happy do I feel myself at home, that nothing but the strongest calls of friendship and interest could drag me from hence. You ingeniously propose that I should turn off at Sittingbourne, and seem to wonder what business I can find, or make, for an immediate residence in the capital. Have you totally forgot that I bring over three quarto volumes for the press? and are you ignorant that not a moment must be lost, if we are desirous of appearing at a proper season; and that I must set the machine in motion before I can scede to Sheffield-Place with an easy mind, and for a reasonable term? Of this be assured, that I shall not be less impatient than yourself, and that, of human two-legged animals, yourself and yours are the first whom I shall wish to see in England. For myself, I do not regret the occupancy of Downing-street; in my first visit to London, a lodging or hotel in the Adelphi will be more convenient; but I have some anxiety about my books, and must try whether I can approach those holy relics, without offending the delicacy of an amiable Duchess. Our interview is so near, that I have little more to add, except a caution about my own concerns, in which you will confess, that from —, and —, to —, I have been generally unlucky. If any thing remains, present or future, it must be agitated and decided; but all retrospects are useless and painful, and we have so many pleasant subjects of conversation, that all such odious matters may be buried in oblivion. Adieu. I embrace my Lady and Louisa, but I no longer presume, even on paper, to embrace the blooming Maria. Ever yours.

N° CXCH.

EDWARD GIBBON Esquire to the Right Honourable

Lord SHEFFIELD.

ADELPHI HOTEL, August 8th, 1787.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY. This day August the seventh) the celebrated E. G. arrived with a numerous retinue (one servant.) We hear that he has brought over from Lausanne the remainder of his History for immediate publication. The post had left town before my arrival. I am pleased, but indeed astonished, to find myself in London, after a journey of six hundred miles, and hardly yet conceive how I had resolution to undertake it. I find myself not a little fatigued, and have devoted this hot day to privacy and repose, without having seen any body except Cadell and Elmsley, and my neighbour Batt, whose civility amounts to kindness and real friendship. But you may depend on it, that instead of sauntering in town, or giving way to every temptation, I will dispatch my necessary work, and hasten with impatience to the groves of Sheffield-Place; a project somewhat more rational than the hasty turbulent visit which your vigour had imagined. If you come up to quicken my diligence we shall meet the sooner; but I see no appearance of my leaving town before the end of next week. I embrace, &c. Adieu.

N° CXCH.

The Same to the Same.

Monday Afternoon, 1787.

IPRECIPITATE, I inconvenience! Alas! alas! I am a poor miserable cripple, confined to my chair. Last Wednesday evening I felt some flying symptoms of the gout: for two succeeding days I struggled bravely, and

went

went in a chair to dine with Batt and Lord Loughborough; but on Saturday I yielded to my conqueror. I have now passed three wearisome days without amusement, and three miserable nights without sleep. Yet my acquaintance are charitable; and as virtue should never be made too difficult, I feel that a man has more friends in Pall-mall than in Bentinck-street. This fit is remarkably painful; the enemy is possessed of the left foot and knee, and how far he may carry the war God only knows. Of futurity it is impossible to speak; but it will be fortunate if I am able to leave town by the end, not of this, but of the ensuing week. What may be the future progress, whether slow or rapid, fluctuating or steady, time alone will determine; and to that master of human knowledge I must leave our Bath journey. Pity me, magnanimous Baron; pity me, tender females; pity me, Swiss exile; and believe me, it is far better to be learning English at Uckfield. I write with difficulty, as the least motion or constraint in my attitude is repeated by all the nerves and sinews in my knee. But you shall find each day a note or bulletin of my health. To-morrow I must give pain to Mrs. G—. Adieu. Ever yours.

N^o CXCIV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable*
Lady SHEFFIELD.

BATH, December 18th, 1787.

A LAS! alas! alas! How vain and fallacious are all the designs of man. This is now the eighteenth of December, precisely one month since my departure from Sheffield-Place; and it was firmly my wish, my hope, my resolution, that after dispatching some needful business in London, and accomplishing a pious duty at Bath, I should

should by this day be restored to the tranquil leisure, and friendly society, of Sheffield-Place. A cruel tyrant has disconcerted all my plans; my business in town has been neglected, my attendance at Bath is just begun, and my return is yet distant. I was not a little edified to hear of some expressions of regret and discontent on my departure; and though I am not able to produce as good evidence, you will perhaps believe that in the solitude of a London lodging I often railed at the gout for maliciously delaying his attack till I was removed from a place where my sufferings would have been alleviated by every kind and comfortable attention. I grew at last so desperately impatient, as to resolve on immediate flight, without waiting till I had totally expelled the foe, and recovered my strength. I performed the journey with tolerable ease, but the motion has agitated the remains of the humour. I am very lame, and a second fit may possibly be the punishment of my rashness.

As yet I have seen nothing of Bath except Mrs. G—, and weakness, as well as propriety, will confine me very closely to her. Lord Sheffield, with Mrs. Holroyd and Maria, dined with us yesterday. We begin to throw out hints of the shortness of our stay, and indispensable business; and, unless I should be confined by the gout, it is resolved in our cabinet to leave Bath on Thursday the twenty-sixth, and passing through Lord Loughborough's and town, to settle at Sheffield-Place, most assuredly, before the end of the year. For my own part I can say with truth, that did not the press loudly demand my presence, I could, without a sigh, allow the Duchess to reign in Downing-street the greatest part of the winter, and should be happy in the society of two persons (no common blessing) whom I love, and by whom I am beloved.

Adieu, dear Madam, and believe me, with the affection of a friend and a brother, ever yours.

N^o CXCIV.

Dr. WILLIAM ROBERTSON to Mr. GIBSON.

MY DEAR SIR, College of Edinburgh, February 27th. 1788.

THOUGH you have now been some time in London, yet as I heard of your welfare by different channels, and as I know from experience how much a man has to do who is printing three quartos, even after he thinks they are altogether ready for the press, I have hitherto forbore to interrupt you by any letter or inquiry of mine. But there is such a general impatience to see your new publication among people of letters here; and, as your friend, I am so frequently interrogated about the length it has advanced, and the time when it will appear, that I begin to be ashamed of knowing nothing more about it than other people. I must request of you then to furnish me with such information as may both preserve my credit, and gratify my own curiosity. My expectations from this part of your work are, indeed, very high. Your materials begin to improve, and are certainly much more copious than during a great part of the period you have gone through. You have three or four events as great, and splendid, and singular, as the heart of an historian could wish to delineate. The contemporary writers will furnish you with all the necessary facts. To adorn them as elegant writers, or to account for them as philosophers, never entered into their heads. This they have left to you.

Since you went to the continent I have not done so much as I wished. My health, until lately, has been more shattered; and as I advance in life, (I am now sixty-six,) though my faculties, I imagine, are still entire, yet I find my mind less active and ardent. I have, however, finished a very careful revise of all my works, and have given them the last polish they will receive from my hand.

I have

I have made some additions to each of them, and in the History of Scotland pretty considerable ones. I have desired Mr. Strahan to send to you a copy of them uniformly bound, and hope you will accept of them, as a memorial of my esteem and affection. You will see that I have got in Mr. Whitaker an adversary so bigotted and zealous, that though I have denied no article of faith, and am at least as orthodox as he himself, yet he rails against me with all the asperity of theological hatred. I shall adhere to my fixed maxim of making no reply. May I hope that when you see Lord Loughborough you will remember me to him with kindness and respect. Our friend Mr. Smith, whom we were in great danger of losing, is now almost perfectly re-established. I have the honour to be, with great truth, your most faithful humble servant,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

N^o. CXCVI.

EDWARD GIBBON Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord SHEFFIELD.

DOWNING-STREET, June 21st, 1788.

INSTEAD of the Historian you receive a short letter, in your eyes an indispensable tribute. This day, at length, after long delay and frequent expostulation, I have received the writings, which I am now in the act of signing, sealing, and delivering, according to the lawyer's directions. * * * *

* * * * I long to be at Sheffield-Place.

You see my departure is not postponed a moment by idleness or pleasure, but the precise day still hangs on contingencies; and we must all be patient, if our wishes should be thwarted. I say our wishes, for I sincerely desire to be with you. I have had many dinners, some splendid and memorable; with Hastings last Thursday, with the Prince of Wales next Tuesday at Craufurd's. But the town empties, Texier is silent, and in an evening, I

desiderate the resources of a family or a club. Caplin has finished the Herculean labour, and seven majestic boxes will abdicate on Monday your hall. Severy has likewise dispatched his affairs, and secured his companion Clarke, who is arrived in town; but his schemes are abridged by the inexorable rigour of Lord Howe, who has assured our great and fair intercessors, that by the King's orders the dock-yards are shut against all strangers. We therefore give up Portsmouth, and content ourselves with two short trips; one to Stowe and Oxford, the other to Chatham; and if we can catch a launch and review, *encore vit on*. He (Severy, not Lord Howe) salutes with me the family. Adieu. Yours.

N^o CXCIV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable*
Lord SHEFFIELD.

DOWNING-STREET, Saturday.

ACCORDING to your imperious law I write a line, to postpone my arrival till Friday, or perhaps Saturday, but I hope Friday, and I promise you that not a moment shall be wasted. And now let me add a cool word as to my final departure, which is irrevocably fixed between the tenth and fifteenth of July. After a full and free enjoyment of each other's society, let us submit, without a struggle, to reason and fate. It would be idle to pretend business at Lausanne; but a complete year will elapse before my return. Severy and myself are now expected with some impatience. I am thankful for your hospitable entertainment; but I wish you to remember Homer's admirable precept:

"Welcome the coming, *speed* the parting guest."

Spare me, therefore, spare yourself, the trouble of a fruitless contest, in which, according to a great author, before I see a certain loss of time, and a probable loss of temper. I believe we shall have both Craufurd and Hugonin at Sheffield-Place. Adieu.

N^o CXCVIII.*The Same to the Same.*

DOWNING-STREET, Saturday, June 1788.

I HAVE but a moment between my return home and my dressing, and heartily tired I am; for I am now involved in the horrors of shopping, packing, &c. yet I must write four lines, to prevent a growl, which might salute the arrival of an empty-handed post on Sunday. I hope the whole caravan, Christians and Pagans, arrived in good health at the castle; that the turrets begin to rise to the third heaven; that each has found a proper occupation; and that Tuft * enjoys the freedom and felicity of the lawn. Yesterday the august scene was closed for this year. Sheridan surpassed himself; and though I am far from considering him as a perfect orator, there were many beautiful passages in his speech, on justice, filial love, &c.; one of the closest chains of argument I ever heard, to prove that Hastings was responsible for the acts of Middleton; and a compliment, much admired, to a certain Historian of your acquaintance. Sheridan, in the close of his speech, sunk into Burke's arms; but I called this morning, he is perfectly well. I fear that I shall not be able to dine at home a single day. To-morrow Severy and myself go to Bushy. I hope to be with you by Sunday the twenty second instant. The casing of my books is a prodigious operation. Adieu.

N^o CXCIX.*Dr. WILLIAM ROBERTSON to Mr. GIBBON.*

DEAR SIR,

COLLEGE of EDINBURGH, July 30th, 1788.

LONG before this I should have acknowledged the receipt of your most acceptable present; but for several weeks I have been afflicted with a violent fit of deafness, and that unfocial malady is always accom-

panied

* Lady Sheffield's lap-dog.

panied with such a degree of languor, as renders even the writing of a letter an effort. During my solitude the perusal of your book has been my chief amusement and consolation. I have gone through it once with great attention, and am now advanced to the last volume in my second reading. I ventured to predict the superior excellence of the volumes lately published, and I have not been a false prophet. Indeed, when I consider the extent of your undertaking, and the immense labour of historical and philosophic research requisite towards executing every part of it, I am astonished that all this should have been accomplished by one man. I know no example, in any age or nation, of such a vast body of valuable and elegant information communicated by any individual. I feel, however, some degree of mortification mingled with my astonishment. Before you began your historic career, I used to pride myself in being at least the most illustrious historian of the age; but now, alas! I can pretend no longer even to that praise, and must say, as Pliny did of his uncle, *Si comparer illi sum desidiafissimus*. Your style appears to me improved in these new volumes; by the habit of writing, you write with greater ease. I am sorry to find that our ideas on the effects of the Crusades do not altogether coincide. I considered that point with great care, and cannot help thinking still that my opinion was well founded. I shall consult the authorities to which I refer, for when my sentiments differ from yours, I have some reason to distrust them, and I may possibly trouble you with a letter on the subject. I am much flattered with the manner in which you have so often mentioned my name. *Lætus sum laudari a te laudato viro*. I feel much satisfaction in having been distinguished by the two historians of my own times, whose favourable opinion I was most ambitious of obtaining.

I hope this letter may find you still in England. When you return to Lausanne, permit me to recommend to your good offices my youngest son, who is now at Yverdon on account of his health, and lives with M. Herman, a cler-

gyman

gymnasium. You will find the young man (if you can rely on the partial testimony of a father) sensible, modest, and well-bred, and though no great scholar, he has seen much; having returned from India, where he served last war, by Bassora, Bagdat, Moussel, and Aleppo. He is now a Captain in the twenty-third regiment. If you have a friend at Yverden, be so good as to recommend him. It will do him credit to have your countenance. I have desired him to pay his respects to you at Lausanne. Farewell, my dear Sir. I ever am yours most faithfully,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

N^o CC.

Dr. ADAM SMITH to Mr. GIBBON.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Edinburgh, December 10th, 1788.

I HAVE ten thousand apologies to make, for not having long ago returned you my best thanks for the very agreeable present you made me of the three last volumes of your History. I cannot express to you the pleasure it gives me to find, that by the universal assent of every man of taste and learning, whom I either know or correspond with, it sets you at the very head of the whole literary tribe at present existing in Europe. I ever am, my dear friend, most affectionately yours,

ADAM SMITH.

N^o CCI.

Mr. GIBBON to Mr. CADDELL, Bookseller, London.

LAUSANNE, February 11th, 1789.

I SHOULD be much more ashamed of my silence, were I not satisfied that you have received a recent and favourable account of me from some of our friends who have visited this place since my return. But I should be inexcusable, did I not thank you for your kind and reasonable

seasonable wishes, which I can return with equal sincerity. I do not propose making any improvements, or corrections in the octavo edition which you meditate: some slight alterations would give me more trouble than pleasure. A thorough revision of the whole work would be the labour of many months; it may be the amusement of my old age, and will be a valuable legacy, to renew your copy-right at the expiration of the last fourteen years. In the mean while, some expedition may be useful to guard your property from the unexpected invasion of *foreign pirates*. Eight volumes in octavo are already printed at Basil, and the remainder is expected every day. I am both glad and sorry to inform you, that the type is neat, the paper tolerable, and the text *wonderfully* correct. I hear of another English edition in Saxony, and of two French translations advancing with speed and emulation at Paris. Of the success of the work at home you are best qualified, and most interested, to judge; and I am happy to find, that you express yourself, with some reserve, satisfied with the sale. From some reports of angry criticisms, and from the use and abuse of my name in the papers, I perceive that I am not forgotten. Before a year has elapsed from the time of publication, my History will have been perused by some thousand readers of various characters and understandings. Each will probably find something to blame, and I hope something to commend; and the balance of their private judgments will fix the public estimate of its merit and reputation. Since my return I have been, as I promise in the preface, very busy and very idle in my library: several ideal works have been embraced and thrown aside; but if the warm weather should ripen any project to form and maturity, you may depend on the earliest intelligence. I have received a very friendly and flattering letter from Dr. Robertson, and have had the pleasure of shewing some civilities to his son during his residence in this place. If you can, send me a good account of Adam Smith; there is no man more sincerely interested

EDWARD GIBBON Esquire. LETTER 217

interested in his welfare than myself. I beg you will present my compliments to all our friends, particularly to Mr. Strahan and Dr. Gillies. Tell Elmsley, that I have received with due contrition, his *third* letter: unless you are speedy, my answer will anticipate your information. I am most faithfully yours.

N^o CCII

EDWARD GIBBON Esquire to Lady PORTEN, Kensington-palace.

DEAR MADAM,

LAUSANNE, June 27th. 1789.

I RECEIVED with more concern than surprize, your kind notification of my poor uncle's departure. My own knowledge of his many valuable qualities teaches me to sympathize in your loss; but his long infirmities and gradual decay must have prepared you for the melancholy event, and your own reason will suggest the best and strongest motives of consolation; among these is your regard for the amiable children whom he has left behind. Your labours for their future happiness will be assisted by all your friends, who are attached to his memory; and for my own part, I beg leave to assure you, that on every occasion I shall consider them as my near and dear relations. When I had last the pleasure of seeing Charlotte at Kensington, I was delighted with her innocent cheerfulness, with her assiduous care of her poor father, and with an appearance of sense and discretion far beyond her years. How happy should I think myself, if I had an daughter of her age and disposition, who in a short time would be qualified to govern my family, and to be my companion and comfort in the decline of life.

You will, I am sure, be pleased to hear that my situation at Lausanne continues, almost in every respect, as agreeable as I could wish. The only circumstance which embitters my happiness, is the declining health of my friend Mons. Deyverdun. I cannot long flatter myself with the hope of possessing him. I am, dear Madam, &c.

N° CCIII.

Mr. GIBBON to Mr. CADELL.

LAUSANNE, November 17th, 1790.

I SHOULD indeed be inexcusable for my long neglect of your last obliging letter, had it not reached me in a moment of pain and weakness, in a fit of the gout, the longest and most severe that I have ever known. A letter with me is no trifling enterprize; and before I could find strength, and time, and resolution, the occasion on which you so handsomely consulted me was already past. I suppose that the abridgment of my History is now freely circulated, either with or without your name; nor can I foresee any possible mischief, either for my reputation or your interest. A translation, an abridgment, or even a criticism, always proves the success, and consequently extends the sale, of any popular work.

As I am inclined to flatter myself that you have no reason to be displeased with your purchase, I now wish to ask you whether you feel yourself disposed to add a seventh, or supplemental volume to my History? The materials of which it will be composed will naturally be classed under the three following heads: 1. A series of fragments, disquisitions, digressions, &c. more or less connected with the principal subject. 2. Several tables of geography, chronology, coins, weights and measures, &c.; nor should I despair of obtaining from a gentleman at Paris some accurate and well-adapted maps. 3. A critical review of all the authors whom I have used and quoted*. I am convinced such a supplement might be rendered entertaining, as well as useful; and that few purchasers would refuse to complete their

Decline

* Mr. Gibbon soon became tired of this plan, and expressed a wish it had not been mentioned. He said his History was a critical review of the authors he had used. S.

Decline and Fall. But as the writer could not derive either fame or amusement from these obscure labours, he must be encouraged by other motives; and, in plain English, I should expect the same reward for the seventh, as for any of the preceding volumes. You think and act with too much liberality, to confound such a large original supplement with the occasional improvements of a new edition, which are already your property by the terms of our former covenant. But as I am jealous of standing clear, not only in law and equity, but in your esteem and my own, I shall instantly renounce the undertaking, if it appears by your answer that you have the shadow of an objection. Should you tempt me to proceed, this supplement will be only the employment of my leisure hours; and I foresee that full two years will elapse before I can deliver it into the hands of the printer.

Our friend Elmsley, who possibly thinks me dead and buried, will be, or will not be, surprised when you inform him that I have now a letter of two pages in my bureau addressed to him, dated the twenty-sixth of May, and not yet finished. Hunger, literary hunger, will soon, however, compel me to write; as I have many questions to ask, and many commissions to give. In the mean while I thirst for Mr. Burke's Reflections on the Revolutions of France. Intreat Elmsley, in my name, to dispatch it to Lausanne with care and speed, by any mode of conveyance less expensive than the post. He may add to the parcel the new edition of Adam Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments. I heard of his death with more concern than surprise. What a loss to letters, philosophy, and mankind!

I beg you would remember me to Mr. Strahan and all our friends. In my happy exile, my public and private affections remind me that I am an Englishman. Pray thank Dr. Moore, in my name, for the pleasure which I have received from Zeluco, the best philosophical romance of the age. If he cultivates his talents by any similar publications, I only wish that he would place the scene at home;

home; we may describe the characters, but we can never paint the *manners* of foreigners; and the quarrel of the two Scotchmen is doubtless the best chapter in the book. I am, dear Sir, most faithfully yours.

N^o CCIV.

Mr. GIBBON to Mr. CADELL.

DEAR SIR,

LAUSANNE, April 27th, 1791.

TOO many posts have slipped away since my receipt of your last letter, without my assuring you that every shadow of misapprehension has vanished from my mind, and that I am perfectly satisfied with the liberality of your sentiments and conduct. But I am every day more inclined to believe that on the present occasion they will not be put to the trial. On a closer inspection I discover more difficulty and less advantage than I had at first imagined in the plan of a supplement; and I feel the objection, which you so handsomely decline, against encreasing the weight and price of so voluminous a work. Perhaps it would have been better if my crude idea had not been so hastily announced to the public; but even this venial indiscretion is a proof of your zeal and regard. The intelligence of any new designs shall be delayed till they are ripe for execution; but you may be assured that I am now awake.

I am very happy to hear that our respectable friend Dr. Robertson is not asleep; and much do I expect from the subject and the pen. I had once a design not totally unconnected with his own, but it is now in far abler hands. Boswell's book will be curious, or at least whimsical; his hero, who can so long detain the public curiosity, must be no common animal. I see you now advertise an octavo edition of Dr. Henry's History of England. Is not the author dead? His plan is excellent, and I wish you could engage some diligent and sensible man to undertake the

continuation. Alas! if Dr. Campbell were still alive! I have desired Elmsley to ask you for three octavo copies of my own work. Whenever he sends me a box of books, I should be glad if you would enrich it with any of your own valuable publications. Your name is a recommendation; but the chastity of that name cannot be too religiously preserved. My health and spirits are now remarkably good, and it will give me great pleasure to receive as favourable an account of yourself. I am most faithfully yours.

N^o CCV.

EDWARD GIBBON Esquire to Mrs. GIBBON, Belvidere,
Bath.

DEAR MADAM,

LAUSANNE, May 18th, 1791.

AS much as I am accustomed to my own sins, I am shocked, really shocked, when I think of my long and most inexcusable silence; nor do I dare to compute how many months I have suffered to elapse without sending a single line (Oh shame! shame!) to the best and dearest of my friends, who indeed has been very seldom out of my thoughts. I have sometimes imagined that if the opportunities of writing occurred less frequently, they would be seized with more diligence; but the unfortunate departure of the post twice every week encourages procrastination, and each short successive delay is indulged without scruple, till the whole has swelled to a tremendous account. I will try, alas! to reform; and although I am afraid that writing grows painful to you, I have the confidence to solicit a *speedy line*, to say that you love and forgive me. After a long experience of the unfeeling doubts and delays of the law, you will probably soon hear from Lord Sheffield that the Beriton transaction is at last concluded, and I hope you will be satisfied with the full and firm security of your annuity. That you may long continue to enjoy it is the first and most sincere wish of my heart.

In

In the placid course of our lives, at Lausanne and Bath, we have few events to relate, and fewer changes to describe; but I indulge myself in the pleasing belief that we are both as well and as happy as the common order of nature will allow us to expect. I should be satisfied, had I received from time to time some indirect, but agreeable information of your health. For myself, I have no complaint, except the gout; and though the visits of my old enemy are somewhat longer, and more enfeebling, they are confined to my feet and knees; the pain is moderate, and my imprisonment to my chamber, or my chair, is much alleviated by the daily kindness of my friends. I wish it were in my power to give you an adequate idea of the conveniency of my house, and the beauty of my garden: both of which I have improved at a considerable expence since the death of poor Deyverdun. But the loss of a friend is indeed irreparable. Were I ten years younger, I might possibly think of a female companion; but the choice is difficult, the success doubtful, the engagement perpetual, and at fifty-four a man should never think of altering the whole system of his life and habits. The disposal of Beriton, and the death of my aunt Hester, who has left me her estate in Suffex, makes me very easy in my worldly affairs: my income is equal to my expence, and my expence is adequate to my wishes. You may possibly have heard of literary projects which are ascribed to me by the public without my knowledge: but it is much more probable that I have closed the account; and though I shall never lay aside the pleasing occupations of study, you may be assured that I have no serious settled thoughts of a new work. Next year I shall meditate, and I trust shall execute, a visit to England, in which the Belvidere is one of my powerful loadstones. I often reflect with a painful emotion on the imperious circumstances which have thrown us at such a distance from each other.

In the moving picture of the world, you cannot be indifferent to the strange revolution which has humbled all that was high, and exalted all that was low, in France.

The

The irregular and lively spirit of the nation has disgraced their liberty, and instead of building a free constitution, they have only exchanged despotism for anarchy. This town and country are crowded with noble exiles; and we sometimes count in an assembly a dozen Princesses and Duchesses. Burke, if I remember right, is no favourite of yours; but there is surely much eloquence and much sense in his book. The prosperity of England forms a proud contrast with the disorders of France; but I hope we shall avoid the folly of a Russian war. Pitt, in this instance, seems too like his father. Mr. Helard, a sensible man, and his pupil have left us. They found, as your friends will always find, the weight of your recommendation with me. I am, dearest Madam, ever most affectionately yours.

N^o CCVI.

Dr. WILLIAM ROBERTSON to Mr. GIBBON.

DEAR SIR,

LENNEL-HOUSE, August, 25th, 1791.

SOME time before the publication of my *Historical Disquisition concerning India*, I desired our friend Mr. Cadell to send a copy of it to you in my name. I hope you received it long ago, and will allow it to remain in your library, as a memorial of my respect and friendship. No man had formed a more decided resolution of retreating early from public view, and of spending the eye of life in the tranquillity of professional and domestic occupations; but, directly in the face of that purpose, I step forth with a new work, when just on the brink of three score and ten. The preface of the book gives a fair and simple account how this happened. Hitherto I have no cause to repent of a step which I took with hesitation and anxiety. My book has met with a reception beyond what the *spe* *lensus, pavidusque futuri*, dared to expect. I find, however, like other parents, that I have a partial fondness for

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this child of my old age ; and cannot let my heart quite at ease, until I know your opinion of it. I need not say with what perfect confidence I rest upon your judgment, and how happy it will make me to find that this production meets with your approbation. Nothing will add so much to that pleasure, as your communicating to me any remarks that occurred to you in perusing it. While I was engaged in composing the Disquisition it often occurred to me, that I was more upon your ground than in any of my former works ; and I often wished that I had been so near to you as to profit by your advice and information. Next to that will be the benefit I may derive from your friendly strictures. Be so kind then as to mention to me any error or omission you have observed ; every criticism of yours will be instructive.

Permit me to request another favour. You allowed me to hope, that as soon as you fixed upon a new subject you would let me know, and give me the satisfaction of indulging the hopes of living until you finished it. I trust that you are not idle still. I may now tell you with authority, that you are yet far from that period of life when you should lay down your pen. I can say from experience, that the busiest season of life is the most happy ; and I have no doubt that you will concur with me in this sentiment. Let me know then, my dear Sir, how you are, what you are doing, and what progress you make. As for my part, I enjoy good health ; and, except some fits of deafness, am little troubled with the infirmities of old age. I write this at my son-in-law's, Mr. Brydone, who, if he had not a wife and family, loves Switzerland so well, and has so many friends in Lausanne, that I believe he would gladly join you there. Believe me to be, with great respect, your most faithful and obedient servant,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

N^o CCVII.EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mrs. GIBBON, Bath.*

MY DEAREST MADAM,

LAUSANNE, August 1st, 1792.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the arts of our great enemy, the dæmon of procrastination, I should not have postponed for so many months a pleasing duty, which may at any time be performed in a single hour, had I not for some time past entertained a lively and probable hope of visiting you this autumn in person; had I not flattered myself, that the very next post I might be able to fix the day of my departure from Lausanne, and almost of my arrival at the Belvidere. That hope is now vanished, and my journey to England is unavoidably delayed till the spring or summer of next year. The extraordinary state of public affairs in France opposes an insuperable bar to my passage; and every prudent stranger will avoid that inhospitable land, in which a people of slaves is suddenly become a nation of tyrants and cannibals. The German road is indeed safe, but, independent of a great addition of fatigue and expence, the armies of Austria and Prussia now cover that frontier; and though the generals are polite, and the troops well disciplined, I am not desirous of passing through the clouds of hussars and pandours that attend their motions. These public reasons are fortified by some private motives, and to this delay I resign myself, with a sigh for the present, and a hope for the future.

What a strange wild world do we live in! You will allow me to be a tolerable historian, yet, on a fair review of ancient and modern times, I can find none that bear any affinity with the present. My knowledge of your discerning mind, and my recollection of your political principles, assure me, that you are no more a *democrat* than myself. Had the French improved their glorious opportunity to erect a free constitutional monarchy on the ruins of arbitrary power and the Bastile, I should applaud their generous effort; but this total subversion of all rank,

VOL. II.

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order,

order, and government, could be productive only of a popular monster, which, after devouring every thing else, must finally devour itself. I was once apprehensive that this monster would propagate some imps in our happy island, but they seem to be crushed in their cradle; and I acknowledge with pleasure and pride the good sense of the English nation, who seem truly conscious of the blessings which they enjoy: and I am happy to find that the most respectable part of Opposition has cordially joined in the support of "things as they are." Even this country has been somewhat tainted with the democratical infection; the vigilance of government has been exerted, the malecontents have been awed, the misguided have been undeceived, the fever in the blood has gradually subsided, and I flatter myself that we have secured the tranquil enjoyment of obscure felicity, which we had been almost tempted to despise.

You have heard, most probably, from Mrs. Holroyd, of the long-expected though transient satisfaction which I received from the visit of Lord Sheffield's family. He appeared highly satisfied with my arrangements here, my house, garden, and situation, at once in town and country, which are indeed singular in their kind, and which have often made me regret the impossibility of shewing them to my dearest friend of the Belvidere. Lord Sheffield is still, and will ever continue, the same active being, always employed for himself, his friends, and the public, and always persuading himself that he wishes for leisure and repose. There are various roads to happiness; but when I compare his situation with mine, I do not, upon the whole, repent that I have given the preference to a life of celibacy and retirement. Although I have long been a spectator of the great world, my unambitious temper has been content with the occupations and rewards of study; and although my library be still my favourite room, I am now no longer stimulated by the prosecution of any literary work. The society of Lausanne is adapted to my taste; my house is open to many agreeable acquaintance, and

and some real friends; the uniformity of the natives is enlivened by travellers of all nations; and this summer I am happy in a familiar intercourse with Lady Spencer, the Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Elizabeth Foster, and Lady Duncannon, who seems to be gradually recovering from her severe complaints. My health is remarkably good. I have now enjoyed a long interval from the gout; and I endeavour to use with moderation Dr. Cado-gan's best remedies, temperance, exercise, and cheerfulness. Adieu, dear Madam; may every blessing that nature can allow be attendant on your latter season. Your age and my habits will not permit a very close correspondence; but I wish to hear, and I *presume* to ask, a speedy *direct* account of your own situation. May it be such as I shall hear with pleasure! Once more adieu; I live in hopes of embracing you next summer at the Belvidere, but you may be assured that I bring over nothing for the press.

N^o CCVIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable*
Lady * * * * * at Florence.

LAUSANNE, November 8th, 1792.

I REMEMBER it has been observed of Augustus and Cromwell, that they should never have been born, or never have died; and I am sometimes tempted to apply the same remark to certain beings of a softer nature, who, after a short residence on the banks of the Lemane Lake, are now flown far away over the Alps and the Appenines, and have abandoned their votaries to the insipidity of common life. The remark, however, would be unreasonable, and the sentiment ungrateful. The pleasures of the summer, the lighter and the graver moments of the society of *petit Ouchy**, are indeed past, perhaps never to return; but

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* A beautiful villa near the lake, about a mile from Lausanne.

the remembrance of that delightful period is itself a pleasure, and I enjoy, I cherish the flattering persuasion that it is remembered with some satisfaction in the gallery of Florence, as well as in *the library* of Lausanne. Long before we were reduced to seek a refuge from the savages of Gaul, I had secretly indulged the thought, or at least the wish, of asking leave to attend *mes bonnes amies* over Mount Cenis, of basking once more in an Italian sun, and of paying once more my devotions to the Apollo of the Vatican. But my aged and gouty limbs would have failed me in the bold attempt of scaling St. Bernard, and I wanted patience to undertake the tedious circumnavigation of the Tirol. Your return to the Pays de Vaud next summer I hold to be extremely doubtful; but my anxiety on that head is somewhat diminished by the sure and certain hope of our all meeting in England the ensuing winter. I flatter myself that the Porter of Devonshire-house will not be inexorable; yet I am afraid of losing you amidst the smoke and tumult of fashionable London, in which the night is devoted to pleasure and the morning to sleep. My ambition may perhaps aspire to pass some hours in the palladian Chiswick, or even some days at Chatsworth; but these princely mansions will not recal the freedom, the ease, the *primitive* solitude of dear little Ouchy. Indeed! indeed! your fair friend was made for something better than a Duchess.

Although you most magnanimously abandoned us in the crisis of our fate, yet as you seem to interest yourself in the hopes and fears of this little country, it is my duty to inform you, that we still hang in a state of suspense; inclining, however, to the side of hope, rather than of despair. The garrison, and even the bourgeoisie, of Geneva, shewed a vigorous resolution of defending the city; and our frontiers have been gradually covered with fifteen thousand intrepid Swiss. But the threats of a bombardment, the weight of expence, and, above all, the victorious ascendant of the French republic, have abated much of the first heroic ardour. Monsieur de Montesquieu displayed

displayed a pacific, and even yielding, temper; and a treaty was signed, dismissing the Swiss garrison from Geneva, and removing the French troops to the distance of ten leagues. But this last condition, which is indeed objectionable, displeased the convention, who refused to ratify the agreement. New conferences were held, new messengers have been dispatched; but unless they are determined to find or to make a subject of quarrel, it is probable that we shall purchase peace by submission. As Geneva has a very dangerous democratical party within her walls, and as the national guards are already allowed to enter the city, and to tamper with the inhabitants and the garrison, I will not insure that poor little republic from one week to another. For ourselves, the approaches of danger must be more gradual. I think we are now safe for this winter, and I no longer run to the window to see whether the French are coming. But with so many enemies without, and so many within, the government of Bern, and the tranquillity of this happy country, will be suspended by a very slender twig; and I begin to fear that Satan will drive me out of the possession of Paradise. My only comfort will be, that I shall have been expelled by the power, and not seduced by the arts, of the blackest dæmon in hell, the dæmon of democracy. Where indeed will this tremendous inundation, this conspiracy of numbers against rank and property, be finally stopped. Europe seems to be universally tainted, and wherever the French can light a match, they may blow up a mine. Our only hope is now in their devouring one another; they are furious and hungry monsters, and war is almost declared between the convention and the city of Paris, between the moderate republicans and the absolute levellers. A majority of the convention wishes to spare the royal victims, but they must yield to the rage of the people and the thirst of popularity, and a few hours may produce a trial, a sentence, and a guillotine. Mr. Necker is publishing a pamphlet in defence of the august sufferers; but his feeble and tardy efforts will rather do credit to himself, than

than service to his clients. You kindly ask after the situation of poor Severy. Alas! it is now hopeless; all his complaints are increased, all his resources are exhausted; where nature cannot work, the effect of art is vain, and his best friends begin to wish him a quiet release. His wife, I had almost said his widow, is truly an object of compassion. The dragoon is returned for a few days; and if his domestic sorrows gave him leave, he would almost regret the want of an occasion to deserve his feather and cockade. Your note has been communicated to Madame de Montelieu; but as she is engaged with a dying aunt, I have not yet seen her. Madame Dagaisseau has hastily left us; the last decrees seemed to give the *émigrés* only the option of starving abroad or hanging at home; yet she has ventured into France, on some faint glimpse of clemency for the women and children. Madame de Bouillon does not appear to move. Madame de Stael, whom I saw last week at Rolle, is still uncertain where she shall drop her burthen; but she must soon resolve, for the young lady or gentleman is at the door;

—Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

By this time you have joined the Ladies Spencer and Duncannon, whom I beg leave to salute with the proper shades of respect and tenderness. You may, if you please *be, belle comme un ange*; but I do not like your comparison of the archangel. Those of Milton, with whom I am better acquainted at present than with Guido, are all masculine manly figures, with a great sword by their side, and six wings folding round them. The heathen goddesses would please me as little. Your friend is less severe than Minerva, more decent than Venus, less cold than Diana, and not quite so great a vixen as the ox-eyed Juno. To express that infallible mixture of grace, sweetness, and dignity, a new race of beings must be invented, and I am a mere prose narrator of matter of fact. Bess is much nearer the level of a mortal, but a mortal for whom the wisest man, historic

toris or medical, would throw away two or three worlds, if he had them in his possession. From the aforesaid Bels I have received three marks of kind remembrance, from the foot of St. Bernard, with an exquisite monument of art and friendship, from Turin, and finally from Milan, with a most valuable insertion from the Duchess. At birds in the air it is difficult to take aim, and I fear or hope that I shall sustain some reproaches on your not finding this long epistle at Florence. I will mark it N^o 1.; and why should I despair of my future since I can say with truth, that since your departure I have not spent so agreeable a morning. To each of the dear little Caro's pray deliver nine kisses for me, which shall be repaid on demand. My best compliments to Mr. Pelham, if he is with you.

N^o CCIX.

EDWARD GIBBON Esquire to the Right Honourable Lady

***** at Florence.

LAUSANNE, April 4th, 1793.

HAD I not given previous notice of my own unworthiness, the plea of being an old incorrigible offender would serve only to aggravate my guilt; it is still sufficiently black, and I can patiently hear every reproach, except the cruel and unjust imputation of having forgotten my fair friends of the Arno and the Tiber. They would indeed have been less present to my thoughts, had I maintained a regular *weekly* correspondence; since, by the effect of my negligence, not a *day* has elapsed without a serious, though fruitless, resolution of writing by the very next post. What may have somewhat contributed, besides original sin, to this vile procrastination, is the course of events that has filled this abominable winter. As long as the poor King's fate was in suspense, one waited from post to post, between hope and fear, and when the blow was struck,

struck, even Shakespeare's language was inadequate to express our grief and indignation. I have never approved to the execution of Charles the First; yet Charles had invaded, in many respects, the ancient constitution of England, and the question had been judged in the field of Naseby before it was tried in Westminster-hall. But Louis had given and suffered every thing. The cruelty of the French was aggravated by ingratitude, and a life of innocence was crowned by the death of a saint, or, what is far better, of a virtuous prince, who deserves our pity and esteem. He might have lived and reigned, had he possessed as much active courage as he was endowed with patient fortitude. When I read the accounts from home of the universal grief and indignation which that fatal event excited, I indeed gloried in the character of an Englishman. Our national fame is now pure and splendid; we have nobly stood forth in the common cause of mankind; and although our armaments are somewhat slow, I still persuade myself that we shall give the last deadly wound to the Gallic hydra. The King of Prussia is likewise slow, and your poor friend, the Duke of Brunswick, is now not censured but forgotten. We turn our eyes to the Prince of Cobourg and his Austrians, and it must be confessed, that the deliverance of Holland and Brabant from such a dragon as Dumourier is a very tolerable employment for the month of March. These blossoms of the spring will be followed, it may be fairly hoped, by the fruits of the summer; and in the meanwhile the troubles of Paris, and the revolt of the provinces, may promote, by the increase of anarchy, the restoration of order. I see that restoration through a dark cloud; but if France be lost, the rest of Europe, I believe and trust, will be saved. But amidst the hurricane, I dare not fix my eyes on the *Temple*. So much for politics, which now engrosses the waking and sleeping thoughts of every feeling and thinking animal. In this country we are tranquil, and I believe safe, at least for this summer; though peace has been purchased

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at some expence of national honour, of the old reputation of Swiss courage, we have crouched before the tiger, and stroked him till he has sheathed his claws, and ceased for a moment to roar. My journey to England this year must depend upon the events of the campaign; as I am fully resolved rather to remain quiet another autumn and winter in my sweet habitation, than to encounter the dangers of the sea and land. I envy the pleasures which you and your companions have enjoyed at Florence and Rome; nor can I decide which have tasted the most perfect delight, those to whom such beauties were new, or those to whom they were familiar. A fine eye, correct judgment, and elegant sensibility, are requisite to qualify the studious traveller; and these gifts have been liberally dispensed among the Ouchy caravan. But when you have been gratified, though not satiated, with the Hesperian prospect, to what fortunate clime will you direct your footsteps? Have we any hopes of meeting (for my journey, at all events, would be late) in the shades, or rather in the sunshine, of Ouchy? Should Mount Cenis be still imperious, you have trampled on St. Bernard in a more rigorous season; and whatsoever may be the state of the world, the Pays de Vaud will afford you a secure asylum, or a pleasant station. I rejoice to hear of Lady Besborough's improvement. Will that new title make any difference in the plan? Is the Duchess very impatient to revisit England? Except some trifling considerations of children, &c. all countries may be indifferent to her; as she is sure of being loved and admired in all. I am anxious and impatient to learn the result of your counsels; but I feel myself unworthy of a regular correspondence, and am not desirous of heaping fresh coals of fire on my head.

I am happy to find that you forgive and pity my friend Necker, against whom you all entertained some Versailles prejudices. As his heart has been always pure, he cannot feel remorse; but as his conduct has been unsuccessful, he

is penetrated with grief and regret. Madame de Stael has written to me from England; she likes the country, but means to fly over again in May.

N^o. CCX.

*Mr. GIBBON to Lord * * * * **

MY LORD,

* ROLLE, February 23d, 1793.

I DO not merely congratulate your Lordship's promotion to an office which your abilities have long deserved. My satisfaction does not arise from an assurance of the wisdom and vigour which administration will derive from the support of so respectable an ally. But as a friend to government in general, I most sincerely rejoice that you are now armed in the common cause against the most dangerous fanatics that have ever invaded the peace of Europe; against the new barbarians, who labour to confound the order and happiness of society; and who, in the opinion of thinking men, are not less the enemies of subjects than of kings. The hopes of the wise and good are now fixed on the success of England; and I am persuaded that my personal attachment to your Lordship will be amply gratified by the important share which your counsels will assume in that success. I could wish that some of your former associates possessed sufficient strength of mind to extricate themselves from the toils of prejudice and party. But I grieve that a man, whom it is impossible for me not to love and admire, should refuse to obey the voice of his country; and I begin to fear that the powerful genius of Mr. * * *, instead of being useful, will be adverse to the public service. At this momentous crisis we should enlist our whole force
of

* A town between Lausanne and Geneva, where M. Necker then resided.

of virtue, ability, and spirit; and without any view to his private advantage, I could wish that * * * * * might be properly stationed in some part of the line.

Mr. Necker, in whose house I am now residing on a visit of some days, wishes me to express the sentiments of esteem and consideration which he entertains for your Lordship's character. As a friend to the interest of mankind, he is warmly attached to the welfare of Great Britain, which he has long revered as the first, and perhaps as the last asylum of genuine liberty. His late eloquent work, *Du pouvoir executif*, which your Lordship has assuredly read, is a valuable testimony of his esteem for our constitution; and the testimony of a sagacious and impartial stranger may have taught some of our countrymen to value the political blessings which they have been tempted to despise.

I cherish a lively hope of being in England, and of paying my respects to your Lordship before the end of the summer: but the events of the year are so uncertain, and the sea and land are encompassed with so many difficulties and dangers, that I am doubtful whether it will be practicable for me to execute my purpose.

I am, my Lord, most respectfully, and your Lordship will permit me to add most affectionately, your most faithful humble servant.

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THE following Pieces have already been noticed in the Introduction to this Work. Many of them were juvenile performances; and under the persuasion that they would be candidly received as such, they are now delivered to the Press. They certainly are entitled to greater indulgence than could be claimed for Compositions more finished and elaborate, and written at the time of mature age.

The minute account of Mr. Gibbon's studies each day, extracted from the Journal of his actions and opinions, and his observations on the several Works he had perused, evince a singular and unremitting industry.

In that view they may afford an useful lesson and example to such young readers as shall not already be convinced of the necessity of assiduous application in the acquisition of every kind of learning.

My first intention was, to have given only a short specimen of the observations made by Mr. Gibbon, in the course of his reading; but I found them so interesting, that I could not desist, so soon as I intended, from making Extracts; and, upon the whole, I thought that the part to be published
would

would be more curious, if given exactly as it stands in the Journal.

I hope I shall not be thought to have published too much : in truth, there still remain in my possession many Papers which I think equally worth attention.

Mr. Gibbon's manuscript Observations were much detailed, from the year 1754 to 1764; and he afterwards continued to write remarks and hints on all subjects, in various common-place books, on detached papers, and even on cards, till a short time before his death, although not so copiously, nor so regularly and methodically, after his return from Italy, in the year 1765. His common-place books are voluminous. One of the largest has for title, "Common-place Book; in which I propose to write what I find most remarkable in my Historical Readings; begun at Lausanne the 19th of March, 1755." In this he introduces a great variety of Observations on almost every subject, particularly on History.

In another Book, dated the 19th of January 1756, he says, "J'ai pris la résolution de lire de suite tous les Classiques Latins, les partageant suivant les matières qu'ils ont traité. 1. Les Historiens. 2. Les Poètes. 3. Les Orateurs; dans laquelle classe je renfermerai tous les autres auteurs qui ont écrit en prose, sans être ni Philosophes ni Historiens. 4. Les Philosophes."

He

He begins with Observations on Sallust; then proceeds to the Commentaries of Cæsar, Cornelius Nepos, Livy, always mentioning the edition which he used.

There are other Books, containing various Dissertations on ancient and modern Weights, Measures, Monies, Coins, Finance, Number of the People, Chronology, ancient Geography, and on several States of the ancient and modern World.

——“Mémoire sur la Monarchie des Medes, pour servir de Supplement aux Dissertations de Monsieur Freret et de Bougainville.”——“Du Gouvernement Feodal, surtout en France.”——“Remarks on, and an Abridgment of, Blackstone’s Commentaries.”——“Remarques Critiques sur le Nombre des Inhabitans dans la Cité des Sybarites.”——“Remarques Critiques sur le Nouveau Systême de la Chronologie de Newton.”——“Remarques sur quelques Prodiges.”——“Remarques Critiques sur les Dignités Sacerdotales de Jules César.”——“Remarques sur quelques Passages de Virgil.”——“Sur un Passage de Plaute.”——“Examen de la Mort du Poëte Catulle.”——“Réflexions sur l’Etude des Belles Lettres, (*i. e.*) des Anciens, et de l’Antiquité Grecque et Latine.”——“Remarques sur les Memoires de l’Academie des Belles Lettres.”——A very considerable Work on Ancient Italy, intituled, “*Nomina Gentisque Antiquæ Italiæ*,” with many curious Dissertations on several Parts of that interesting Country.

——“Obser-

——“ Observations on the Churches, Palaces, Pictures, Artists, Antiquities, &c. of Italy.”——
 “ Index Expurgatorius.”——“ Chronological Tables.”——Many loose Sheets on Geography*, the Greek and Arabian Cosmography, the Navigation of the Portuguese, &c.——“ Digression on the Character of Brutus.”——“ Introduction à l’Histoire Generale de la République des Suisses.”
 Detached sheets on the subject of the Antiquities of Brunswick, and many fragments on separate papers.

His well-known and acknowledged learning may have made this display of the proofs of his industry unnecessary; but it may be acceptable to many to have a short sketch of the very various subjects on which he had occupied himself.

To protect the copy-right, the Booksellers thought it necessary to procure a Translation of the French part of the Journal, and also of some of the Letters. But that these volumes might not be too much swelled, a Translation of “l’Essai sur l’Etude de la Litterature,” has not been given, a Translation having been already published.

* His attention to Geography had always been very great, and few were better informed in that science. His friend Major Rennell was of that opinion, and I cannot cite a higher authority.

EXTRAITS RAISONNÉS

DE MES

L E C T U R E S.

"**L**A lecture est à l'esprit ce que vos perdrix sont à mes joues," disoit le Duc de Vivonne à Louis XIV. En effet, la lecture est la nourriture de l'esprit; c'est par elle que nous connoissons notre Créateur, ses ouvrages, et surtout nous mêmes et nos semblables. Mais cette nourriture se change facilement en poison. Saumaïse avoit lu autant que Grotius, peut-être davantage. C'étoit la manière de lire qui avoit fait, de l'un, un philosophe éclairé, et de l'autre, tranchons le mot, un pédant bouffi d'une érudition inutile.

Lisons avec ordre, proposons nous un but, et rapportons y nos études. Pour ne pas observer cette règle, il y a tant d'ignorans qui ont beaucoup lu; mais voltigeant d'un sujet à l'autre, ils n'ont jamais pu lier leurs idées. Tant de particules détachées ne peuvent former

A Douvres,
le 14 Mars
1761.

[TRANSLATION.]

ABSTRACT OF MY READINGS;

WITH REFLECTIONS.

"**R**EADING is to the mind," said the Duke of Vivonne to Lewis XIV. "what your partridges are to my chops." It is, in fact, the nourishment of the mind; for by reading, we know our Creator, his works, ourselves chiefly, and our fellow-creatures. But this nourishment is easily converted into poison. Salmassius had read as much as Grotius, perhaps more. But their different modes of reading made the one, an enlightened philosopher; and the other, to speak plainly, a pedant, puffed up with an useless erudition.

Let us read with method, and propose to ourselves an end to which all our studies may point. Through neglect of this rule, gross ignorance often disgraces great readers; who, by skipping hastily and irregularly from one subject to another, render themselves incapable of combining their ideas. So many detached parcels of knowledge cannot form a

VOL. II.

R

whole.

Dover, 14th
March 1761

1761. former un tout. Cette inconstance affoiblit même les forces de l'esprit, le dégoûte de l'application, et ne lui laisse pas même les avantages d'un bon sens naturel.

N'outrons cependant rien ; lisons avec ordre, sans nous en rendre esclaves. Proposons nous un but, mais que ce but ne soit pas trop éloigné ; et quand nous l'avons atteint, permettons nous de passer à un sujet différent. Trop d'inconstance énerve l'esprit ; une trop longue application au même objet le roidit. Nos idées se retrécissent, et le genre auquel nous nous sommes si long tems attachés, devient le seul auquel nous puissions nous attacher.

D'ailleurs, gardons nous de sacrifier l'ordre de nos pensées à celui de nos sujets ; ce seroit sacrifier le principal à l'accessoire. Nous ne devons lire que pour nous aider à penser. En lisant quelque ouvrage, la lecture me fait naître des idées, mais des idées un peu différentes du sujet de cet ouvrage ; je veux les pousser, je m'écarte de mon plan, et je me jette dans une autre lecture qui m'est nécessaire ; de-là, peut-être, à une seconde, et une troisième. Enfin, je vois où mes pensées me mènent ; c'est peut-être à quelque chose qui en vaut la peine, mais toujours faut-il essayer. Si j'avois suivi mon grand chemin, au bout de ma longue carrière, j'aurois à peine pu retrouver les traces de mes idées.

Cette

whole. This inconstancy weakens the energies of the mind, creates in it a dislike to application, and even robs it of the advantages of natural good sense.

Yet, let us avoid the contrary extreme ; and respect method, without rendering ourselves its slaves. While we propose an end in our reading, let not this end be too remote ; and when once we have attained it, let our attention be directed to a different subject. Inconstancy weakens the understanding : a long and exclusive application to a single object, hardens and contracts it. Our ideas no longer change easily into a different channel, and the course of reading to which we have too long accustomed ourselves, is the only one that we can pursue with pleasure.

We ought besides, to be careful, not to make the order of our thoughts subservient to that of our subjects ; this would be to sacrifice the principal to the accessory. The use of our reading is to aid us in thinking. The perusal of a particular work gives birth, perhaps, to ideas unconnected with the subject of which it treats. I wish to pursue these ideas ; they withdraw me from my proposed plan of reading, and throw me into a new track, and from thence, perhaps, into a second, and a third. At length I begin to perceive whither my researches tend. Their result, perhaps, may be profitable ; it is worth while to try : whereas had I followed the high road, I should not have been able, at the end of my long journey, to retrace the progress of my thoughts.

This

1761.

Cette dispensation ne regarde point les premières études. La méthode la plus sévère suffit à peine pour faire comprendre des objets tout nouveaux. Elle ne regarde pas non plus ceux qui lisent pour écrire. Ils doivent tout approfondir dans leurs sujets, et ils n'en doivent pas sortir. Au reste, je fais ces réflexions sans les garantir. Supposé même qu'elles soient justes, elles ne le sont peut-être que pour moi. Les esprits diffèrent en tempérament comme les corps. La même méthode ne peut convenir à tous. C'est à chacun à s'étudier là-dessus.

Lire avec attention, se faire des définitions des expressions de son auteur, ne passer jamais à la conclusion sans avoir bien compris le principe, s'arrêter souvent, s'interroger, réfléchir sur ce qu'on vient de lire, ce sont là autant de conseils qu'il est bien aisé de donner, et très difficile de suivre. Il en est de même de ce conseil presque évangélique, d'oublier amis, patrie, religion, et de louer la vérité où qu'elle se trouve.

Mais que faut-il lire ? C'est à chacun à se répondre là-dessus selon l'objet de ses études. Le seul précepte général que j'ose donner, est celui de Plin^{*}, "qu'on doit plutôt lire beaucoup, que beaucoup de choses ;" se faire un choix de bons ouvrages, et se les rendre propres par des lectures réfléchies et répétées. Sans m'étendre
fut

This plan of reading is not applicable to our early studies, since the severest method is scarcely sufficient to make us conceive objects altogether new. Neither can it be adopted by those who read in order to write ; and who ought to dwell on their subject, till they have sounded its depths. These reflections, however, I do not absolutely warrant. On the supposition that they are just, they may be so, perhaps, for myself only. The constitution of minds differs like that of bodies. The same regimen will not suit all. Each individual ought to study his own.

To read with attention, exactly to define the expressions of our author, never to admit a conclusion without comprehending its reason, often to pause, reflect, and interrogate ourselves ; these are so many advices which it is easy to give, but difficult to follow. The same may be said of that almost evangelical maxim of forgetting friends, country, religion, of giving merit its due praise, and embracing truth wherever it is to be found.

But what ought we to read ? Each individual must answer this question for himself, agreeably to the object of his studies. The only general precept that I would venture to give, is that of Pliny^{*}, "to read much, rather than many things ;" to make a careful selection of the best works, and to render them familiar to us, by attentive and repeated perusals. Without expatiating on the authors so generally

* Plinⁱ Secundⁱ Epist. lib. vii. epist. ix.

1761. sur ces bons ouvrages si connus, je dirai simplement, qu'en fait de raisonnemens, ce sont ceux qui ont augmenté le nombre des vérités utiles; ceux qui ont découvert des vérités quelles qu'elles soient; et enfin ces esprits hardis qui, s'écartant du sentier battu, aiment mieux se tromper seuls, que d'avoir raison avec le peuple. Ceux-ci ajoutent au nombre de nos idées, et sont souvent utiles à leurs successeurs. Avec tout le respect qu'on doit à M. Locke, je voudrais ajouter encore ces académiciens qui détruisent les erreurs, mais qui n'espèrent pas de nous donner des vérités à leur place. Dans les ouvrages d'imagination, c'est l'invention qui doit enlever nos suffrages; d'abord l'invention qui crée un nouveau genre; ensuite celle qui trouve un sujet, un caractère, une situation, un tableau, une pensée, un sentiment nouveau. Mais cette invention est peu de chose, si elle n'est pas accompagnée d'un génie qui s'affortissant au ton de son sujet, soit tour à tour sublime, pathétique, fleuri, gracieux, badin; d'un jugement qui ne fasse rien dire qui ne convienne, et d'un style qui le fasse toujours bien dire. Dans les compilations qui ne conservent que ce qu'on a déjà dit, je demande si on lui a donné de la clarté, si l'on a retranché l'inutile, si l'on a rassemblé ce qui étoit dispersé? et c'est suivant les réponses que je me fais, que j'apprécie le prix de l'ouvrage.

Quand

known and approved, I would simply observe, that in matters of reasoning, the best are those who have augmented the number of useful truths; who have discovered truths, of whatever nature they may be: in one word, those bold spirits, who quitting the beaten track, prefer being in the wrong alone, to being in the right with the multitude. Such authors encrease the number of our ideas, and even their mistakes are useful to their successors. With all the respect due to Mr. Locke, I would not, however, neglect the works of those academicians, who destroy errors without hoping to substitute truth in their stead. In works of fancy, invention ought to bear away the palm; chiefly that invention which creates a new kind of writing; and next, that which displays the charms of novelty, in its subject, characters, situation, pictures, thoughts, and sentiments. Yet this invention will miss its effect; unless it be accompanied with a genius, capable of adapting itself to every variety of the subject; successively sublime, pathetic, flowery, majestic, and playful; and with a judgment which admits nothing indecorous, and a style which expresses well, whatever ought to be said. As to compilations, which are intended merely to treasure up the thoughts of others, I ask whether they are written with perspicuity, whether superfluities are lopped off, and dispersed observations skilfully collected; and agreeably to my answers to those questions, I estimate the merit of such performances.

When

Quand on a bien lu, rien de plus utile pour en graver l'idée que des extraits. Je ne parle pas de ces recueils, de ces *adversaria* qui ont leur usage, mais d'extraits raisonnés, tels que ceux de Photius, ou de nos journaux modernes. Je me propose de me rendre compte ainsi à moi-même de mes lectures. Mais ma méthode ne sera pas toujours la même. S'agit-il d'un livre de raisonnement, j'en exposerai le plan général, les principes qu'on établit, et les conséquences qu'on en tire. Le philosophe mérite peu ce nom, dont l'ouvrage ne gagne pas à être vu dans l'ensemble. La seule liberté que je me permettrai, ce sera qu'après avoir bien médité mon sujet, je le rendrai peut-être dans un ordre différent de celui de mon auteur. Les ouvrages d'imagination ont leurs beautés d'ordonnance et celles de détail; je m'attacherai aux uns et aux autres. L'histoire, si elle est peu connue, mérite un abrégé; si elle n'est pas nouvelle, j'en détacherai les circonstances qui le sont. Partout, je dirai mon sentiment avec la modestie qui me convient, mais avec le courage d'un homme qui ne veut pas trahir les droits de la raison. Je rassemblerai ici toutes mes pensées détachées, réflexions de toute espèce qui se présenteront à moi dans ma recherche de la vérité. Car je rechercherai toujours la vérité, quoique je n'aye guères trouvé jusqu'ici que la vraisemblance.

1761.

When we read with attention, there is nothing more useful to the memory than extracts. I speak not of those collections, or *adversaria*, which may be serviceable in their own way, but of extracts made with reflection, such as those of Photius, and of several of our modern journalists. I purpose in this manner to give an account to myself of my reading. My method will vary with the subject. In works of reasoning, I will trace their general plan, explain the principles established, and examine the consequences deduced from them. A philosopher is unworthy of the name whose work is not most advantageously viewed as a whole. After carefully meditating my subject, the only liberty I shall take, is that of exhibiting it under an arrangement different perhaps from that of my author. Works of fancy contain beauties, both of plan and of execution; I shall be attentive to both. History, if little known, deserves an abridgment. I shall extract such particulars as are new. Throughout, I shall give my opinion with becoming modesty, but with the courage of a man unwilling to betray the rights of reason. In this complement, I shall collect my scattered thoughts, with the reflections of every sort that occur in my search for truth. For I shall continue to search for the truth, though hitherto I have found nothing but probability.

A Beriton,
le 14 Avril
1761.

RECHERCHES CRITIQUES

Sur le Titre qu'avoit CHARLES VIII. à la Couronne de NAPLES*.

Incertitude
des droits
de succe-
sion.

LE droit naturel a son ressort, le droit civil a le sien. Mais par quelles loix doit-on regler les successions des états? Les regles ne peuvent être les mêmes que pour les successions privées; l'objet est trop différent. Les conventions publiques sont rarement assez déterminées; on chicane sur les traités. Les exemples nous manquent, et puis chaque parti rejette ceux qui ne lui sont pas favorables.

Disputes
des maisons
d'Anjou et
d'Arragon.

Le Royaume de Naples, et souvent l'Europe, se vit déchiré par les querelles des maisons d'Anjou et d'Arragon. Les succès furent balancés. Je vais rechercher qui les méritoit.

* Je médite une histoire de l'expédition de Charles VIII. en Italie; événement qui changea la face de l'Europe. Si je l'écris jamais, ces recherches doivent y entrer, mais plus travaillées et moins longues. Pour à présent, les livres et le loisir me manquent également. C'est pourquoi, ne pouvant alléguer les historiens originaux, j'aime mieux m'en rapporter à la notoriété de faits que de renvoyer aux compilations.

Beriton,
14th April
1761.

CRITICAL RESEARCHES

Concerning the Title of CHARLES VIII. to the Crown of NAPLES†.

Uncer-
tainty of
the rights
of succe-
sion.

NATURAL and civil law has each of them, its principle; but by what maxim shall we regulate the succession to states? The rules of private succession cannot apply to them, their object being so different. Publick agreements are rarely sufficiently determinate; treaties are liable to chicane; examples are wanting; and each party rejects those examples which are not favourable to his cause.

Quarrels
of the
houses of
Anjou and
Arragon.

The kingdom of Naples, and Europe itself, were often distracted by the quarrels between the houses of Anjou and Arragon. Victory remained long doubtful. I am going to examine by which of the contending parties

† I meditate a history of the expedition of Charles VIII. into Italy; an event which changed the face of Europe. Should I ever undertake such a work, these researches will find their place in it, but written with more care and precision. At present, both leisure and books are wanting; for which reason, being unable to cite the original historians, I think it better to trust to the notoriety of the transactions, than to refer the reader to compilations.

méritoit. Les disputes sont passées. La maison de France renonça solennellement à ses prétentions, dans les traités de Madrid et de Cambray, et le Père Daniel* lui-même n'étoit point obligé de les soutenir. 1761.

Trouvons d'abord une proposition reconnue des deux partis. Avant le concile de Lyon, l'empereur Frédéric II. étoit roi légitime de Naples; reconnu par le pape son seigneur suzerain, par ses sujets, et par tous les princes de l'Europe. Il avoit recueilli par sa mère tous les droits de la maison Normande. Les empereurs Grecs, ses seuls compétiteurs, ne subsistoient plus. L'empereur Frédéric II. étoit roi légitime de Naples.

Ferdinand dont Charles VIII. disputoit le titre, étoit sorti de la maison d'Arragon. Il s'appuyoit sur le droit héréditaire. Pierre I. d'Arragon, son ancêtre, avoit épousé Constance, fille de Mainfroy, petite fille de l'empereur Frédéric II. et l'unique héritière de la maison de Suabe. Titre incontestable, s'il étoit net; mais la pureté du sang avoit été souillée par deux descentes bâtarde, Mainfroy, et Ferdinand lui-même. La maison d'Arragon en descendoit. Leurs droits.

L'institution du mariage est nécessaire dans les états policés. La propriété des terres entraîne celle des femmes. Le moyen le plus aisé pour faire passer les biens d'une main à l'autre, c'est la proximité du sang, mais pour cela il la faut connoître: il faut qu'un homme s'engageant à une femme par un contrat public, les enfans de cette femme soient censés lui appartenir. Quiconque viole cet ordre Raisons pour quoi les bâtards sont privés par les loix du droit de succession.

parties it was merited. The contest is at an end. In the treaties of Madrid and of Cambray, the house of France solemnly renounced its pretensions; and even Father Daniel* was not obliged to maintain them.

Let us first discover some proposition acknowledged by both parties. Before the council of Lyons, the emperor Frederic II. was lawful king of Naples; regarded as such by the pope his liege lord or superior, by his own subjects, and by all the princes of Europe. Through his mother he inherited all the rights of the Norman family. The Greek emperors, who would have been his only competitors, were no more. The emperor Frederic II. was lawful king of Naples.

Ferdinand, whose title was called in question by Charles VIII. descended from the house of Arragon. He asserted the right of inheritance. Peter I. of Arragon, his ancestor, had married Constance, the daughter descended of Mainfroy, the grandchild of the emperor Frederic II. and the sole heiress of the house of Swabia: a title incontrovertible, had it been pure; Their but Ferdinand's blood was defiled by two bastardies, that of Mainfroy, and his own. The family of Arragon descended from him. Their rights.

The institution of marriage is necessary in civilised countries. Here- Reasons ditary property in land implies the appropriation of women; since the why best means of transmitting property is by proximity of blood; which tards are must therefore be ascertained by marriage, the public engagement of deprived of one man with one woman, whose children are regarded as his successors. the right of Whoever succession.

* V. la Grande Histoire du P. Daniel, tome v. p. 196. et p. 259.

1761. ordre de la société, en doit être puni dans son enfant, et cet enfant dont la naissance est un outrage fait aux loix, n'est point enfant de la société, et ne doit pas participer aux biens dont elle garantit la succession. Telles sont les loix que la raison a dictées à tous les peuples. Les mœurs, souvent plus fortes que les loix, sont ici d'accord avec elles. Elles flétrissent à jamais cet enfant malheureux, dont le père ne peut qu'être incertain, et qui ne connoît sa mère que par son crime. Mépris cruel et salutaire ! La vertu des femmes, l'éducation de la jeunesse, et la paix de la communauté, en dépendent. Or si les loix et les mœurs de tous les pays déclarent les bâtards incapables des successions privées, comment pourront ils posséder des états ? Le titre d'un souverain ne peut être trop net, ni sa naissance trop respectée.

Flétris par l'opinion publique.

Ils ne peuvent être souverains par droit de succession.

Les loix sont sourdes. Elles ne songent qu'à la justice, et au bien général. C'est aux princes à juger suivant les circonstances, s'il les faut adoucir ou les exécuter à la rigueur. Lorsque le malheur de la mère, ou le mérite du fils, ont plaidé pour lui, la clémence du souverain le rend à la société en effaçant la tache de sa naissance et lui rendant ses droits.

Difficultés sur la légitimation. 1^{re}. A quoi l'on la reconnoît.

Mais en appliquant ces principes à la maison d'Arragon, il se présente une foule de difficultés que je ne puis que sentir. 1^{rem}. Comment reconnoître la légitimation d'un enfant par le prince ? Ferdinand fut légitimé par

Their grace in the public opinion.

They cannot succeed to kingdoms.

Difficulties concerning the right of legitimation.

Whoever violates this law ought to be punished in his descendant, whose birth being an outrage to society, he cannot be considered as its child, nor participate in the property of which it secures the succession. Such are the laws which reason has dictated to all nations. Manners, often more powerful than laws, here corroborate and confirm them ; condemning to perpetual ignominy the unhappy bastard, whose father must ever be uncertain, and who knows his mother only by her crime : a cruel, but salutary punishment, since on it depend the chastity of women, the education of children, and the peace of the community. If then both laws and manners declare bastards incapable of inheriting private estates, on what principle ought they to succeed to kingdoms ? The title of a sovereign cannot be too clear, nor his birth too much respected.

Laws are deaf to every voice but that of justice and the public good. But it belongs to princes to judge, according to circumstances, whether they ought to soften, or rigorously to enforce the laws. When the repentance of his mother, or his own merit, have efficaciously pleaded for an illegitimate son, the clemency of a prince may remove the stain from his birth, and thus restore him to society and his rights.

But in applying this maxim to the house of Arragon, a multitude of difficulties occur, of which it is impossible not to feel the force. 1. By what means is legitimation by a prince to be ascertained Ferdinand

par un acte solennel; mais je ne fache pas que Mainfroy l'ait été jamais. Son père à la vérité lui légua la principauté de Salerne, et même la succession du royaume. Il reste à savoir, si lorsqu'un prince maître de faire une certaine grace, accorde à quelqu'un une dignité dont il ne peut jouir sans cette grace préalable, il est censé la lui avoir accordée; c'est à dire, si la forme emporte le fonds, ou le fonds la forme*. 2. Si un prince peut légitimer ses propres enfans. Un prince est sujet aux loix, ainsi il est tenu d'en subir la peine lorsqu'il les viole. Mais le bien public veut que sa personne en soit exempte. Ici il les viole, et en peut être puni dans les personnes de ceux qui lui sont les plus chères. Or peut-on dire qu'il est obligé de subir cette punition dont cependant il peut se faire grace, s'il le veut? 3. Si cette légitimation peut s'étendre

1761.

2. Un prince peut-il légitimer ses enfans?

* Voici un exemple où il s'agit du même raisonnement. Le chevalier Raleigh fut condamné à mort pour crime de haute trahison. Après plusieurs années de prison, le roi Jacques I. lui donna le commandement d'une escadre destinée à exploiter une mine d'or dans l'Amérique Méridionale. L'entreprise manqua; et à son retour Jacques I. fit couper la tête au chevalier Raleigh sur l'ancienne sentence. La nation en murmura hautement, et disoit que cette commission d'amiral valoit bien des lettres d'abolition; puis qu'on ne pouvoit donner cette autorité et cette confiance à un traître qu'on destinoit à la mort†.

Ferdinand was legitimated by a solemn act; but I know not whether that was the case with Mainfroy: his father indeed bequeathed to him the principality of Salerno, and even the inheritance of the kingdom. It remains to determine, whether a prince, entitled to perform an act of favour and mercy, actually does so by conferring an office of dignity, which cannot be enjoyed unless the act of mercy has previously been obtained; that is to say, whether the substance ought to prevail over the form, or the form over the substance*.—2. Can a prince legitimate his own children? Being subject to the laws, he cannot violate them without being amenable to justice; though the public good requires that his person should not be liable to punishment. But, in the supposed case, his violation of the laws may be punished in the persons of those who are most dear to him: it cannot surely be said, that he is obliged to submit to a punishment which his own pardon can forgive.—3. Does this legitimation

* The following is an example where the same reasoning occurred. Sir Walter Raleigh was condemned to death for treason. After a confinement of many years in prison, he received from James I. the command of a fleet to be employed in discovering a gold mine in South America. The enterprise failed; and, at Sir Walter's return home, James ordered his head to be cut off, according to the sentence formerly passed against him. The nation murmured loudly, asserting that the commission of admiral was equivalent to a formal pardon, since it was impossible to bestow that authority and confidence on a traitor condemned to death†.

† V. Rapin, Hist. d'Angleterre, tome vii. p. 122.; et Hume, Hist. of the Stuarts, vol. i. p. 74. Howell's Letters, vol. i. f. 1. lett. iv.

1761. s'étendre jusqu'au droit de succession à la couronne*.

3. et les
appeller à
la succeſſi-
on, 4. avant
ſes hériti-
ers collate-
raux ?

Jean l'on-
cle de Fer-
dinand.

Un prince
peut il re-
noncer
pour ſa
poſtérité ?

4. Si ces enfans légitimés rentrent parfaitement dans tous leurs droits de fils du roi-regnant, et de plus proches héritiers de la couronne, ou bien s'ils n'en font que les derniers, après toutes les branches collatérales. Il ſemble qu'on ne peut faire grace qu'après avoir fait juſtice : Louis XIV. lui-même, s'il violoit les droits de la nation, reſpecta pourtant ceux de la maiſon royale.

Cette dernière queſtion eſt très importante. Alphonſe, le père de Ferdinand, laſſa un frère nommé Jean, qui lui ſuccéda dans le royaume d'Arragon. Il eſt vrai que Jean ne conteſta point la ſucceſſion de ſon neveu au royaume de Naples, mais pouvoit-il renoncer pour ſa poſtérité ? C'eſt une queſtion dont nous ne touchons point la déciſion après tant de diſputes†.

Toutes ces réflexions donnent de grands ſouçons à l'égard du titre de la maiſon d'Arragon, et ſurtout de Ferdinand. Mais dans les ſiècles de fer où cette diſpute ſ'éleva, les coutumes leur étoient plus favorables. Dans ces ſiècles auſſi vicieux qu'ils étoient ignorans, les princes ſ'abandonnoient

* Cette queſtion tient aux mêmes principes que celle de l'adoption que j'examinerai bientôt.

† Elle a fait un grand bruit il y a un demi ſiècle, à l'occaſion de la ſucceſſion d'Eſpagne, à laquelle Louis XIV. reconça dans le traité des Pyrénées, et que ſa famille revendiqua dans la ſuite.

and call
them to
the ſucceſſi-
on, before
collateral
heirs ?

John the
uncle of
Ferdinand.

Can a
prince re-
nounce for
his poſteri-
ty ?

timation extend to the right of ſucceſſion to the crown* ?—4. Do legiti-
mated children recover completely the rights of lawful offspring, and of
the neareſt heirs to the crown ; or rather, ought they not to be the laſt in
the order of ſucceſſion after all the collateral branches ? It is not fit that
we ſhould be bountiful, before we have been juſt. Even Lewis XIV. when
he trampled on the rights of the nation, ſtill reſpected thoſe of the princes
of the blood.

This laſt queſtion is extremely important. Alphonzo, the father of
Ferdinand, left a brother named John, who ſucceeded to him in the
kingdom of Arragon. John did not indeed diſpute his nephew's right of
ſucceſſion to the kingdom of Naples, but could *he* renunciation bind his
poſterity ? This is a queſtion, with the deciſion of which we ſhall not
now meddle, ſince it was formerly the occaſion of ſo many diſputes†.

Theſe reflections create juſt ſuſpicions concerning the title of the houſe
of Arragon, particularly of Ferdinand ; but in the ages of iron, when
this conteſt aroſe, the prevalent cuſtoms of the times were more favour-
able to their claim. In thoſe ages, as wicked as they were ignorant,
princes diſgraced themſelves by a life of proſtrigacy ; and when they had
not

* This queſtion depends on the ſame principles with that of adoption,
which I ſhall ſhortly examine.

† This queſtion was much agitated half a century ago, in the buſineſs
of the Spaniſh ſucceſſion, which Lewis XIV. renounced by the treaty of
the Pyrenees, but which his family afterwards claimed and vindicated.

s'abandonnoient à une vie déréglée, et s'ils n'avoient point d'enfans légitimes, leurs seigneurs reconnoissoient sans peine les droits de leurs fils bâtards. Auroient-ils pu mépriser un nom qu'ils se faisoient quelquefois gloire de porter eux mêmes*, ou méconnoître un droit qui étoit si souvent le leur ? Un partisan de la maison d'Anjou ne pouvoit attaquer le titre de ses rivaux, sans révoquer en doute les droits des rois d'Angleterre, de Castille et de Portugal†. Je ne fais si dans les choses de convention les exemples n'ont pas plus de force que les raisons. Dans la lumière du XVIII. siècle, les prétensions des Arragonois peuvent être très mauvaises, sans laisser d'être très soutenables dans l'ignorance du XV.

1761.

Dans le
moyen âge
les bâtards
succédoient
souvent aux
couronnes ;

en Angle-
terre, en
Castille, en
Portugal.

Je ne crois pas avoir rien supprimé des prétensions de la maison d'Arragon, ni des objections qu'on y pouvoit faire. Il est vrai que Mainfroy usurpa la couronne sur son neveu Conradin ; mais comme Conradin mourut sans enfans, le crime lui étoit personnel, et ne s'étendoit pas à la postérité de Mainfroy.

Mainfroy
usurpateur,
sa postérité
ne l'étoit
pas.

Les

* On lit quelquefois dans les vieilles chartres, Ego—bastardus ; il devenoit un surnom. Du tems de Philippe de Comines, on faisoit très peu de différence en Italie entre les enfans légitimes et ceux qui ne l'étoient pas. Mem. de Philippe de Com. l. vii. c. 2.

† Guillaume le Conquérant, dans le XI. siècle ; Henri de Trastamare, et Jean Grand Maître de l'ordre d'Avis, tous les deux dans le XIV. ces trois monarques étoient tous bâtards.

not any legitimate children, their barons were easily prevailed on to acknowledge the rights of their *bastards*. How could the barons despise an appellation which they often prided themselves in bearing*, or disavow a right which was often their own ? A partisan of the house of Anjou could not attack the title of his rivals, without challenging the rights of the kings of England, Castile, and Portugal. In matters merely conventional, examples are more powerful than principles. Amidst the light of the XVIIIth century, the pretensions of the house of Arragon may appear extremely unjustifiable ; but might have worn a very different aspect during the ignorance of the XVth.

In the mid-
ages, bas-
tards often
inherited
crowns ;

in England
Castile, and
Portugal.

I am not sensible of omitting any of the arguments either for or against the title of that house. Mainfroy indeed usurped the crown, to the prejudice of his nephew Conradin ; but as Conradin died childless, Mainfroy's crime was merely personal, and extended not to his posterity.

Mainfroy's
posterity
not usur-
pers,

The
though he
himself was
one.

* We sometimes read in old charters, Ego—bastardus. The appellation became a surname. In the time of Philip Comines, there was little distinction made in Italy between natural and legitimate children.

† In the XIth century, William the conqueror ; and in the XIVth, Henry of Trastamare, and John Grand Master of the Order of Avis, were all bastards.

1761.

Droits de
Charles
VIII.

Les droits de Charles VIII. étoient beaucoup plus compliqués. La déposition de Frédéric II. par le pape, et l'investiture de Naples qu'il donna à Charles I. établissoient les droits de la première maison d'Anjou. L'adoption de Louis d'Anjou par la reine Jeanne I. les fit passer à la seconde branche dont Charles VIII. les hérita par le testament de Charles, dernier comte de Provence, et roi titulaire de Naples. Ce sont trois chaînons, qu'il s'agit d'éprouver séparément.

La déposition de Frédéric II. par le pape, A.D. 1245.

La déposition de Frédéric II. par le pape Innocent IV. souleva l'Europe contre ce prince malheureux. Le grand nombre loua cette sévérité salutaire qui n'épargnoit pas les souverains eux-mêmes, s'ils étoient ennemis de l'église. A peine se trouva-t-il quelqu'un qui condamnât cette sentence, non comme injuste, mais comme trop cruelle : ils trouvoient que le pape ôtoit les couronnes trop légèrement, mais ils convenoient qu'il avoit droit de les ôter *.

Principes de la philosophie.

La bonne philosophie nous feroit rire de ce droit prétendu, s'il n'avoit pas été trop funeste. La partie la plus nombreuse de toute société en fixe la religion dominante.

Le

* Voyez la conduite équivoque de Louis IX. Il blamoit la sévérité du pape, il tâchoit de faire la paix : mais le concile de Lyon étoit toujours pour lui un tribunal dont Frédéric ne pouvoit appeller.

The rights of Charles VIII.

The rights of Charles VIII. were far more complicated. The deposition of Frederick II. by the pope, and the investiture of Naples granted by him to Charles I. formed the title of the first house of Anjou. The adoption of Lewis of Anjou by queen Joan transmitted this title to the second branch, from which Charles VIII. received it by the testament of Charles, the last count of Provence, and titular king of Naples. These are the three links of the chain, which must be separately examined.

The deposition of Frederick II. by the pope, A.D. 1245.

The deposition of Frederick II. by pope Innocent IV. stirred up Europe against that unhappy prince. The multitude commended a salutary severity, which did not spare even sovereigns themselves, when they became the enemies of the church. A very few only condemned the pope's sentence, not as unjust, but as too harsh : they thought that his holiness took away crowns with too little ceremony, but they acknowledged that he had the right of taking them away *.

Principles of philosophy.

Sound philosophy would teach us to smile at this pretended right, had it not been productive of too melancholy consequences. The most numerous portion of every community determines the prevailing religion : the

* Observe the equivocal conduct of Lewis IX. He blamed the pope's severity ; he endeavoured to make peace ; but the council of Lyons he always considered as a tribunal from which Frederick was not entitled to appeal.

Le magistrat est chargé d'établir des ministres pour l'enseigner au peuple, et en pratiquer le culte. Il en règle les fonctions, l'hierarchie, les gages; et l'ordre ecclesiastique ne lui est pas moins soumis que l'ordre des juges, ou celui des guerriers. Mais sans recourir à ces principes qui ne seroient pas généralement admis, les maximes de l'église Gallicane peuvent servir de réponse à ces prétensions ultramontaines. Chez elle l'église, il est vrai, n'obéit pas à l'état, mais elle ne lui commande pas. Ce sont deux puissances indépendantes, mais alliées, qui doivent s'entrecider sans attenter à leurs droits réciproques. Le pape ne peut pas plus déposer l'empereur, que l'empereur ne peut faire des décisions de foi. L'excommunication est toute spirituelle, et l'excommunié pour n'être plus Chrétien, n'est pas moins père, maître, ou prince. L'empereur Frédéric II. n'étoit pas moins roi de Naples après le concile de Lyon, qu'auparavant; et tout ce qui se fit, le supposant lui et sa famille déchu de la royauté, étoit nul de toute nullité.

Mais si le pape Innocent ne pouvoit déposer Frédéric comme souverain pontife, il étoit seigneur suzerain de Naples, et en cette qualité, si son vassal lui manquoit de fidélité, il pouvoit lui ôter son fief. Ce droit est beaucoup plus spécieux. Les conquérans Normans, par dévotion ou par politique, avoient reçu toutes leurs possessions

1761.

L'église soumise à l'état.

Maximes de l'église Gallicane. L'autorité du clergé toute spirituelle.

Le pape ne peut pas déposer un souverain.

Le pape pouvoit déposer Frédéric comme son seigneur suzerain.

the sovereign establishes ministers to practise its rules, and to teach its precepts to the people: the sovereign also regulates its functions, hierarchy, and appointments; ecclesiastics being not less subject to his authority than judges and soldiers! But without recurring to principles which would not be universally admitted, the maxims of the Gallican church afford a sufficient answer to those transalpine pretensions. According to these maxims, the church, it is true, is not bound in obedience to the state; but neither has the former any controul over the latter. They are two independent, but allied, powers; which ought always to contribute their mutual assistance, without ever infringing their reciprocal rights. The pope can no more depose the emperor, than the emperor can pass decisions of faith. Excommunication is of a nature entirely spiritual; and the person excommunicated, though no longer a Christian, ceases not to be a father, a master, or a king. The emperor Frederick II. was not less king of Naples after the council of Lyons than before; and whatever was done on the supposition that he and his family were divested of the rights of sovereignty, was completely null.

But if Innocent could not, as sovereign pontiff, depose Frederick; yet, as lord paramount of the kingdom of Naples, he could deprive a rebellious vassal of his fief. This right is far more specious. The rick, as Norman conquerors, through devotion or policy, had consented to hold his lord paramount.

The church subject to the state.

Maxims of the Gallican church. The clergy's authority entirely spiritual.

The pope cannot depose a sovereign.

The pope could depose Frederick as lord paramount.

1761. possessions en Italie du pape Nicolas II. à titre de fief du Saint Siège, qui leur en donna l'investiture aussi bien qu'aux empereurs Suabes, leurs successeurs.

Réponses
d'un parti-
fan de
Frédéric

1. Le pape
n'agit que
comme sou-
verain pon-
tife.

2. La sen-
tence
n'étoit
point
dans les
règles.

Cependant, en faisant valoir ce droit de souveraineté suivant les loix du système féodal, je ne sai si un partisan de Frédéric auroit été réduit au silence. Il auroit pu dire. 1. C'est à la conduite du pape à nous faire voir s'il agissoit en cette qualité. Est-ce dans un concile général d'évêques, par une excommunication solennelle, en déliant les sujets de leur serment de fidélité, qu'un seigneur fait condamner son vassal? Y mêle-t-on au crime de félonie, des accusations de perfidie, de sacrilège, et d'hérésie? Une assemblée des pairs, de tous les grands vassaux du S. Siège, un roi d'Angleterre à leur tête, étoit le seul tribunal dont Frédéric étoit justiciable; et le crime de félonie étoit le seul qu'on dût porter devant ce tribunal. Mais au concile de Lyon je ne vois dans Innocent IV. que le souverain pontife. 2. Jamais tribunal ne mérita moins ce nom; on n'entendit ni les accusateurs ni l'accusé; on refusa à celui-ci le moindre délai, quoique ses ministres chargés de pleins pouvoirs s'avancassent vers Lyon à grandes journées. On prononça la sentence avant leur arrivée; et cette sentence portoit, non sur une notoriété de droit, des preuves juridiquement constatées, mais sur un prétendue notoriété de fait, des oui-dire, des bruits publics.

their Italian possessions as fiefs of the Holy See; which conferred their investiture on those princes, and on the Swabian emperors, their successors.

Answers of Frederick's partisans. Yet in examining this right of sovereignty by the principles of the feudal law, I know not whether Frederick's partisans needed to have given up the cause. They might have said, 1. It belonged to the pope to show by his conduct, whether he really acted as lord paramount. Is

1. Innocent it by a solemn excommunication, in a general council of bishops, and acted merely in his his vassal? In such condemnations is it usual to join with the crime of character of felony, the accusations of perfidy, sacrilege, and heresy? An assembly of peers, and of all the great vassals of the Holy See, with a king of England at their head, was the only tribunal to which Frederick was amenable; and felony was the only crime of which that tribunal could take cognisance. But in the council of Lyons, Innocent IV. appears

2. The sentence was irregular. under no other character than that of sovereign pontiff. 2. Never did any court of justice less deserve the name. It heard neither the accusation nor the defence; and refused to grant to the person accused the smallest delay, although his ministers, entrusted with full powers, hastened to Lyons. Sentence was pronounced before their arrival; a sentence founded neither on acknowledged law, nor on judicial evidence, but on a pretended notoriety of facts, vague reports, and public rumours.

3. The

publics. 3. Le fond n'étoit pas moins défectueux que la forme. Frédéric ne méritoit point d'être privé de son fief. Tout vassal qu'il étoit du Saint Siècle, il n'en étoit point sujet. Un vassal d'un grand fief y regnoit en maître souverain ; absolu dans son état, il n'en devoit à son seigneur que l'hommage, le service par lequel il le tenoit, et l'obligation de ne pas porter les armes contre lui. Encore avoit il tant de latitude à remplir des obligations qu'il étoit difficile de le convaincre d'y avoir manqué. Si le seigneur *lui venoit sa cour* (c. a. d. lui refusoit justice) il pouvoit se la faire par force, et ses propres vassaux étoient tenus de le suivre contre ce prince dont ils étoient eux mêmes les arrières vassaux*. A plus forte raison, si le prince l'attaquoit il pouvoit se défendre par les armes. Or les papes étoient assurément les agresseurs, si, excommunier Frédéric, offrir ses états à tous les princes de l'Europe, prêcher contre lui une croisade, solliciter ouvertement à la révolte ses sujets du Milanois, de Ravenne, et de la Marche Trevisane, peut justifier ce nom. 4. Si le pape pouvoit représenter à son gré le souverain pontife, ou le seigneur du royaume de Naples, Frédéric pouvoit aussi choisir entre ses titres. Roi des deux Siciles, il relevoit de la cour de Rome ; empereur des Romains, il ne relevoit que de Dieu seul ; et dans la querelle pour la Sardaigne, querelle de l'église et de l'empire, d'ailleurs.

1761.

3. Elle étoit injuste.

Obligations d'un vassal.

Frédéric n'avoit fait que se défendre.

4. Frédéric comme empereur pouvoit faire la guerre au pape quoique son vassal.

3. The substance was not less defective than the form. Frederick had 3. and un-not deserved to be stripped of his fief. Though a vassal of the Holy just. See, he was not its subject. The vassal of a great fief reigned over it Duties of a with absolute sovereignty ; owing nothing to his paramount but homage, vassal. military service, and the negative duty of not bearing arms against his liege lord. These duties, besides, were defined so loosely, that it was difficult to convict him of their violation. If his superior refused to do him justice, he might assert it by force of arms ; and his own immediate vassals were bound to follow him into the field against a prince, of whom they were themselves the rear-vassals.† By still stronger cogency of Frederick reason, the vassal, when attacked by his lord, was entitled to defend had only himself by arms. But the pope surely was the aggressor ; if this appellation could be merited by excommunicating Frederick, by offering his himself. states to all the princes of Europe, and by openly exciting the revolt of his subjects in the Milanese, Ravenna, and the Trevisan march. 4. If 4. Freder-the pope could at pleasure assume the character of sovereign pontiff, or rick, of prince paramount of the kingdom of Naples, Frederick also was just- though a fied in using the same right of option between his titles. As king of vassal of the two Sicilies, he held of the court of Rome ; but as emperor of the the pope, the Romans, he was subject to God only ; and in a quarrel between the could make church and empire about Sardinia, he had not any account to give of the war on employment him, as emperor.

† Hainault, Abrégé Chronol. de l'Hist. de France, p. 617.

1761.

Exemple
des rois
d'Angle-
terre ducs
de Nor-
mandie.

L'investi-
ture de
Charles
d'Anjou
tient à la
déposition
de Frédéric
1265.

Louis
d'Anjou
adopté par
la reine
Jeanne I.
1380.

l'empire, il pouvoit tirer l'épée sans en devoir compte à personne. Il pouvoit même, sans manquer à son devoir, employer les forces du royaume de Naples, dèsque ce pays n'étoit pas l'objet de la dispute. Ces distinctions paroissent subtiles, et même contradictoires. Elles peuvent l'être, mais aussi je les tire de l'ouvrage de la barbarie et du hazard, de ce système féodal où le souverain pouvoit être le vassal de son sujet. Sans elles qu'on m'explique comment les rois d'Angleterre depuis Guillaume I. jusqu'à Edouard III. pouvoient faire la guerre à la France. Comme ducs de Normandie ou d'Aquitaine, ils en étoient vassaux ; cependant ces guerres étoient reconnues pour légitimes ; et dans les traités de paix il n'étoit jamais question de pardon ou d'amnistie.

De la déposition de Frédéric II. dépend l'investiture de Charles d'Anjou. Le royaume de Naples étoit bien alors entre les mains d'un usurpateur ; mais si le jeune Conradin n'avoit pas perdu ses droits par le crime de son ayeul, l'autorité du pontife ne pouvoit s'étendre qu'à faire rendre son héritage à ce jeune prince. 2. Charles s'empara du royaume de Naples, et le laissa à sa postérité. Il étoit trisayeul de Jeanne I. si connue par sa débauche effrénée. Cette princesse prête à succomber sous les armes de son cousin Charles de la Paix, mécontente de ses plus proches parens, appella à son secours Louis duc

Example
of the
kings of
England
dukes of
Normandy.

The investiture of
Charles of
Anjou de-
pendant on
the deposi-
tion of
Frederick/
in 1265.

employment of his arms. He was even entitled, consistently with his duty, to make use of the forces of Naples itself, when that kingdom was not the object of dispute. These distinctions appear to be too subtle, and even contradictory. They may really be so; but they are deducible from that work of barbarism and chance, the feudal system, which admitted that a sovereign might be the vassal of his own subject. Without supposing this, let it be explained, how the kings of England since William I. to Edward III. could levy war against France. As dukes of Normandy or Aquitaine, they were vassals of that kingdom; yet these wars were acknowledged as lawful, since in the treaties of peace which followed them, there is not any mention of pardon or amnesty.

On the justness of Frederick's deposition depends that of the investiture of Charles of Anjou. The kingdom of Naples was then indeed possessed by an usurper; but if Conradin could not lose his title by the crime of his grandfather, the authority of the pontiff could not be lawfully exerted but in restoring his inheritance to that young prince. 2. Charles acquired the kingdom of Naples, and left it to his posterity. He was ancestor, the fourth in ascent, to Joan, so well known by her infamous debaucheries. This princess, when ready to be overwhelmed by the arms of her cousin Charles de la Paix, and dissatisfied with her nearest relations, applied for assistance to Lewis duke of Anjou, brother to Charles

duc d'Anjou, frère de Charles V. roi de France, et par ses lettres patentes datées du château d'Oeuf à Naples, le 29 Juin 1380, elle l'adopta pour son fils, et l'institua son héritier universel †. 1761.

Offrai-je cependant demander si un prince Européen peut faire un si beau don ; s'il peut se choisir un fils et un successeur ? Le nom de roi est fort usité partout ; mais on y attache des idées bien différentes. Chez le peuple de l'Orient c'est un envoyé du Ciel, revêtu d'une puissance despotique, et disposant à son gré de la vie et des biens de ses sujets. Sous un tel gouvernement, le souverain peut donner ses états par la même raison qu'un berger peut donner son troupeau. Ils lui appartiennent. Mais il y a d'autres nations, plus dignes du nom d'homme, qui ne voyent dans le souverain que le premier magistrat, établi par le peuple pour le rendre heureux, et comptable à lui de sa conduite. Un tel magistrat ne pouvoit transférer à un autre un pouvoir dont il n'étoit que l'usufruitier. A sa mort il étoit dévolu au peuple, si le gouvernement étoit électif ; s'il étoit héréditaire, au plus proche héritier, suivant les loix que la nation avoit établies ; et si la maison royale devenoit éteinte, le peuple rentroit

Si un prince peut donner ses états ?

Un despote Asiatique le peut. Pourquoi ?

Un prince Européen ne le peut pas. Pourquoi ?

† Dans mes compilations le consentement des états à cette adoption ne paroissoit point. C'étoit cependant une circonstance très essentielle. Mais j'ai vu depuis, que l'exact Giannone n'en dit rien non plus.

Charles V. king of France ; and by letters patent, dated from the castle of Oeuf at Naples, the 29th June 1380, adopted him for her son, and appointed him for heir to all her possessions †.

May I be permitted, however, to inquire, whether an European prince is entitled to make so fair a present ; and whether he enjoys the right of choosing for himself a son and a successor ? The name of king is universally used ; but in different countries it is taken in very different acceptations. Among the natives of the East, a king is the vicegerent of Heaven, invested with despotic power over the lives and properties of his subjects. Under such governments a king can dispose of his people for the same reason that a shepherd can dispose of his flock. They are his property. But there are other nations, more deserving the name of men, who see in a sovereign nothing more than the first magistrate, appointed by the people for the purpose of promoting public happiness, and responsible to the people for his administration. Such a magistrate cannot transfer to another, a power with which he is entrusted only for his own life. At his demise, this power, if the government be elective, returns to the people ; if the government be hereditary, the same power devolves on the nearest heir, according to the

An Asiatic despot may. Why ?

An European prince cannot.

† In my compilation the consent of the states to this adoption is not mentioned. This, however, was a very essential circumstance. But I have since found, that the accurate Giannone is also silent respecting it.

1761. rentroit dans tous ses droits. Ces dernières maximes étoient assurément celles des peuples du nord, fondateurs de presque tous les royaumes de l'Europe. Sentez la gradation par laquelle leurs princes rendirent héréditaire leur puissance toujours soumise aux loix. Leurs chefs n'étoient d'abord choisis que pour l'occasion; peu à peu ils devinrent perpétuels. La reconnaissance bornoit les élections à quelque famille distinguée; le fils succédoit ordinairement au père, mais il falloit une élection solennelle; le silence et l'obéissance étoient sensés exprimer le consentement de la nation, mais elle se réservait toujours le droit de changer la succession toutes les fois que le bien public le demandoit. Je vois même quelque lueur de cette liberté parmi les peuples qui croupissent dans le plus vil esclavage. Les monarques Orientaux qui choisissent leur successeur, sont obligés de le choisir dans la maison royale, et les sujets n'obéiroient point à un étranger, quoique revêtu de l'autorité de leur dernier souverain. Un sentiment confus leur insinue que la loi est encore au dessus du prince.

Cependant les peuples de l'Europe semblent le leur accorder quelquefois. Testament de Charles II. d'Espagne. Cependant (car je ne cherche que la vérité) l'on voit d'un autre côté, dans les monarchies Européennes, une certaine autorité reconnue, dans les dispositions que les princes ont fait de leurs états. Charles II. d'Espagne se croyoit maître de nommer son successeur, il nomma Philippe de Bourbon. La France accepta le testament, l'Espagne

the law of the land: and should the royal family be extinct, the people would resume all their rights. These maxims, surely, prevailed among the northern nations, who founded almost all the kingdoms of Europe. Observe the steps by which they rendered their kings, though always subject to the laws, hereditary. These kings were originally only temporary and occasional chiefs. By degrees they came to hold their offices for life. Gratitude confined the sphere of election to some distinguished family; the son commonly succeeded to the father, but the solemnity of an election was still requisite; silence and obedience were finally thought to imply the consent of the nation; which always, however, resumed to itself the right of changing the order of succession, when the public good demanded an alteration. I perceive a glimpse of this liberty even among people languishing in the vilest servitude. The monarchs of the East, who name their most slavish successors, must choose him from the royal family; and their subjects would not obey a stranger, though invested with authority by their late king. They have a confused perception that the law ought to be above the prince. Yet (for I am in search only of the truth) it may be observed on the other side, that the authority of European princes had been acknowledged to extend to the power of transferring their dominions. Charles II. of Spain, believing himself entitled to appoint his successor, named Philip of Bourbon. France accepted the testament; Spain submitted

L'Espagne s'y soumit, et les alliés se virent réduits à révoquer en doute son authenticité. Je ne vois pas même, sans accorder aux souverains quelque droit de cette espèce, sur quoi fonder la force des traités où ils cedent, non à un parent, à un ami, mais à un étranger, à un ennemi, l'obéissance d'une partie de leurs sujets. Le droit public de l'Europe envisage ces sujets comme rebelles, s'ils refusent de se soumettre à leur nouveau prince. La fameuse distinction de domaine et de frontière bien approfondie, ne se trouvera que des mots en l'air.

3. L'adoption de Jeanne I. ne valut aux princes de la seconde branche d'Anjou que la comté de Provence. Après avoir disputé Naples quelque tems avec la première branche de leur maison, ils ne purent le défendre contre la maison d'Arragon. Ils se réfugièrent en France, faisant de tems en tems des entreprises malheureuses. René le petit fils de Louis I. avoit à choisir entre Charles le fils de son frère, et René de Vaudemont duc de Lorraine, le fils de sa fille. Il choisit le premier; et ce Charles, roi titulaire de Naples, et comte de Provence, se voyant sans enfans, institua pour son légataire universel Louis XI. roi de France, et père de Charles VIII.

La lecture réfléchie d'un chapitre de Philippe de Comines (Mem. L. viii c. 1.) m'a fourni quelques propositions, qui m'y paroissent clairement énoncées. 1. René d'Anjou avoit

submitted to it, and the allies felt the necessity of calling its authenticity in question. Without acknowledging a power of this kind in princes, I know not how we can justify those treaties, in which a king transfers, not to a kinsman or friend, but to a stranger or enemy, the obedience of a portion of his subjects. The public law of Europe considers those subjects as rebels, when they refuse to submit to their new prince. The famous distinction between domain and frontier, when examined to the bottom, will be found to contain more sound than sense.

3. By the adoption of Joan I. the second branch of the house of Anjou obtained only the county of Provence. After contending with the eldest branch of their family about the crown of Naples, they found themselves unable to defend it against the house of Arragon. They fled into France, making from thence various expeditions that were unsuccessful. René, the grandson of Lewis I. had no other choice to make than that of Charles his brother's son, or that of René of Vaudemont duke of Lorraine, the son of his daughter. He preferred the former; and this Charles, titular king of Naples, and count of Provence, dying without children, bequeathed all his rights to Lewis XI. king of France, and father of Charles VIII.

An attentive perusal to a chapter of Philip Comines (Mem. L. viii. c. 1.) suggests the following propositions, which appear to me incontestible. 1. René of Anjou appointed his nephew Charles, and Charles appointed

1761.

René duc
de Lor-
raine, ses
prétentions
à la cou-
ronne de
Naples.
La cour de
France les
reconnoît
d'abord.

Les dispu-
tes ensuite
fondées sur
de vieux
testamens.
Si la loi Sa-
lique devoit
être rejet-
tée en Pro-
vence ou
avoir lieu à
Naples.

avait établi Charles son neveu, et Charles Louis XI, leurs héritiers universels. 2. Le roi de France convenoit que ces princes n'avoient pas le droit de violer l'ordre de la succession par leur testament. 3. Louis XI. et Charles VIII. ne se mirent en possession de la Provence, que parcequ'étant un fief qui ne descendoit qu'aux mâles dont la ligne étoit éteinte, René de Vaudemont n'y avoit aucun droit. 4. Bien loin de contester le droit du duc de Lorraine au royaume de Naples, où il n'y avoit point de loi Salique, la cour de France fit agir tous ses ambassadeurs en sa faveur, et lui permit de mener sa compagnie de cent lances à l'expédition qu'elle y fit. 5. Quelques personnes déterrent d'anciens testamens de Charles I. et d'autres princes de la maison d'Anjou, par lesquels ils réunissoient irrévocablement le royaume de Naples et la comté de Provence, testamens dont l'authenticité ne fut jamais bien constatée. 6. Charles VIII. en concluoit, que puisqu'il étoit comte de Provence par le testament de Charles IV. d'Anjou, au défaut d'héritiers mâles, il étoit aussi roi légitime de Naples. Dès ce moment il ne fut plus question des droits du duc de Lorraine. Cependant ce duc si méprisé, ne pouvoit-il pas demander, puisqu'on vouloit régler les deux états par la même loi de succession, pourquoi la comté devoit faire la loi au royaume plutôt que de l'en recevoir?

René duke
of Lorraine,
his preten-
sions to the
crown of
Naples.

The court
of France at
first ac-
knowledges
them.

The subse-
quent dis-
pute found-
ed on old
testaments.

Whether
the Salique
law ought
to have

appointed Lewis XI. heirs to all their rights. 2. The king of France acknowledged that these princes were not entitled to alter the order of succession by their testaments. 3. Lewis XI. and Charles VIII. took possession of Provence only because it was a male fief; and that the male line being extinct, René of Vaudemont could not have any legitimate claim. 4. Instead of disputing the title of the duke of Lorraine to the kingdom of Naples, where the Salique law was unknown, the court of France ordered its ambassadors to espouse his cause, and permitted him to lead his company of an hundred lances in the expedition against that country. 5. A discovery is made of ancient testaments of Charles I. and other princes of the house of Anjou, by which they irrevocably unite the kingdom of Naples and the county of Provence; but the authenticity of these testaments was never clearly ascertained. 6. Charles VIII. concluded, that because he was count of Provence by the testament of Charles IV. of Anjou, failing his male issue, he therefore also became lawful king of Naples. From this time, there was no longer any mention of the rights of the duke of Lorraine. Yet this duke, so much despised, might surely have asked, since the two states were to be subject to the same law of succession, why the county ought to serve as a rule for the kingdom, rather than the kingdom for the county? Would it not have been more consistent

recevoir? N'auroit-il pas été plus équitable de rejeter la loi Salique en Provence, parcequ'elle l'étoit à Naples, que de l'admettre à Naples parcequ'elle étoit admise en Provence?

Mais il ne faut qu'adopter une maxime du P. Daniel pour terminer la controverse sur le champ. Le duc de Lorraine n'étoit pas en état de poursuivre son droit, le roi de France l'étoit. Sa puissance lui donnoit la préférence. Je ne fais cependant si on peut adopter une maxime, laquelle généralisée revient à celle-ci. "Si l'héritier légitime ne peut faire valoir ses prétensions, elles sont anéanties, et le plus proche héritier sans son consentement prend sa place, et peut poursuivre et obtenir l'héritage pour lui même et sa postérité."

Tels sont les droits principaux des maisons d'Anjou et d'Arragon à la couronne de Naples. C'est au lecteur à prononcer, mais avant qu'il le fasse qu'il jette les yeux sur quelques autres droits des uns et des autres, trop peu certains, ou trop mal fondés pour mériter d'être traités au long. 1. La maison de France pouvoit alléguer que par l'acte d'investiture de Charles I. ses droits lui étoient dévolus. Je n'en dirai rien. Le moine qui dressa cet acte avec une précision scholastique, l'a si bien embrouillé que je ne puis voir si ces droits étoient retournés au pape, s'ils avoient passé à la branche de Bourbon, où à celle de Valois.

2. Le

consistent with justice to reject the Salique law in ascertaining the succession to Provence, because that law was unknown in Naples, than to introduce a new law at Naples because it was admitted in Provence?

But we need only adopt a maxim of Father Daniel, to terminate the controversy at once. The duke of Lorraine had not force to maintain his right; the king of France had; and this force entitled him to a preference. Yet I know not whether we can justly adopt a maxim, which may be thus expressed in general terms. "If a lawful heir cannot maintain his pretensions, they become of course extinct; and the next person in the order of succession may assume his place, assert and obtain the inheritance for himself and his posterity."

Such are the principal titles of the houses of Anjou and Arragon to the crown of Naples. It belongs to the reader to pronounce sentence; after first casting his eye on some other rights, of both parties, too weak or uncertain to merit a long discussion. 1. The house of France might assert that by the people's investiture of Charles I. the rights of that prince devolved to the family of Anjou. I pretend not to decide. The monk who prepared that act with scholastic formality, succeeded so well in perplexing it, that I cannot perceive whether those rights returned thereby to the pope, or descended to the family of Bourbon or to that of Valois.

1761.

Maxime du P. Daniel,

mise au jour.

Autres droits des deux maisons.

L'acte d'investiture de Charles I.

been rejected in Provence, or introduced at Naples. Maxim of Father Daniel explained.

Other titles of both houses.

The act of investiture of Charles I.

1761.

Droit de
conquête.Droit
d'adoption
par Jeanne
II.Droit de
possession.Droit du
consente-
ment des
sujets.Seul droit
au-dessus
des objec-
tions.

2. Le droit de conquête ; droit odieux, qui n'est propre qu'à faire de grands scélérats, et qui se déclara pour chaque maison à son tour.

3. Le droit d'adoption par la reine Jeanne II. Mais comme elle adopta successivement Louis d'Anjou, et Alphonse d'Arragon, l'une des quantités (pour parler avec les Algébristes) détruit l'autre.

4. Le droit de possession. La maison d'Arragon l'avoit depuis soixante ans. Mais la maison d'Anjou n'avoit jamais laissé dormir ses prétensions : elle les avoit revendiquées dans toutes les occasions.

5. Le droit du consentement des sujets, le plus beau de tous les droits. Les Arragonois pouvoient alléguer l'obéissance générale ; mais selon le parti contraire, leurs cruautés et les murmures du peuple faisoient voir combien cette obéissance étoit forcée.

Le droit de conquête n'est fait que pour les bêtes féroces. Le droit de succession bien imaginé en lui même, n'a pas de principes fixes. Le seul droit au-dessus de toutes les objections, est celui qui sort de la voix d'un peuple libre.

Right of
conquest.Right of
adoption by
queen Joan
II.Right of
possession.Title arising from
the people's consent.The only
title not
liable to
objection.

2. The right of conquest ; an odious right, fit only to make illustrious criminals ; which alternately favoured both parties.

3. The right of adoption by queen Joan II. But as she successively adopted Lewis of Anjou and Alphonzo of Arragon, the one of those quantities, to speak in the language of algebra, destroys the other.

4. The right of possession. The house of Arragon enjoyed it sixty years. Yet the house of Anjou had never relinquished its pretensions ; but, on the contrary, seized every opportunity of asserting them.

5. The consent of the subjects, the fairest of all titles. The princes of the house of Arragon might alledge the universal obedience paid to their authority ; but, according to the opposite party, the cruelties exercised by that house, and the murmurs of the people, clearly proved their obedience to be involuntary.

The right of conquest is only made for wild beasts. The laws of succession, though well contrived in themselves, are destitute of fixed principles. The only title not liable to objection, is the consenting voice of a free people.

IDÉE de quelques SUIJETS pour une COMPOSITION HISTORIQUE.

Au camp-
auprès de
Winches-
ter, le 26
Juillet
1761.

JE mépriserois tout écrivain indifférent à l'utilité de ses lecteurs : J'admirerois celui qui uniquement touché de cette utilité comptât pour rien sa propre gloire. Je ne suis ni l'un ni l'autre. Mon inclination, celle de mon siècle, me décident pour l'histoire. Convaincu de son mérite, ma raison ne me fait point rougir de mon choix. Mais ce n'est pas tout ; suis-je propre à marcher dans une carrière que Tacite a cru digne de lui, et dont Pline a douté s'il étoit digne ? * Le rôle d'un historien est beau, mais celui d'un chroniqueur, ou d'un coureur de gazettes est assez méprisable. A cet égard je ne puis connoître mes forces qu'en les essayant, et pour les connoître bientôt je dois choisir quelque sujet d'histoire qui me fasse honneur, s'il est bien exécuté, et qui ne me laisse pas le regret, en cas d'un malheur, d'avoir trop employé de tems dans un genre qui n'étoit pas le mien. Je vais

parcourir

HINTS of some SUBJECTS fit for HISTORY.

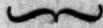
Camp, near
Winches-
ter, 26 July
1761.

I WOULD despise an author regardless of the benefit of his readers : I would admire him who, solely attentive to this benefit, should be totally indifferent to his own fame. I stand in neither of these predicaments. My own inclination, as well as the taste of the present age, have made me decide in favour of history. Convinced of its merit, my reason cannot blush at the choice. But this is not all. Am I worthy of pursuing a walk of literature, which Tacitus thought worthy of him, and of which Pliny doubted whether he was himself worthy † ? The part of an historian is as honourable as that of a mere chronicler or compiler of gazettes is contemptible. For which task I am fit, it is impossible to know, until I have tried my strength ; and to make the experiment, I ought soon to choose some subject of history, which may do me credit, if well treated ; and whose importance, even though my work should be unsuccessful, may console me for employing too much time in a species of composition for which I was not well qualified. I proceed therefore to

review

† V. Plin. Secund. Epist. Lib. v. Ep. viii.

1761.



L'histoire
de la croi-
sade de
Richard I.
d'Angle-
terre.

parcourir quelques sujets d'histoire, marquer leurs avantages et leurs défauts, tels qu'ils m'ont paru, et montrer celui auquel je me suis arrêté.

L'histoire de Richard premier d'Angleterre, et sa croisade contra les Sarrafins, plairoit du côté du merveilleux. Un roi d'Angleterre combattant à la tête des Anglois et des François réunis sous les murs d'Ascalon ! Les matériaux fussent au dessein. Sans parler des chroniques générales, l'on a deux historiens contemporains et exacts ; et ce qui est d'un grand prix pour un ami de la vérité, l'un Chrétien, et l'autre Mahometan ; je veux parler de Guillaume de Tyr, et de l'Arabe dont M. Schultens a traduit l'histoire de Saladin. Deux auteurs au moins, nous ont laissé des descriptions particulières de cette croisade, et deux autres moines l'ont célébrée par des poèmes historiques. Mais aussi que ce Richard étoit un digne héros pour des moines ; la férocité d'un gladiateur, et la cruauté d'un tyran, employées sans succès dans une cause où la superstition imposoit silence à la religion, à la justice, et à la politique, et contre un prince des plus accomplis dans l'histoire ! Que Richard nous intéresseroit peu ! D'ailleurs cet événement est trop loigné, trop enfoncé dans les ténèbres du moyen âge, pour s'attirer beaucoup d'attention aujourd'hui.

review some subjects for history ; to indicate their advantages and defects ; and to point out that subject which I may think fit to prefer.

The history
of Richard
I. of Eng-
land's cru-
sade against
the Sara-
cens.

The history of Richard I. of England, and his crusade against the Saracens, is alluring by the marvellous. A king of England fighting at the head of an allied army of English and French under the walls of Ascalon ! There are good materials for executing such an undertaking. Without speaking of the general chronicles, we know two contemporary and accurate historians ; and what is of great importance to a lover of the truth, the one a Christian, and the other a Mahomedan ; I mean William of Tyre, and the Arabian whose history of Saladin is translated by Mr. Schultens. Two monkish authors, at least, have left particular descriptions of this crusade ; and other two monks have celebrated it in historical poems. But, on the other hand, this Richard was a fit hero only for monks. With the ferocity of a gladiator, he united the cruelty of a tyrant ; and both were unsuccessfully employed in a cause where superstition silenced religion, justice, and policy ; and against one of the most accomplished princes in history. How little are we interested in the exploits of Richard ! Besides, this transaction is too remote, and too deeply buried in the darkness of the middle ages, to attract much notice at present.

Aug. 24th, I Read Mr. Bonamy's Reflections upon the 1761.] Geographical Errors occasioned by Alexander's Historians, Mem. xxv. p. 40—54; *very solid*: and M. de la Bleterie's Mem. upon the tribunitian power of the Emperors, Mem. xxv. p. 392—440; much inferior to his former dissertations.

25th.]—I read M. de la Nauze's Dissertation upon the ancient Roman Calendar, Mem. xxvi. p. 219—257; *most excellent*; I never understood the Roman Calendar before.

26th.]—I read M. de la Nauze a second time, and meditated him thoroughly.

28th.]—I read M. de Guigner's Memoir upon the Destruction of the Greek Monarchy in Bactriana, Mem. xxv. p. 17—34; *singular*: and M. d'Anville's, upon the Nation and Religion of the Getæ, ib. p. 34—47; *judicious*.

Sept. 1st.]—I read the first Dissertation of the Count de Caylus, upon antient Painting.

2d.]—I read the Count de Caylus's second Dissertation.

3d.]—I began M. de la Nauze's Memoir upon the Manner Pliny has treated of antient Painting.

4th.]—I finished it.

5th.]—I read M. de Caylus's third Dissertation. Though Caylus has a much higher reputation, I should myself prefer de la Nauze; in French I should say, Celui-ci a écrit en homme de lettres amateur, celui-là en amateur homme de lettres. De la Nauze is learned, methodical, full of taste, perhaps sometimes not precise enough. Caylus's observations are without any plan, too minute, and sometimes, when stripped of their technical dress, injudicious. However, his comparison of the antient and modern painters shews a knowledge of the beauties and masters of the art. They are both contained in tom. xxv. Mem. p. 149—302. I read the first Memoir of M. de Caylus upon antient Sculpture.

6th.]

1761.

6th.]—I read the second Memoir upon Sculpture, tom. xxv. p. 302—368. They are much superior to those upon painting; as the author probably never practised sculpture, he attaches himself less to the manual exercise of the art.

7th.]—I read M. de Caylus upon the Mausoleum; tom. xxvi. p. 321—335.

8th.]—I read four parts of the Bibliothèque des Sciences et des Beaux Arts, from July 60, to July 61; a plain, sensible journal.

11th.]—I read M. Freret's Observations upon the Marble of Paros, tom. xxvi. p. 157—219: the general remarks, interesting; the enquiry into the date of the death of Darius, ingenious and satisfactory; the whole very profound: and M. de Belley's Explanation of a Camayeu in the D. of Orleans's cabinet; very probable: tom. xxvi. p. 475—486.

12th.]—I read Belley's Explanation of an Agate in the D. of Orleans's cabinet; *like the former*: tom. xxvi. p. 486—504: and M. d'Anville's Enquiry into the Source of the Nile; tom. xxvi. p. 34—46; leaves it as obscure as ever.

Oct. 2d.]—I ran over M. le Beau's Memoir upon the Roman Legion, in tom. xxvi. of the Academy: one or two Epistles of Horace with Dacier and Sanadon; and Soame Jenyns's Enquiry into the Origin of Evil; and perused for the second time, with infinite pleasure, M. de la Nauze's fine Memoir upon antient Painting.

Feb. 8th, 1762.]—Having finished Hurd's Horace, given a second perusal to two principal discourses, and thoroughly meditated the whole subject, I began to make an *Extrait raisonné* of it. At the same time I employed my leisure moments in going through the famous *Argenis* of Barclay, with which I was much entertained; and, with a view to Homer, perused for the second time a very considerable part of Mezeriac's Ovid.

Q. HORA-

Q. HORATHI FLACCI EPISTOLÆ, ad Pisonē et Augustum; with an English Commentary and Notes. To which are added, two dissertations; the one on the Provinces of the Drama; the other on Poetical Imitation; with a Letter to Mr. Mason; in two volumes, 12mo. The second edition. Cambridge, 1757.

Devizes,
Feb. 8th,
1762.

Mr. Hurd, the supposed author of this performance, is one of those valuable authors who cannot be read without improvement. To a great fund of well-digested reasoning, he adds a clearness of judgment, and a niceness of penetration capable of taking things from their first principles, and observing their most minute differences. I know few writers more deserving of the great, though prostituted name, of critic; but, like many critics, he is better qualified to instruct, than to execute. His manner appears to me harsh and affected, and his style clouded with obscure metaphors, and needlessly perplexed with expressions exotic, or technical. His excessive praises (not to give them a harsher name) of a certain living critic and divine, disgust the sensible reader, as much as the contempt affected for the same person, by many who are very unqualified to pass a judgment upon him.

Horace's Art of Poetry, generally deemed an unconnected set of precepts, without unity of design or method, appears under Mr. Hurd's hands, an attempt to reform the Roman stage, conducted with an artful plan, and carried on through the most delicate transitions. This plan is unravelled in Mr. Hurd's Commentary. If ever those transitions appear too finely spun, the concealed art of epistolary freedom will sufficiently account for it. The least Mr. Hurd must convince us of, is, that, if Horace had any plan, it was that which he has laid down. Every part of dramatic poetry is treated of, even to the satyres and the atellanes; its metre, subject, characters, chorus, explained and distinguished. The rest of the epistle contains those precepts of unity of design, accuracy of composition, &c. which, though not peculiar to the dramatic poet, are yet as necessary to him as to any other.

I shall say little more of the epistle to Augustus, than that the subject matter is much plainer than in the other,
but

1762.



but the connection of parts far more perplexed. In the two lines from 30 to 32, a critic must be very sharp-sighted, to discover so complicated an argument as Mr Hurd finds out there: however, his own Commentary is far superior to that on the Art of Poetry; and rises here into a very elegant paraphrase. As my business lies more with Mr. Hurd than with Horace, I shall only select one of the numerous beauties of this Epistle; it is that elegant encomium upon the modern poets, which extends from v. 113 to 139. Every one must observe that fine gradation, which, from describing the poet as a happy, inoffensive creature, exalts him at last into a kind of mediator between the gods and men. But an art more refined, and nicely attentive to its object, only employs those praises, which belong equally to good and to bad poets. Every one complained of the multitude of bad poets; even these, replies Horace, are not to be despised; such poetry is an employment, which makes its possessor good and happy, by abstracting him from the cares of men; he may turn it to the useful purposes of a virtuous education; and the gods, who attend more to the piety, than the talents of the bard, will listen with pleasure to his hymns.

I shall now consider some of Mr. Hurd's notes upon these Epistles, and then pass to his larger discourses.

Vol. i.
p. 68—77.

Upon v. 94, he starts a new train of thought upon the use of poetical expressions in tragedy. The herd of critics allow them to the hero in his calmer moments, and forbid them in his more passionate ones. On the contrary (says Mr. Hurd, and I think with reason) it is that very passion that calls them forth, by rousing every faculty, and exciting images suitable to the grandeur of his situation. Anger indeed, which exalts the mind, inspires more bold and daring images; those of grief are more weak, humble, and broken: but when passion sleeps, it is fancy alone that can create figures; and fancy is a very improper guide for the severe genius of dramatic poetry.

Perhaps the natural correspondency between passion and the poetical figures, may be more exactly ascertained, by defining what is properly meant by poetical figures. It is (if I am not mistaken) a comparison, either expressed or understood, between two objects, about one of which the mind is particularly engaged, and which it perceives, bears some affinity to another. The comparison,

son, properly so called, expresses every feature of that resemblance at full length; the allusion points it out in a more slight and general manner; and the metaphor, disdaining that slow deduction of ideas, boldly substitutes to the object of the comparison, that to which it is compared. In the instance Mr. Hurd has taken from Tacitus, "*Ne vestis serica viros sedaret,*" we may note this difference between the three species of figures. In a comparison he might have said, "that a silken garment was so disgraceful to a man, that it was like a pollution to his body." Had he said, "that a silken garment, like a pollution, was to be avoided by a man," it would have been an allusion: but, dropping every intermediate idea, he reports the law by which no silken garment was to pollute a man. This is a metaphor, and of his own creation; but there are many where spiritual faculties, and operations, are expressed by material images, which, though figurative in their origin, are, by time and use, almost become literal. These are the figures of poetry. I am sensible there are rhetorical ones also; but those, I believe, relate rather to the expression and distribution of the former.

Let us now, from these principles, investigate the workings of passion. It has been often observed, that the highest agitation of the mind is such as no language can describe; since language can only paint ideas, and not that sentimental, silent, almost stupid, excess of rage or grief, which the soul feels with such energy, that it is not master of itself enough to have any distinct perceptions; such passion baffles all description: but when this storm subsides, passion is as fertile in ideas, as it was at first barren: when some striking interest collects all our attention to one object, we consider it under every light it is susceptible of; even that rebel attention, chained down with difficulty to any range of ideas, endeavours as much as possible to enlarge the sphere of them; and as the agitation of our mind crowds them upon us, almost at the same instant, instead of presenting them slowly and singly, we cannot avoid being struck with many comparisons suitable to our situation. The past, the present, the future, our misfortunes, those of other men, our friends, our enemies, our ancestors, our posterity, form within us numberless combinations of ideas, either to assuage or irritate the reigning

1762.

reigning passion*. But those of the first species, though they strike us with force, we reject as much as in our power; and therefore the poet who expresses them in words, ought rarely to go farther than an allusion, or a metaphor: those indeed are in general the darling figures of passion, as it loves to pass with rapidity from one idea to another. However, in those conjunctions of ideas which feed and irritate the passion, she will sometimes dwell with complacency upon them, and pursue them to the minutest resemblances of a simile. I appeal to the breast of every one for the evidence of these positions; and as to the last, I shall instance the noble speech with which Juno opens the *Æneid*, and rousing herself to vengeance, from the comparison of her behaviour with that of Pallas, collects every circumstance of it which could stimulate her more strongly to the execution of it.

Vol. i.

p. 81—87.

To return to Mr. Hurd's Notes. He employs several passages to prove, what I fancy no one would have disputed him; that though the words, pulchrum, beau, beautiful, are often used to express the general conception of beauty, they are sometimes made to signify that particular sort of beauty which pleases the imagination, opposed to that which affects the heart.

Aristotle had blamed the *Iphigenia* of Euripides, as a character ill supported; so timid at first, afterwards so determined. The general opinion had extended the same reproach to his *Electra*. Mr. Hurd undertakes their vindication. If *Electra* feels so much remorse after the murder of her mother, though the principal author of it, we must consider that she is no where described as devoid of natural tenderness; though the thirst of revenge, supported by the maxims of her times, such as the doctrine of remunerative justice, of fate, and of the heinousness of adultery, had for a time subdued it. Besides, her hatred was chiefly pointed at *Ægistheus*, and her remorse is greatly exaggerated.

* When Marius, proscribed by the party of Sylla, was obliged, after a thousand dangers, to take refuge on the coast of Africa, the prætor of that province sent him an order to leave it immediately; the licitor found him plunged in thought, and sitting on some stones on the beach. When he asked him what answer he should carry back to the prætor, "Tell him (replied Marius,) that thou hast seen Marius sitting upon the ruins of Carthage." This implied comparison between his fall, and that of a once powerful city, displayed on the same spot, is poetically bold. Yet passion and real misfortune, joined to the coincidence of place, could suggest it to Marius, a rough illiterate soldier. Is not this a striking illustration of Mr. Hurd's theory?

exaggerated. As to Iphigenia, her timidity, when acquainted she was to be sacrificed, is easily accounted for; as she was surpris'd, and, at that time, ignorant of the reasons which required it. Even to the last, her constancy is yet mixed with some regret and repining.

Upon v. 148, Mr. Hurd attempts to account for, and establish one of the most important rules of Epic poetry. A poet may either tell his story in the natural historical order, or, rushing at once into the middle of his subject, he may afterwards introduce, by way of episode, the events previous to it. Which method should he observe? Homer, at least in one of his poems, has preferred the last; and in that, as well as in most other things, has been followed by his successors; by Virgil, by Milton, by Voltaire, and (in this instance I may call him an epic poet) by Fenelon. But as many things that have stood the test of time, cannot endure that of reason, I shall venture to start some objections to this method, and to consider, in a few words, Mr. Hurd's defence of it.

1st, Supposing the rule founded on reason, it is too vague to reduce to practice. Since the greatest part of the poem is to consist in a recital, where the poet himself speaks; when is that recital to begin? with the principal action? But in those great, though simple subjects, that alone are worthy of the epic muse; such, for example, as the establishment of Æneas in Italy; there are a great number of previous events, which either hasten or retard the catastrophe. Are *they* part of the subject? They are intimately connected with it, and no critic ever required unity of place in the epopœa. Are they not? How then can the loves of Æneas and Dido be justified? And if they can, why may not Æneas's meeting Andromache in Epirus, be as much a part of the principal subject, as his meeting Dido at Carthage? I might in this manner follow the thread of the episodical story, perhaps to the beginning of the second, but certainly to the beginning of the third book of the Æneid, (and were I to take the Odyssey, or any other epic poem, it would be the same,) and ask at every pause, why the bard might not begin his invocation from thence, like Horace himself:

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† In the Odyssey. As to the Iliad, properly speaking, he has followed neither. The events previous to the subject, the anger of Achilles, he neither relates himself, nor throws into an episode; but as they were few and simple, he leaves the reader to collect them from occasional hints dispersed through the poem.

1762.

Vol. I.

p. 110-112.

1762.

Demo unum, demo et item unum,

But enough has been said on this head.

2dly, When, without any preparation, we are thrown at once into the midst of the subject, unacquainted with the characters or situation of the hero; such a conduct can be productive only of a surprize and perplexity to the reader, which, if they are any beauties, are at least beauties of an inferior species of poetry. Nor is this all; this very ignorance and perplexity of the reader diminishes the interest of that part of the poem; for how can we love beauties we are yet ignorant of, or tremble for misfortunes of which we have a very faint idea? Nor can it be said that the nature of an epic subject preserves it from this inconveniency; since it always is, or ought to be, some story already famous. It may be so; but we are not yet acquainted with the alterations it may have suffered under the hands of the poet; nor can the similar example of dramatic poetry be alleged. It is there an unavoidable defect; but we ought not therefore voluntarily to transfer it to another species of poetry.

3dly, When this objection begins to vanish, and the reader, interested in the present misfortunes of the hero, has little or no curiosity to inquire into his past ones, it is then the poet chooses to tell them. I suppose we have read the first book of the *Æneid*; it is impossible to read it as it deserves, without taking the greatest part in the important scene which begins to disclose itself; so romantic a meeting of a Trojan chief and a Tyrian princess, upon the shores of Africa, and the gods themselves employing every artifice to inspire them with a mutual passion, and prevent the establishment of the Roman empire. At the instant we are impatient to know the event; and expect the poet should hasten to it, we are entertained with a long recital of the sack of Troy, and the voyages of *Æneas*. After this is at last ended, and we return to *Dido*, we have almost forgot who she was. Is this consulting the pleasure of the reader? and that pleasure ought to be the aim of every writer. I do not know whether I may not have expressed myself too strongly in saying, we have little, or no curiosity, to learn the past fortunes of the hero; but, however, let it be considered, 1st, That before they are told us in a regular narration, a thousand hints of them must have been dropped, which

Betray

betray the secret; so that we only come to it with that languid curiosity, of learning the particulars of what we have already a general idea. 2dly, That we are not to consider our positive degree of curiosity, to know the events previous to the beginning of the poem, but to compare it with the desire we feel of pursuing the sequel, which must be far more ardent; for in every operation of the mind there is a much higher delight in descending from the cause to the effect, than in ascending from the effect to the cause. In the perusal of a fable, it is the event we are anxious about, and our anxiety increases, or diminishes, as that event is known or unknown to us. It is easy to apply this to the present argument.

3dly, and lastly, (for though I endeavour to be concise, I am frightened when I look back,) The style of the poet will suffer as much by this inversion as his plan. Bold figures and poetical imagery are the essence of the epopea; but with what propriety can they be introduced into that episode, where it is the hero, not the poet, that speaks? There are two sources of these figures; strong passion, and a fine imagination. The first can operate, in any strong degree, only during the actual influence of the misfortune which gave birth to it; and though the recollection of the latter may call forth some sparks of the former, yet it will be a faint, reflected heat, very unequal to that great effect, of transporting both the speaker and the hearer. On the other hand, a fine imagination is no essential part of a hero. Homer and Achilles are very different characters; nay, should the chief personage, like Ulysses, be a celebrated orator, even that will not authorize his employing the beauties of poetical language, since his recital, to be properly introduced, must be unpremeditated, and occasional: not like the poet, who, besides the fire of natural genius, is indulged with every advantage of time, labour, and a particular inspiration of the gods†. The episodical story must,

† When Antenor, in the third Iliad, points out to Priam, Ulysses among the Grecian chiefs, he describes the nature of his eloquence.

Αλλ' ὅτι δὴ πολυμήνης ἀναιδέϊ Οδυσσεύϊ
 Ἰτάκῃν, ὅπῃ δὲ ἴδοντο καλὰ χθονὸς ἑμμάλα πηξας,
 Σκηπτέον δὲ τῷ ὄντι, οὐδὲ προσηύκε, νόημα,
 Ἀλλ' ἀτίμῳτε ἔχοντες, αἰδέσθῃ φησὶ νόημα
 Φαίητ' αἰεὶ χαλκὸν νόον ἑμμέναν, ἀφρονὲς δ' αὐτὸς
 Ἀλλ' ἐν τῷ νόῳ τὸ μέγαλον αἰεὶ ἔχοντι, ἢ
 Καὶ ἄλλα, ἱερὰ δὲ σὺν δαίμονι χρομένησιν,
 Οὐκ ἀνέπιτ' Οδυσσεὺς γ' ἐρισσοῖς ἑρῆος ἄλλος.

Iliad iii. v. 216—223.

1762.



must, therefore, be simple, unadorned, and far inferior, as to style, to the rest of the poem. I am sensible the *Æneas* of Virgil is as great a poet as Virgil himself; but either the principles I have laid down are false, or this example is a strong proof of the inconveniences of the method: since it obliged to correct a writer, to offend either the judgment, or the imagination of his readers.

I cannot pass to Mr. Hurd's arguments, without mentioning a difficulty which seems to affect my second objection, viz. this ignorance and perplexity is an objection only to the first perusal. It is true; but, if precepts are to direct the composition of the writer, it is certainly that first perusal, and the effects it may produce, that he should principally consider; especially as to what relates to the clearness of his plot; and should it be said, that in my third objection our curiosity to know the event can be likewise only balked on the first perusal, to the preceding answer I must add, that whoever considers the power of imagination, will find that reply by no means exact. Although, when we can coolly reflect, we are acquainted with the event, yet the true poet, by interesting our passions, chains us down to the present moment, and prevents our seeing any thing beyond it. When I read the tragedy of *Iphigenia* for the twentieth time, I know *Iphigenia* will not be sacrificed; but the struggles of *Agamemnon*, the rage of *Achilles*, the despair of *Clytemnestra*, make me ignorant, and tremblingly anxious for the event.

Let us now hear Mr. Hurd, who, employing the particular example of the *Æneid*, justifies this common method from two reasons. 1. The nature of an epic poem; and, 2. The state and expectation of the reader.

1. The nature of an epic poem obliges the poet to relate, at full length, every event he himself relates. Now, the destruction of *Troy*, related in this manner, must have taken up several books. By that time it would have taken such hold of the imagination of the reader, that the remainder of the poem would have appeared little more than an appendix to it. The conclusion is certain; but

Out of the several testimonies to the eloquence of *Ulysses*, collected by Dr. Clarke, I shall only subjoin that of *Quintilian*: "Sed summam adgressus, (*Homerus*) ut in *Ulysses* facundiam, "magnitudinem illi junxit; "cui orationem nivibus hybernæ, et copia verborum, atque impetu "parem tribuit. Cum hoc igitur nemo mortalium contendet." *Quintil.* xii. C. 10.

on what is the principle founded? upon an assertion advanced without the least proof. I should rather think, that, as an epic poem must preserve an unity of herb, and of action, every event, instead of being related at full length, need only occupy a space proportionate with its importance and degree of connection with the principal subject. This is at least the rule of history; and if poetry should only deviate from it, for the sake of making the fable more connected, marvellous, heroic, and answering to our notions of justice; I do not see how the poet is dispensed from it in this instance. If from reason we go to authority, does not Virgil himself dispatch in sixty lines, the state of Italy at the arrival of the Trojans, with the ancestors, history, and character of Latinus? 1762.
Æneid, L. vii. v. 45
—105.

2. I do not see any material difference between this and the last argument. To find any, I must suppose Mr. Hurd means that, had Virgil begun the poem with the taking of Troy, that story, however concisely told, would have engrossed too much of the reader's attention. I believe it would; but no rule can be founded upon this particular instance, where the preliminaries of the poem happen to be incomparably more important than the subject matter of it. When a poet finds himself under such a difficulty, I think the common method may be very serviceable to him. I flatter myself I have now proved this rule never essential to the epic poem, and in general hurtful to it. But has it no advantages? The only one I can discover is, that making the hero tell part of his own story, gives the poem a more varied, and dramatic air, brings the reader more familiarly acquainted with the chief personage, and furnishes the writer with unaffected strokes, rather indeed of manners and of character than of passion. To these ends it may be serviceable. Let it however be remembered, that the poet who has obtained them the most completely, has done it, in one of his poems, without the assistance of this method.

Mr. Hurd, though a very rational admirer of antiquity, looks upon the chorus as essentially necessary to tragedy, and blames the moderns for having rejected it. The subject is curious, and, I think, has never been well considered;

Lord Bacon, and Mr. Hurd himself, agree that poetry is an imitation of history, deviating however from it, so as to answer the above-mentioned ends.

Mr. Hurd, vol. ii. p. 160.—162.

1762.

Vol. i. p.
116—119.

considered; but, as such a discussion would lead me too far, I shall defer it till another opportunity, and only report here the substance of Mr. Hurd's commentary.

The chorus, rejected by us notwithstanding the authority of Aristotle and Horace, joined to the example of the ancient tragedians, and of our own Milton and Racine, has many advantages to recommend it. The principal are, 1. The chorus interposing in the action, and bearing a part of it, gives it an air of probability, and real life, and fills up that vacuity which is so sensibly felt upon the modern stage. 2. The chorus is as useful to the ethics, as to the poetry of the stage. It is a perpetual moral commentary upon the drama, enforcing every virtuous sentiment, rectifying every vicious one; and pointing out the important lessons which may be drawn from the catastrophe. Nor can it be said that the audience do not want this assistance. A sharp-sighted Athenian audience, even with the help of the chorus, could not distinguish between the real sentiments of Euripides and those he was obliged to suit to his characters. These uses of the chorus naturally ascertain its laws. 1. Its songs must be animated with a spirit of virtue and morality; and 2. Their subject matter must be relative to and connected with the plot of the play and the actual situation of the personages. The Greek tragedians, who invented the chorus, have scarce ever deviated from the spirit of it. But Seneca, who seems to have endeavoured by his faults to illustrate the admonitions of Horace, has often mistaken it in the grossest manner. Mr. Hurd selects his *Hippolitus*, one of his best plays, and examines it act by act upon these principles. Every where his chorus bears a most idle and uninteresting part. The example of the third act, which contains the false accusation of *Hippolitus*, and the too easy deception of *Theseus*, may suffice. What had the chorus to do here? but to warn against the too great credulity, and to commiserate the case of the deluded father. Yet it declaims in general upon the unequal distribution of good and ill. Mr. Hurd traces the source of these blunders to an injudicious imitation of some passages of Euripides, without any attention to character or situation.

Vol. i. p.
120—127.

The second law of the chorus is without exception; but several things may be said to explain or modify the first. 1. The use of modern sentences is not only necessary, but peculiar to the chorus. That is their proper place;

place, if they were frequently put into the mouths of the speakers, it would only give the drama an air of stiffness and pedantry, very opposite to real life. If the Greeks (especially Euripides) have acted otherwise, they were only to be justified from the manners of their age. That age was peculiarly addicted to moral sentences, from a singular mixture of simplicity and refinement. Their simplicity inspired them, as it does always, with a spirit of moralising, expressed in short proverbial sentences: at the same time, moral philosophy was never more universal, and even fashionable. Both these causes operating upon the manners and conversation of the Greeks, could allow the poet, without offending against probability, to extend those maxims to the personages of the drama which succeeding times should confine to the chorus. Accius and Pacuvius indeed, and after them Seneca, injudiciously copied the Greeks in this instance; though writing to a nation whose manners were very different. 2. Though the chorus should always take the side of morality, it must not be so much that of a pure, philosophical morality, as of the popular system of ethics of that age and country. This restriction will be a reply to many cavils. We are shocked in the *Medea*, when we see a virtuous chorus not only conceal, but even abet the cruel designs of that princess, against her husband, her rival, and the tyrant Creon; designs most justly repugnant to the purer lights of modern religion and philosophy: but we must consider that, in the Pagan world, the severest revenge for such injuries as the violation of the marriage bed, so far from being a crime, was almost an act of duty; and that since positive laws allowed it to the husband, a chorus of women might very well think no natural law forbade it to the wife. 3. Great allowance must be made for bad politics, as well as bad ethics: a chorus of free citizens will be virtuous and independent; but should they (as in the *Antigone*) be composed of the servile ministers of a tyrant, their words, and even their thoughts, will be slavish, and the will of their masters their only rule of right and wrong; their depravity will be the fault of the subject, not of the poet. Nay this depravity will convey a fine moral lesson of the baleful influence of arbitrary power.

Mr. Howard thinks the verses from 202—220, which are generally considered as a censure on the corruption of the modern music, are in fact an encomium on its improvement;

1762.

Vol. i. p.
155—163.Vol. i. p.
131—139.Vol. i. p.
127—131.

1762. ment; touched under an irony, by which he sneers at the too great austerity of those who blamed it without a sufficient attention to the alteration of manners, and the mixed company a public assembly is made up of. The account our commentator gives of the Satyrs, Mimes, and Attellanes, is as curious as it is new. I shall only report the substance. 1. The attellanes were originally a Roman entertainment; so called from Attella, a town of the Ofci, in Campania; for which reason, both the language and characters were Ofcan; and the introduction of an old provincial dialect was a source of pleasantry very apposite to the unpolished taste of those ages. 2. In the seventh century of Rome, Pomponius began to write Latin attellanes; preserving however an antique cast of expression. This reformation, and a more moral turn which he gave his attellanes, procured him the name of inventor of them; and the honor of being imitated by the dictator Sylla. 3. Soon after, and before Horace wrote, the Ofcan characters, now become absurd, had disappeared, and made way for the Greek satyrs. 4. Horace finding this entertainment established, and even necessary for the populace of Rome, undertook to regulate it, and to substitute to the gross ribaldry of the attellanes, the poignant wit of the Greek satyrs. 5. If it is asked, in what that wit consisted, it may be answered, principally in the double character of the satyrs themselves, who, though rustic and grotesque personages, were supposed in ancient mythology to be great masters of civil and moral wisdom: but should Horace be censured, as he has been, for preferring these attellanes to the elegant mimes of Laberius, it may be replied, that we rate too high the merit of these mimes. Cicero despised them, and the best antients represent them as a confused medley of comic drollery, on a variety of subjects, without any order or design; delivered by one actor, and heightened with all the licence of obscene gesticulation.

Vol. i. p.

165—184.

This inelegancy (to pass to another remark of Mr. Hurd) was the general character of ancient wit, which consisted rather in a rude illiberal satire, than in a just and temperate ridicule, restrained within the bounds of decency and good manners; Cicero and Horace themselves, though masters of every other part of elegant composition, joke with a very ill grace. A favourite topic of antient raillery was corporal defects; a decisive proof of the coarseness of their humour; and this practice

was

was recommended by rule, and enforced by the authority of their greatest masters. After this we must not be surprized if they preferred those authors, whose wit was like their own, rough and coarse: Plautus to Terence, Aristophanes to Menander. We must follow Mr. Hurd for a few moments into his enquiry into the causes of this defect. 1. The free and popular governments of antiquity. These, by setting all the citizens on a level, took off those restraints of civility which arise from a fear of displeasing; and which can alone curb the licentiousness of ridicule. The only court to be paid was from the orators to the people. These were to be entertained with the coarse banter proper to please them; and, design passing into habit, these orators, and after them the nation, accustomed themselves to it at all times. The old comedy was therefore an excellent school for an orator, and always recommended as such: but when arbitrary power had moulded the Roman manners to more obsequiousness and decency, Terence and Menander began to receive a deserved applause; though even then, antient wit was never thoroughly refined; for, 2. The old festal entertainments still subsisted, the Panathenæa and Dionysie of the Greeks, the Bacchanalia and Saturnalia of the Romans; and preserved always an image, as well of the frank libertine wit of their old stage, as of the original equality and independency of their old times. Upon this subject I agree with Mr. Hurd; but I think this influence of government upon the manners and literature of a nation, might be the subject of a very original enquiry. I have a good many ideas myself, though, as the Abbé Trublet calls it, "*Je n'ai pas achevé de les penser.*"

Upon v. 404. Mr. Hurd explains his author differently from his predecessors. They extended that encomium to all poetry, which Horace meant only for the lyric. In fact it is only adequate to that species which is besides so particularly pointed out by "*Musa lyra solers, et cantor Apollo.*" This is a delicate stroke of Horace, after his panegyric upon dramatic poetry, to shew the lyric had also its merit, and to prevent the Piso's from despising the choice he had made.

These are the principal notes upon the Art of Poetry. On the Epistle to Augustus, I find but two worthy much notice.

The

1762.

Cic. de Orator. L. xi. C. 59 and 66.

Vol. i. p. 234—237.

1782. The first is the explanation of a magnificent allegory, which opens the third Georgic in Virgil, after apologizing for the meanness of his subject, breaks away with poetical enthusiasm, to foretel his successes in the future great work of the *Æneid*. He shadows in under the idea of a triumph, in which he is to lead captive all the Grecian muses: the monument of the triumph is to be the usual one, a temple consecrated by games and sacrifices, and every ornament of which alluded to the tutelary divinity Augustus. Thus, under the popular authorized veil of the apotheosis of that prince, he lets us at once into the whole secret of his plan. This explanation is exquisitely fine; but if my memory is good, the P. Catrou had started it before Mr. Hurd.

Vol. ii. p.
30—50.

2dly, The other remark is to explode a practice, familiar to Ovid, and not unknown to more correct writers; that of coupling two substantives to a verb which does not strictly govern both, or which at least must be taken in two different significations. He proves very copiously, against the professor d'Orville, that such a practice breaks the natural connexion of our ideas, and turns the attention of the reader from the subject, to a discovery and admiration of the art of the writer. He therefore pronounces it unworthy of serious poetry.

Vol. ii. p.
61—75.

As yet I have only spoken of Mr. Hurd's notes. His discourse upon the several provinces of the drama is a truly critical performance; I may even say, a truly philosophical one. From simple definitions of each species, he deduces a very extensive theory. To touch the heart by an interesting story, is the end of tragedy; to please our curiosity, and perhaps our malignity, by a faithful representation of manners, is the purpose of comedy. To excite laughter is the sole, and contemptible aim of farce.

Vol. i. p.
247—308.

These enquiries are delicate; sometimes we think we are reasoning upon things, when in fact we are only cavilling about words. It is more especially so with regard to those ideas which do not represent substances, but only modes of thinking, and moral combinations. There we can be only guided by practice and experience. They are out of the province of reason. If Plautus and Aristophanes have given the name of comedy to a species of entertainment of which the essence was ridicule, they had a right to do it. If their successors Terence and

Menander

Menander have given the same name to their more serious drama, we must either prove these definitions not incompatible, or give some other appellation to the object of the last. All that reason can do upon this head is, dropping names, to investigate the sources of our pleasures, to class them, and to see how far they agree, or interfere, with each other.

It is very natural that the contemplation of human life should be the favourite amusement of man. It is his easiest, and yet least mortifying, method of studying himself. This contemplation can be only considered in two different lights, manners and actions. We must allow, though we cannot explain it, that our humanity makes it hurt and yet pleased with the misfortunes of our fellow-creatures; and that the recital of a story, terrible or pathetic, rouses every faculty in the human heart. On the other hand, daily experience convinces us that our reflections and conversations never turn upon any subject so often, and with so much pleasure, as the various characters of mankind. It is to give us these pleasures, less strongly perhaps, but, through the means of fiction, more completely, that two entertainments have been invented, to the first of which we may hypothetically give the name of tragedy, and to the second, that of comedy. The laws of each species are to be deduced from their ends: but in following Mr. Hurd, I shall only mention those particular to what we have just now called comedy.

The first law of comedy must relate to the choice of character. They must be mixed ones. Human nature never deals in manners perfectly good or completely bad: but the poet is not confined to those characters only which excite contempt and ridicule; virtuous, amiable persons, who inspire us with sentiments of love and approbation, may be properly introduced, since all probable domestic manners lie within the province of comedy. These characters will not indeed occur so often as those of another kind, not only because they are less frequent in real life, but because they admit of less variety. For reason and virtue pursue a steady uniform course, while the extravagant wanderings of vice and folly are infinite: however, when properly brought upon the stage, they will occasion more pleasing sensations there than in society; whereas the ridicule of a

scenical

1761. feenical character is much weaker than that of a real one: perhaps our malignity may furnish a reason for this difference. 2819. Another rule of comedy relates to the management of characters; they are to be displayed in a natural manner, and, as much as may be, the personages are to give their own characters; but that by undesigned actions or expressions, by which they lay themselves open without knowing it. Nor is that character always to appear, since it cannot always exist, but as the ruling passion is modified by others, or called forth by circumstances. A contrary method, though not common, is turning a man into a single passion; a man, such as nature never made, since those who are the most under the dominion of a ruling passion, act and talk, upon many occasions, like the rest of mankind. Actions are the province of tragedy, and manners that of comedy; this forms their distinctive difference. However, they cannot avoid running a good deal into each other. Without manners no action can be carried on, since we act according to our passions: nor could it affect us much, since our terror, or our pity, depends chiefly upon our love and hatred. On the other hand, how could manners be represented without a probable series of events, contrived to call them forth in a natural manner. We can only say, therefore, that in tragedy the action is the principal, manners an accessory circumstance; in comedy manners are the principal, action the accessory circumstance. In both the poet must take care that the end be not lost in the means. For this reason the complicated plots of the Spanish writers have been justly laid aside as contrary to the true genius of comedy. It may be worthy of some notice, in speaking of characters, that the most natural ones are comic; many highly so, are unfit for tragedy. Tragedy requires characters, good or bad, but of a power and energy equal to the greatest effects: but many passions, (the passions of weak minds), such as vanity, can never with truth be raised to that dramatic importance; the actions produced by such passions will be always, like themselves, puny and insignificant; but the energy of the stronger passions may be softened and reduced to the level of common life. Cruelty and ill-nature may disturb either a family or a nation; besides, there are other passions, the power of which, though great, is vilified by their object. The

The various species of avarice have produced the most tragic events; but the love of money is of so vile and grovelling a nature, that it would degrade the most pathetic tragedy that turned upon it. This difference of the two species cannot well be disputed; but it has been asked, whether they have not been distinguished by the rank, as well as the character, of the personages; or in other words, whether tragedy is confined to the public and exalted characters of kings and generals, and comedy to the humbler stations of private life? Without any regard to authority, I shall examine this question, mixing indifferently my own reasons and Mr. Hurd's.

As to tragedy, it may indeed be said, that we are the most affected by those misfortunes which might happen to ourselves; and that therefore the distresses of a private family must touch us more nearly than those of a monarch: but to counteract that advantage we may remark, that the story of those whom we are accustomed to look upon with awe and veneration, attaches us in the strongest manner, and awakes our terror and pity much more than the wretchedness of private men. These indeed are popular notions; but the poet's business lies in complying with those notions, not in reforming them. Besides, the misfortunes of the great, though not superior in themselves to those of the multitude, are yet far more important in their consequences, which heighten the distress, by extending the influence of it to the whole community. To these general remarks I may add a particular one, that in the noblest subjects, those founded upon ambition, love of our country, &c. the rank of the personages cannot be too exalted; since upon that depends the greatness of the prize for the one, and of the sacrifices in the other; and consequently great part of the importance of the action and strength of passion.

But cannot comedy admit of monarchs? they have their private life, and may not the ridicules of it be displayed upon the stage? I think not; but I must give my reasons.

The first will be taken from the spectators. We love comedy, because it offers to us a faithful representation of what we meet with in life. It must be therefore the life of the most considerable part of the audience; that the poet should represent: but what is that part? The question

1762.

question is easily resolved; by looking through human society, and observing that insensible gradation from the man of quality to that degree immediately above the mechanic and the labourer; every link, from the highest to the lowest, enough connected with the others to have some acquaintance with their manners; and enough improved by education, to laugh at theirs, and their own follies. These then are the manners; a poet should copy in their different appearances; should he touch those of the prince or peasant, they must either be the same or different. If the same, why go out of the way for them? if different, who will be found to understand or relish them? This is particularly true of the manners of princely life. With those of the lowest we are better acquainted; and the poet may find some archetypes among the spectators; but the grossness of them will disgust every one whom he can desire to please.

2. But are the manners of princes different from those of their subjects? are there any qualities peculiarly royal? I know but one; that is, the thinking that there are such in other words, I mean a fondness for flattery. That ridicule can, I confess, be no where so well represented as on the throne; since those will always receive, and love, the most extravagant adulation, who have it most in their power to reward and punish: but still I think it a better subject for satire than comedy. It would be difficult to put in action the follies of a monarch; the great theatrical resource is, the opposition and contrast of characters that display each other. The severity of Demea, and the easiness of Micie, throw a light upon one another. Should we be half so well acquainted with the misanthropy of Alceste, were it not for the fashionable, complaisant character of Philinte? But the poet would be almost destitute of this resource, if he laid his scene in courts, which offer one uniform set of manners moulded upon the example of the prince. What contrast could be found to set off his character? None; since such a contrast supposes freedom and equality. This I take to be the true reason; not merely that politeness which in high life obliges even equals to conceal from each other their real characters. This is rather an advantage we pursue with pleasure the various arts of concealment which it inspires, and when, as it must often happen, chance, familiarity, passion, interest, throw it off its guard, and display the man in his true colours, the

the long contesting gives them a new vivacity, and the discovery gives a higher relish to our entertainment.

1762
But the most important objection to these characters still remains. They can have no private life. They have doubtless many things ridiculous and insignificant in themselves; hardly any thing that is so in its consequences. Every action of theirs is important by the influence it has upon the community; and if we paint their follies, those follies, rendered vices by their tragical effects, would in themselves excite contempt, and indignation for their consequences; and, as the first of these passions is as repugnant to tragedy, as the second is improper for comedy, could produce only a very motley and disagreeable composition. Therefore, when M. de Fontenelle asks, whether Augustus, in his last sickness, surrounded by aruspices, who promise him a speedy recovery; by Parthian ambassadors, who restore to him standards about which he is totally indifferent; fawned upon by Livia, who is impatient for his death; whether all this would not make as good a comedy as the *malade imaginaire*; the answer will not be difficult. No. Because the follies and weaknesses of the last, as they are innocent, divert us; while the fawning of Livia, and her power over her husband, fill us with horror and indignation; when we reflect that, by setting Tiberius on the throne, they made the world unhappy for three and twenty years, and finished the ruin of the liberty and nobility of the republic.

The practice of M. de Fontenelle, though very happy, is rather a confirmation of this theory. In his comedies he endeavours to reconcile us to these great personages, but he is continually reduced to shifts of lowering our idea of their importance, and divesting them of their power and majesty, before he can make them real comic characters. His common expedients are, making them of mean extraction, though raised to the throne; not putting them in possession of the crown till the end of the play; and laying his scene in Greece, in order to fill their court with simple citizens instead of with nobles.

I cannot help thinking that farce (the third species of Mr. Hurd's) is rather a corruption, than a distinct species of comedy. Is not his own definition a proof of this? That, as comedy is a faithful, so farce is an exaggerated picture of human life: if they are distinct, there is little occasion to fear any encroachments into the province of comedy.

1762. comedy from farce: There is another subject, which farce has preserved from the old comedy. This is the painting personal, individual characters; but that practice, seldom followed, and never authorized upon the modern stage, rather deserves the animadversion of the magistrate than of the critic. As to follies, not confined to a man, but to an age or country, I think Mr. Hurd too severe in banishing them into farce: he seems sensible of it himself; and, in the instance of the Alchymist attempts to soften his sentence by a distinction rather chimerical.

I have, though without design, already so much extended this extract; that I shall abridge the other discourse of Mr. Hurd far more than its merit would otherwise justify. The subject of it is extremely curious; poetical imitation examined upon very original principles; a question in which the reputation of all the great writers since Homer is vitally concerned. It is thus stated by Mr. Hurd: "Whether that conformity of phrase or sentiment between two writers of different times which we call *imitation* may not, with probability enough, for the most part, be accounted for from general causes arising from our common nature; this is, from the exercise of our natural faculties upon such objects as lie common to all observers."

Vol. ii. p.
105—207.

It has often been observed, with truth, that as our capacities are narrow, and the materials of observation the same to all men; it is impossible that in so great a number of those who have thought, and published their thoughts, some should not have coincided in the same opinions, without any knowledge of each other. I believe that I may appeal to every man of letters, whether sometimes he has not met with things in books, which he had observed before he had ever seen those books; and things too of an uncommon and particular nature. Even in those sublimer mathematics, so different by their evidence and universality from our other speculations, the same discoveries have been made by different men, who seem rather to have coincided with, than to have followed each other. Is not that the decision of the moderate part of mankind upon the celebrated dispute of Sir Isaac Newton and Leibnitz, in the beginning of this century? If this is the case in those general abstracted branches, which contain such amazing combinations of ideas, it is surely probable that in works of imagination, which contain much fewer, this ought oftener to happen. Besides, the most original poetry is in fact imitation, imitation of nature; and in those images which

V. Fontenelle in the
Eloge of
Leibnitz,
tom. v. p.
520—531.

which are confessedly natural, it seems difficult to say why two men of genius may not have seen them without any previous knowledge of each other. From these reasons, the candid critic will readily allow that there may be similitude without imitation.

But a slight glance on the history of the sciences, and a few reflections on mankind, will reduce this candour within its due limits. Let us remember that, 1. Since the time of Homer, who perhaps was without models to imitate, that author has been introduced into the earliest part of our education; that succeeding times added to his lessons those of the other Greeks; that the Romans studied them with care; and that, since the revival of letters, we are made acquainted, as soon as possible, with the Greeks and Latins. That those impressions, engraved on our minds before we reflect, afterwards grow up with us; and when we look abroad into the moral and natural world, which these companions often prevent us from doing, we see it only with the eyes of the ancients. Authority, founded on reason, would oblige us to act in this way. The ancient compositions have stood the test of time and examination; and the veneration that is paid to them, is enough to engage a modern to endeavour to associate himself to it, by transfusing into his own writings the spirit, the thoughts, and even the expressions, of these admired models: and, 2. Inclination will direct him to the imitation of some particular model; of some writer whose soul is most congenial to his own, and whom he can read with the greatest delight, and imitate with most ease. These reasons bring us back to our first suspicion, that where there is a striking similitude, there is imitation; since where there are two ways of accomplishing it, it is natural to prefer the easiest, especially when it is confessedly very common.

Mr. Hurd found it necessary to go further, if he intended to clear his authors from the charge of imitation; accordingly he endeavours to prove, by a very elaborate deduction, that both the ideas, and the methods, employed by the ancients, were not only *natural ones*, but the *file natural ones*; so that if succeeding poets, endued with judgment, look abroad into nature, they not only *might*, but *must* meet with them; while men of irregular fancies could avoid *them only* by avoiding truth and probability. This theory accounts for resemblances of works, by re-

1762.

resemblances of things; and forbids any suspicion of imitation, unless we are guided to it by particular circumstances. In a matter of such vast extent, it is as difficult to refute as to prove. There would indeed be a very short method of overthrowing at once Mr. Hurd's doctrine; could I write a work of imagination, full of beauties, formed on the model of nature, and yet different from those of the ancients, I should then demonstrate that they have not exhausted it: but such a composition is far beyond my power. Without aspiring to genius, I shall think myself very happy, if I can frame my opinions according to the dictates of good sense.

If we examine this question *à posteriori*, from practice and experience of what has been done, though we shall meet with nothing very decisive, I think, however, that the advantage will not be on Mr. Hurd's side; he will, indeed, quote many striking similarities of this kind, from writers who could have had no knowledge of one another; but he will be answered, 1. That such writers can hardly be found; that the sacred writings should not be mentioned, nor compared, with Homer; since we are talking of human, not divine compositions; and that Shakespeare, the modern who appears freest from exception, though ignorant himself, lived in a learned age. 2. That their example can only be quoted against those who think every similarity *must* be an imitation, without any regard to the circumstances of the writers. That as such a coincidence is possible, we must employ it to explain a phenomenon for which we could not otherwise account; but that when the more easy and probable one may be resorted to, we ought to employ it. On the other hand, an antagonist of Mr. Hurd's would have occasion for no great compass of reading to discover, in the most modern writers, many original images and sentiments. He would select them, particularly, from those very writers, who, from an apprehension that every thing had been already said, had cramped their natural genius, by an open, perpetual imitation of the ancients; and he would infer, with some plausibility, that had they written from their own natural feelings and observations, they would have been still more original. He would desire Mr. Hurd to reconcile this with his principles, and even press him for a precise answer, at what period of the history of letters the scene had been closed, nature exhausted, and succeeding writers

1762.

ters reduced to the hope of imitating successfully. Whenever he chose to fix it, the critic would bring against him so many later original images, that the resource of disputing their claim, and hunting for some distant allusion, or general resemblance, would be hardly sufficient.

Without following minutely our author through his copious deductions *a priori*, in which he has certainly shewn great learning and ingenuity, I shall only make two or three general observations, which may give an idea, both of his method of reasoning, and of my objections to it.

He enters upon a task, in my opinion, far above human abilities. To examine the origin of our ideas is the business of metaphysics, and the greatest philosophers have failed in the attempt. But it is perhaps still more difficult to embrace them all at one view, and to class them according to their different objects, in so accurate a manner as to assure ourselves that we have suffered no material species to escape. This is, however, what Mr Hurd undertakes. He makes three divisions of the world of ideas which can enter into poetry. 1. The vast compages of corporeal forms of which this universe is compounded. 2. The internal workings and movements of our own minds; under which the manners, sentiments, and passions are comprehended. 3. The outward operations, which are made objective to sense by the means of speech, gesture, and action. These are again by him subdivided with an exactness in which I shall not pursue him. I shall only remark, 1. That his smallest species are yet too general to prove any thing. That Milton, for instance, must, like Homer, have made use of moral, religious, and economical sentiments, and could not invent any new species, I shall readily allow; nor is it upon such general resemblances that a charge of imitation is ever founded. It is upon more particular similarities, where Mr. Hurd can never attain to shew that *those* ideas were the *only ones*. The only method Mr. Hurd can there follow, is a sort of vicious reasoning, in a circle; to look for the images upon every subject he can meet with in the oldest authors, and then to conclude that they are the only ones existing.

2. Even supposing that he had exhausted the whole stock of nature, and had shewn that every image, singly, had been so obvious as to be seen and employed by the first writers, a much larger field would still remain; their different combinations, which are infinite. With regard only to human manners, the great sources of character, passion,

1762.

passion, and situation, may be combined in such a variety of ways, as no algebra could reach. Let us, for a moment, abandon fiction, and enter into historic truth. Consult the annals of any nation; observe the various effects of the modifications of those three principles upon their history, and then say whether the operations of human nature are easily classed, or circumscribed.

3. This consideration of the shifting picture of mankind, as an illustration, leads us to consider it in itself. We shall find it a most extensive and infinite range of ideas, almost sufficient of itself to preserve genius from imitation; since to the writers of every age and country it appears in a different shape. It is the manners, the government, the religion, of that age and country he is to study; and whether the nature of his subject allows him to introduce them at full length; whether he can only adorn his works with distant allusions to them; whether he can only catch the general spirit of them, they will always make him an original. I shall quote one instance of what I mean, and that from an authority Mr. Hurd will hardly dispute. When Milton conceived the glorious plan of an English epic, he soon saw the most striking subjects had been taken from him; that Homer had taken all morality for his province, and Virgil exhausted the subject of politics. Religion remained; but as Paganism, though it furnished very agreeable scenes of machinery, took too slight a hold on men's minds to build the story of the epopeea upon it, he had recourse to Christianity; and, taking his story from an article of our faith, struck out a new species of epic poetry; but he could never have done it, had not the manners of that age, attached to religion in general, and to that tenet in particular, warmed his imagination, and given it a dignity and importance, which he could never have transfused into his poem, if he had not first felt it himself. Nor is this observation repugnant to another I have made elsewhere,—that the manners of the ancients were more favourable to poetry than ours. I think so still, of their manners, as well as their languages. Yet I would have our poets employ our own, not only for the sake of variety, but because we shall make the best use of those with which we are the most intimately acquainted.

From these observations I must decline subscribing to Mr. Hurd's theory, or circumscribing the poet's images within such narrow limits. It is, however, without running

Warbur-
ton's Di-
vine Lega-
tion.

Essai sur
l'Etude de
la Littera-
ture, p. 19.

ning into the other extreme, or condemning every resemblance as a designed formal imitation. I take the exact difference between Mr. Hurd and myself to be this; I look upon imitation to be the most natural, and general, cause of any striking resemblance between two writers; and therefore assign it, without particular reasons to the contrary. Mr. Hurd, on the other hand, thinks it may generally be accounted for by a resemblance of mental operations; and therefore never suspects an imitation, without particular circumstances which lead to the detection of it.

He employs another discourse with the review of these Vol. ii. p. 1
circumstances; but as every one is accompanied with ex-
amples taken from the ancients and moderns, and criticised with great taste, I can only reduce the great number he alleges to three, drawn from the different lights in which we may consider every resemblance, and fix the probability of its happening, by chance, or by design. 1. How close is the resemblance? Is the thought exactly the same? Is it introduced upon the same occasion? Is it expressed in the same manner, the same words, or words nearly the same? Is it a short passage, or one of a considerable length? 2. What degree of acquaintance can the second poet be supposed to have had with the first? Did he live in a learned, or an ignorant age? Was he himself a man of letters, or without education? Did he affect the fame of originality, or did he modestly profess a desire and habit of imitating the ancients? Was the first author an acknowledged favourite of his? 3. What appearance is there that the idea should have naturally struck the second? Was it common, or particular; did it agree with the style and design of his work; with his own character; with the real appearance of nature; with the manners and opinions of his age, country, and profession; or at least with those he describes? Is it introduced in a general unaffected manner, or brought in without any occasion, and clothed in uncommon, obsolete language? Mr. Hurd thinks these circumstances, all or some, necessary to form a suspicion. I allow they are very useful to confirm one.

I have at last finished Mr. Hurd's performance, I reckoned upon six or seven pages; I am now writing the thirtieth. Another time I hope to confine my extracts within proper limits.

Blandford,
March 18th
1762.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL.

8th.]—I went through the whole French book of the Iliad, and read the

1762.

I Finished at last my abstract of Mr. Hurd, March 18th.] which consists of thirty pages in folio: though it took me up much more time than I imagined, by running into so unexpected a length, yet I do not regret it, as it started a new train of ideas upon many curious points of criticism. To get a little nearer to Homer, of whom I have never lost sight, I read the *Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer*.

27.]—At last I returned to Homer, and beginning where I had left off, read L. v. V. 1—404.

28th.]—Read of the Iliad L. v. V. 405—606. At the same time I resolved every day to learn, and write down, a certain number of the *Racines Grecques*; and to-day went through the four first.

March 29th.]—Learnt and wrote the *Racines Grecques*, Stang. 4—8. Read of the Iliad, L. v. V. 606—909; and beginning, for the second time, the *Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer*, read page 1—56.

30th.]—Went through the *Racines Grecques*, from 8—12; but read no Homer.

31st.]—I read the *Enquiry*, page 56—80: went through *Racines Grecques*, 12—16; and reviewed the first three hundred lines of the fifth book of the Iliad.

April 1st.]—Went through *Racines Grecques*, 16—20; and reviewed the remaining six hundred lines of the fifth Iliad. I likewise read v. 215—295, of the eleventh *Aeneid*, in relation to *Aeneas* and *Diomed*.

2d.]—Went through *Racines Grecques*, 20—24. The method I pursue is this: after reading them attentively, I write them down from my memory, looking in the book as seldom as I can. I then repeat them twice; first mentioning the French word that answers to the Greek; then the Greek word that answers to the French. At last I repeat the French of every Greek root of the present, and two preceding days. I find this method, though dry, helps me very much.

3d.]—Went through *Racines Grecques*, 24—28. Read the sixth book of the Iliad, from v. 325—529, the end.

6th.]—I only went through *Racines Grecques*, 32—36; and read the seventh book of the Iliad, v. 123—199.

7th.]—I went through *Racines Grecques*, 36—40; and read the seventh book of the Iliad, v. 199—482.

8th.]

8th.]—I went through *Racines Grecques*, 40—44; reviewed the whole seventh book of the *Iliad*, and read the eighth, v. 1—40.

9th.]—I went through *Racines Grecques*, 44—48; but read no Homer.

13th.]—I read the eighth book of the *Iliad*, v. 401—561, the end.

14th.]—In the morning I reviewed the whole eighth book of the *Iliad*; went through the *Racines Grecques*, 48—52, and finished the *Enquiry*, p. 216—335.

26th.]—I read great part of the second volume of *D'Alembert's Mélanges*; very sensible, and well written.

29th.]—Read the *Bibliothèque des Sciences et des beaux Arts*, for October, November, and December 1761. I found in it an extract of my Essay: they speak very highly of it, and promise great things of me, p. 368—380.

30th.]—I read the ninth book of the *Iliad*, v. 1—306.

May 2d.]—I read the ninth book of the *Iliad*, v. 306—542.

3d.]—I read of the *Iliad*, Lib. ix. v. 542—709, the end; and reviewed the first hundred lines of it.

5th.]—I read the tenth book of the *Iliad*, v. 70—879, and reviewed the whole book.

6th.]—I read the *Æneid*, L. ix. v. 126—502, in order to compare the story of Nisus and Euryalus related in it, with the night adventure in the *Iliad*. They have both beauties, but of a different kind. By his strong characters, and lively descriptions, Homer speaks powerfully to the curiosity and imagination of the reader. The amiable manners, tender friendship, and unhappy fate of Virgil's heroes, are truly pathetic, and make the deepest impression on the heart. I likewise read the eleventh book of the *Iliad*, v. 1—542. As I go on with Homer, he becomes much easier to me: I am master of a greater stock of words, the turn of his style, his dialects, and his poetical licences, are become more familiar to me.

8th.]—I reviewed the first four hundred and fifty lines of the eleventh book of the *Iliad*.

9th.]—I reviewed the remaining four hundred lines of the eleventh book of the *Iliad*; and read the twelfth, v. 1—309. I likewise consulted Mezeriac's *Ovid*, tom. i. p. 171—179, in relation to the omens from the flight of birds, in order to understand the speech of Hector to Polydamus. From the materials which Mezeriac laid before me, I conceived a much clearer notion of the subject than he had himself.

10th.]

1762.

10th.]—I received a letter from Mr. Scott, in which, according to his promise, he lays down for me a course of studies, both in the pure and mixed mathematics; pointing out the merit and defects of the principal writers in every branch of them. I can hardly put any of his directions in practice before next winter. I read, to-day, of the Iliad, L. xii. v. 309—471, the end, reviewing the whole twelfth book; and read L. xiii. v. 1—273.

11th.]—Read the Iliad, L. xiii. v. 273—837, the end, and reviewed the first five hundred lines of that book.

12th.]—I reviewed the remaining three hundred and forty lines of the thirtieth book of the Iliad; and read the fourteenth, v. 1—108. My diligence to-day was much inferior to the preceding ones.

14th.]—I received from London two volumes of *Memoires Militaires sur les Grecs et sur les Romains par M. Guichardt*. The author, who was in the Dutch, and is now, I believe, in the Prussian service, proposes to correct the numerous mistakes of the Chevalier de Folard, and to explain the principal military actions of the ancients according to their best historians, and the true principles of their tactics. This book drew me away for some time from Homer; I read, but in a cursory manner, the first volume.

May 15th.]—I read, but in the same cursory manner, the second volume of *Guichardt's Memoires*.

16th.]—I began to read the *Memoires Militaires* a second time; but with more attention. I read the preface, which is very judicious, and the four first chapters. The first is on the blockade of Agrigentum by the Romans in the first Punic war; and gives a clear idea of the superior advantages of the Roman intrenchments above our modern lines. The second is the battle of Tunis, between Regulus and Xantippus. Folard, explaining Polybius, blames Regulus for the only thing for which his author had commended him. The third is the battle of Macar, where the amazing manoeuvres of Amilcar are displayed with great precision. The fourth, on the battle of the Adda, is a complete treatise on the Roman legion, very satisfactory as to the times of Polybius; very little as to those of Cæsar.

17th.]—I read the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth chapters of the *Memoires*. The fifth is the combat of the Ticinum: many good remarks on the ancient cavalry: the sixth is the battle of Trebia; the author illustrates still further

further the way of drawing up the legion, and explains the several manœuvres of the two armies very clearly: the seventh is a very insignificant affair at Germinem; but the eighth is the battle of Cannæ, the master-piece of Hannibal, of Polybius, and, perhaps, of M. Guichardt. The columns of Folard, and the impracticable manœuvres of the Gauls disappear, and the art of Hannibal appears refined, but rational.

18th.]—I read the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth chapters of the *Memoires*. Ninth a very insignificant affair at Caphyæ, between the weak Aratus and some Æolian freebooters. Tenth, the battle of Mantinea, between Machanidas and Philopoemen: small numbers and refined art on both sides. Eleventh, the battle between Scipio and Asdrubal in Spain. M. Folard's columns, generally ideal, were really employed by Scipio in a superior manner. Twelfth, the battle of Zama; the merit of the generals, though great, being equal, left the victory to the bravest troops.

May 19th.]—I read the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth chapters of the *Memoires*. Thirteenth, the battle of Cynocephala. Philip had formed a good plan, but did not know how to alter it, though he might have gained the victory. Fourteenth, the battle of the Granicus: Alexander's impetuosity seems directed by more military skill than is commonly thought. Fifteenth, the battle of Arbela, a complete practical lecture on the art of war; but are we indebted for that lecture to Alexander or to Arrian? the sixteenth, the blockade of Alifia: M. Guichardt does honour to Cæsar by diminishing the extent and number of his works: we can now both understand and believe them.

20th.]—I began the second volume of the *Memoires*, and read the dissertation upon the attack and defence of places by the ancients; very clear and accurate. Their real methods are well described, and M. Guichardt proves, against the Chevalier de Folard, that they knew nothing of the modern trenches.

21st.]—I read in the *Memoirs* the translation of the military institutions of Onozander, full of that commonplace sense which every one can write, and no one can deny.

22d.]—I read the *Tactics* of Arrian, translated in the *Memoires*. They are very curious and exact, and give a very clear notion of the nature, arms, and discipline of the phalanx; but it is very odd Arrian should rather com-
pile

1762. I pile these Tactics from Greek writers; than write from his own knowledge an account of the Roman legions, which he had himself seen and commanded. [1762 23d.]

[23d.]—I read the Analysis of Cæsar's Campaign in Africa. Every motion of that great General is laid open with a critical sagacity. A complete military history of his campaigns would do almost as much honour to M. Guichardt as to Cæsar. This finished the *Memoires*, which gave me a much clearer notion of ancient tactics than I ever had before. Indeed, my own military knowledge was of some service to me, as I am well acquainted with the modern discipline and exercise of a battalion. So that though much inferior to M. Folard and M. Guichardt, who had seen service, I am a much better judge than Salmasius, Casaubon, or Lipsius; mere scholars, who perhaps had never seen a battalion under arms.

[26.]—I read the Chevalier de Folard's Supplement to his Polybius, vide le Polybe de Folard, tom. viii p. 42. It shews the man of genius in every line; it consists chiefly of curious anecdotes, mistaken quotations, and whimsically ingenious observations. I likewise read the third letter of *Les Sentimens d'un Homme de Guerre*, in the same volume, p. 208—235. This *Homme de Guerre* was M. de Savornin, major-general in the Dutch service. He is certainly in the right in observing, that the Romans in general, and Cæsar at Pharsalia in particular, drew up their troops in three lines; but he has a most minute, heavy, and perplexed way of writing. I discovered a passage in Cæsar's Commentaries, L. i. c. 83, which is the key of the tactics of his age. Had M. Guichardt known of it, he might have avoided several mistakes.

May 31st.]—Before I left Blandford I finished the first six volumes of *Fontenelle*, which contain "*toute la force et toute la fleur de son esprit*." I read them at my leisure hours with great pleasure, particularly *Entretiens sur la Pluralité des Mondes*, *Histoire du Théâtre Français*, &c. and the *Eloges des Academiciens*. The *Histoire des Oracles*, though excellent, is somewhat superficial. The Dialogues of the Dead are (if I may speak French) *une débauche de raisonnement*, as the *Lettres du Chevalier d'Her* *une débauche d'esprit et de galanterie*. I acknowledge all the defects of the Eclogues, but some of them are charming. I resolved to substitute for my leisure hours the *Bibliothèque* of *le Clerc*, as an inexhaustible source of amusement and

and instruction; and accordingly began with the first volume of the *Bibliothèque universelle*. 1762.

June 6th.]—I formed a design; (but I doubt whether I shall find time to execute it), to give part of my day to Homer and part to Quintilian; that is, to unite the example with the precept. Accordingly I began with Quintilian, in Burman's edition, read his article in Bayle's Dictionary, the preface of Burman; Burman was a mere critic, without being (in my opinion) a good one, since a good critic must reason well; and Burman never could reason at all. I began likewise the *Annales Quintiliani* of Dodwell, and read c. 1—3.

7th.]—I continued the Annals, and read c. 3—20.

8th.]—I read the Annals, c. 20—47, which (including the *Synopsis Chronologica*) finished the Treatise. Dodwell's learning was immense; in this part of history especially, (that of the Upper Empire,) the most minute fact or passage could not escape him; and his skill in employing them is equal to his learning. The worst of this author is his method and style; the one perplexed beyond imagination, the other negligent to a degree of barbarism.

9th.]—I read of the Iliad, B. xiv. v. 1—522, the end. It required all the *éclat* of Homer's poetry to reconcile us to Jupiter's being deceived and laid asleep.

10th.]—I reviewed the fourteenth book of the Iliad, and read the fifteenth, v. 1—220. The scene of Jupiter and Neptune pleases me infinitely; besides the natural greatness of the action and actors, heightened by a most spirited narration, it gives a clearer idea of the Greek polytheism than the laborious researches of half our modern critics and divines.

11th.]—I read the fifteenth book of the Iliad, v. 220—746, the end. The remainder of this book is a continued and not very interesting battle. What chiefly distinguishes it, are some of the finest similes I have yet met with in the Iliad; and a variety of short speeches, of a truly spirited and military eloquence.

13th.]—I read the sixteenth book of the Iliad, v. 1—113.

14th.]—I wrote a note on page 30 of my *Essai sur l'Etude de la Littérature*, containing a passage of Florus, and another of Propertius; with observations on the latter.

17th.]—I finished the first volume of *Le Clerc's Bibliothèque universelle*. I shall just mention the most curious books that are abstracted in it. Hugonis Grotii Epistolæ, Amsterdam,

1761. *Amsterdam*, 1686, p. 1—79, and 121—166, curious and instructive. *Temporum Mythicorum Historia*, p. 245—280. I believe Le Clerc himself is the author. It is an ingenious application of a common principle; viz. that the heroic fables are only the Phœnician history corrupted, and their language misunderstood. *Clementis Galani Historia Armena*, *Colonic*, 1686, a true missionary's account, full of curious facts and religious prejudices. *Lightfooti Opera omnia*, *Roterodami*, 1686. A classical author on a subject very little so. Lightfoot, by constant reading of the Rabbies, was almost become a Rabin himself.

19th.]—I read the sixteenth book of the *Iliad*, v. 113—367, the end, and wrote a note on p. 79 of my *Essai*, containing some instances of the number, rarity, and variety of the animals produced in the amphitheatre of Rome; and taken from the writers of the Augustan history, with the remarks of Casaubon and Salmasius.

21st.]—I reviewed the first hundred lines of the sixteenth book of the *Iliad*: the fierceness and anger of Achilles softened by friendship. The mild, amiable, and yet spirited character of Patroclus, are admirably described and contrasted. Homer never shines more than in these moral pictures.

June 22d.]—I reviewed the remaining seven hundred and fifty lines of the sixteenth book of the *Iliad*. The description of the arms, leaders, &c. Achilles's speech to them, and his prayer, are solemn, and fill the mind with great ideas and expectations. They are fulfilled. Of all the heroes that fall throughout the *Iliad*, I pity none so much as Sarpedon; he was as amiable a character as Patroclus, and a much greater one. I read the seventeenth book, v. 1—105. I likewise, to understand the sixteenth, v. 234, consulted *Strabo*, *L. vii. p. 327, 328*; a *Memoire* of M. de la Nauze, *Mem. de Littérature, tom. vii. p. 154—157*; and one of M. Hardion, *Mem. de Littérature, tom. iii. p. 138—141*. *Strabo* is far from intelligible; the two Frenchmen treat their subject only incidentally, and were misled by their erroneous, confined notion of the *Pelasgi*. However, from these and my own reflections, I formed a pretty clear idea of *Dodona* and the *Selli*.

23d.]—I read the seventeenth book of the *Iliad*, v. 105—505.

24th.]—

24th.]—I finished the second volume of the *Bibliothèque Universelle*. This volume contains, p. 20—51, P. *Lipuborchi Theologia Christiana*, Amstelad. 1686. Moderate and judicious, the general character of the Arminian divines.—*Petri Petri de Sybilla, Libri tres*, Lips. 1686. A strange mixture of learning and credulity.—P. 154—184, *Historia Genevrina*, par *Gregorio Leti*. Leti is a most agreeable historian; a little more regard to truth and exactness would have made him an instructive one.—*Life and Letters of Archbishop Usber*, London, 1686, p. 220—262. Accurate, as written by his chaplain; but this chaplain is both too long and too short.—*Méthode de dresser des Recueils*, par *M. Locke*, p. 315—340.—The exactness and perspicuity of that great man are seen in that trifle.—*Déscription d'Afrique traduite du Flamand*, par *M. Dapper*, p. 340—386. Very curious.—*Contra Aristea Historiam de LXX Interpretibus Dissertatio*, par *Hum. Hody*. Oxon 1685; and *Isaac Vossi Observationum in Pomponium Melam Appendix*, Lond. 1686, p. 386—416. I think, after having read these two disputants, that the question is far more perplexed than before.

26th.]—I read the seventeenth book of the *Iliad*, v. 505—761, the end, and reviewed the first two hundred and fifty lines of it. The amiable character of Patroclus had made every reader his friend whilst alive, and we interest ourselves in the fate of his remains, which are so obstinately disputed.

June 28th.]—I finished the *Bibliothèque des Sciences et des Beaux Arts*, for January, February, and March 1762. It contains *Oeuvres du Chancelier d'Aguesseau*, Paris, 1761, p. 1—20. They breathe a noble spirit of eloquence and virtue.—*Eutropii Breviarium Historiæ Romanæ, cum Notis varior.* par *Heuric. Verbeyk*. Lugd. Bat. 1762, p. 88—100. Superior to all other editions, even to that of Haverkamp.—*Zimmermanni Opera Theologica et Philosophica*, p. 154—181. Moderate and sensible.

29th.]—I reviewed the remaining five hundred lines of the seventeenth book of the *Iliad*. It is a continued battle, but is yet very interesting, from the unity and importance of the action, the various turns of fortune, and the equality of the two parties; the one depending on their natural courage, and the other on the protection of Jupiter. I am particularly pleased with the sorrow of Achilles's horses, and the reflection of Jupiter, v. 426, &c.

1762. &c. I likewise read the eighteenth book, v. 1—238, and consulted some remarks of M. Galland, *Hist. de l'Académie des Belles Lettres*, tom. i. p. 104—108, on the trumpets of the antients in relation to v. 219 of this book.

30th.]—I read the eighteenth book of the *Iliad*, v. 238—478.

July 1st.]—I read the eighteenth book of the *Iliad*, v. 478—616, the end.

2d.]—I reviewed the whole eighteenth book of the *Iliad*. Homer is never more thoroughly awake; the first part of it shews him to be a perfect master of the tender passions. Achilles receives the news of the death of Patroclus, with a mixture of fury and tenderness suitable to his character. We begin to love him; and the very excess of his rage, though terrible, pleases us, because it is directed only against the murderer of his friend. The second part, or the description of the shield, is a fine landscape. I read the description of the shield of Æneas in Virgil, l. viii. v. 369—454, and 597—731. Virgil's description is the finer piece of poetry; Homer's, the juster representation of a work of art. I read, with the same view, some remarks of the Abbé Fraguier on the origin of painting. *Hist. de l'Académie des Belles Lettres*, tom. i. p. 75—89. Elegant and instructive, but somewhat vague. I likewise read the whole nineteenth book of the *Iliad*, v. 1—424, the end, and consulted Potter's *Archæologia Græca*, vol. i. p. 246—261, in relation to the ceremonies observed by the antients in their oaths. I also finished, to-day, the *Journal des Savans*, and the *Mémoires de Trevoux* for December 1761. They contain little more than de *Inscriptione quâdam Egyptiaca Taurini inventâ*, Décembre, p. 334—345. Mr. Needham pretended that these Egyptian letters were the same as the old Chinese characters. The similitude is here contested. *Observations sur les Systèmes des P. P. Hardouin et Berruyer*. The object is to prove, the society always disapproved the visions of these two writers. There is much artifice, and some curious anecdotes, in these observations. I believe that the Jesuits were innocent in this respect.

July 7th.]—I finished the *Mémoires de Trevoux*, and the *Journal des Savans* for January 1762. The *Journal* contains *Tragédies de Sophocle traduites*, par M. Dupuy de l'A. R. des I. et B. L. p. 3—15. Elegant, exact, and a great addition to French literature.—*L'Antro Elafino*, &c.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL.

301

Éc. par M. Bartoli, p. 49—58. Ingenious, but very doubtful—The Memoirs *Annaï Seneca de brevitate vite*, p. 149—163. One of the best extracts I ever read. *Le Peinture d'Antioche & Herculan*, p. 216—225. Ancient, and therefore curious.

1762.

8th.]—I reviewed the first hundred and fifty lines of the nineteenth book of the Iliad. The generous character of Achilles raises him every moment higher in the esteem of the reader; his care for the dead body, the spirited frankness of his reconciliation, and his impatience for the combat. I finished the *Journal des Savans*, and *Memoires de Trevoux* for February 1762. The Journal contains *Thom. Hyde de Religione veterum Persarum*, p. 289—301; a new edition, with long and trifling notes on an excellent book. *Idylles de Gesner traduites de l'Allemand*, p. 380—397. Un Allemand ne peut-il pas être bel esprit? The Memoirs contain *Explication d'un Passage de Herodote*, 405—427. A happy solution of a difficult passage in A. ii. c. 142, only by explaining the word *ἡλιος*, an annual revolution of the sun.

9th.]—I finished the *Mem. de Trevoux* for March. They contain little more than *la Bibliomanie*, p. 167—176; severe and spirited; and *Dissertation sur l'Ecriture Hieroglyphique*. Original. He pretends that there never were any; but I think his proofs too weak for such a paradox.

11th.]—I reviewed the remaining two hundred and seventy lines of the nineteenth book of the Iliad, and think the long debate between Achilles and Ulysses might have been shortened, though the speeches of the first are highly characteristical; nothing can surpass the sublime description of his arming himself for battle. I likewise read the twentieth book of the Iliad, v. 1—258; and when I was at church, followed the second lesson with my Greek Testament in my hand; it was the 23d chapter of St. Luke. I find this method both useful and agreeable, and intend to keep it up whenever I go to church. I finished the *Journal des Savans*, and *Memoires de Trevoux* for April 1762. The first contains *Aristophanis Comedie à P. Burmanno*; good, but inferior to Kuster's; and the *Grammaire Française Philosophique de M. d'Acarq*, truly deserving of that name; the second *République de Platon*. The translation appears good; I am sure the extract is so.

July

1762.

July 12th.]—I read the twentieth book of the *Iliad*, v. 258—363, the end.

13th.]—I reviewed the whole twentieth book of the *Iliad*. The battle of the gods is worthy of every thing Longinus says of it. It would be difficult to find another example which reunites so thoroughly every part of the sublime, both as to thoughts and language. The combat of Achilles and Æneas is very animated and picturesque; and the long speech of Æneas, though faulty, and even ridiculous upon the whole, does honour in its details both to the poet and the historian. I finished the *Journal des Savans, et Mem. de Trevoux* for May 1762, part the first. The Mem. contain nothing: in the Journal there is *Callimachi Hymni ab Ernesto Lugd. Bat.* The text is exactly reviewed, and the version is a new one. *Vie de M. Boffuet par M. de Burigny.* Exact and judicious.

14th.]—The twentieth book of Homer, and particularly the speech of Æneas, drew on a variety of discussions. In order to understand the genealogy of Dardanus, I read *Apollodori Biblioth.* l. iii. c. 11. p. 205—215 in Greek; I then consulted Strabo, l. xiii. p. 607—608; and some difficulties arising about the word *ὄρη*, as Plato explained it, the lower part of the hills, which were inhabited after the deluge, before men dared venture down into the plain, I read a dissertation upon the deluges of Ogyges and Deucalion, by the learned Freret, *Mem. de l'Académie des Belles Lettres*, tom. xxiii. p. 129—148, who, from a chain of authorities, shews, incontestibly, that a deluge was unknown to Homer, Hesiod, and Herodotus; that the first who speak of it (Plato himself, Pindar, and Apollodorus) expressly confined it to Greece, and intimate that a great number were saved; that afterwards, the Greeks mixing their traditions with those of the Jews and the Chaldeans, swelled the deluge of Deucalion into an universal one; but that it never obtained general credit before the time of Plutarch and Lucian. Afterwards, to be well acquainted with Æneas, I read Strabo, l. xiii. p. 692—693; Mezeriac's *Ovid*, vol. ii. p. 142—146, and 153—168; and a Dissertation upon the Julian family, by the Abbé Vatri, *Mem. de l'Académie*, vol. xvi. p. 414—424. Mezeriac, as usual, compiles without a thought of reasoning; but from the sensible criticisms of the others, it appears that Æneas's posterity probably reigned in Phrygia in the time of Homer, and

and that his voyage to Italy is a fable invented by the Greeks about the time of Alexander. *N. B.* The Greek authors whom I consulted, I read in Greek. I likewise read the twenty-first book of the *Iliad*, v. 1—135, and finished the second part of May, *Journal des Savans*, and *Mémoires de Trevoux*. The first contains a better extract of the *Dissertation sur l'Ecriture Hiéroglyphique* than the *Mémoires* had given. I now see that the new system is absolutely indefensible. The second speaks of *Histoire du Siècle d'Alexandre*, par *M. Linguet*: I suspect that they speak too slightly of the book. However that may be, the author is certainly a man of genius, whom I should like to know.

[July 15.]—I read only that most contemptible performance the *Vie du Marechal Duc de Belleisle*, par *M. de C.*

[16th.]—I read the twenty-first book of the *Iliad*, v. 136—611, the end.

[18th.]—I did nothing but go to church. The lessons were the 12th of 2 Samuel, and the 5th of St. John's Gospel, both of which I read in Greek.

[23d.]—I finished the third volume of *Le Clerc's Bibliothèque universelle*, which concludes the year 1686. It contains *Explication Historique de la Fable d'Adonis*. He thinks that Adonis, or Osiris, was the son of Hammon or Cham, and grandson of Cinyras, or Noah; and that the incest of Myrrha with her father, was the discovery of Noah's nakedness by his children. But this interpretation is very far-fetched, and can only suit the followers of Ephemerus.—*Bibliothèque universelle des Auteurs Ecclésiastiques*, par *Dupin*. Curious and impartial.—Life of Hai Ebn Yokhdan. A fine, though irregular, production of Arabian genius and philosophy.—*The Works of Dr. Barrow*. Barrow was as much of a philosopher as a divine could well be.—*Commentaire Philosophique*. The most useful work Bayle ever wrote, and the least sceptical.—*Puffendorffii Commentarius de rebus Suecicis*. Exact, heavy, and partial.

[24th.]—In order to get a clear idea of those oracles so often mentioned by Homer, and so essential a part of the Grecian religion, I read three dissertations of *M. Hardion*, inserted in the third volume of the *Mémoires* of the Academy upon the Oracle of Delphi, p. 137—191; and some observations of *M. de Valois*, tom. iii. historical part,

1762.  part, p. 73—79; and, drawn away by the affinity of the subject, I likewise read two dissertations of the same M. de Valois, upon the Amphictyons, the guardians of this temple, tom. iii. p. 191—228, and tom. v. p. 495—415.

July 25th.]—I read the history which M. de Valois has given us of the two sacred wars, which the Amphictyons decreed to avenge the sacrileges committed at Delphi, tom. vii. p. 201—239; tom. ix. p. 97—113, and tom. xii. p. 177—204. Besides the light that these pieces throw on the Greek religion, they are valuable for the knowledge they give us of that civil and religious bond of union in the Hellenic body, which for some ages rendered it invincible.

28th.]—I read the articles of Jupiter and Juno, in Bayle's Dictionary. That of Jupiter is very superficial. Juno takes up seventeen pages; but great part of it, as usual, very foreign to the purpose. A long enquiry when horns began to be an emblem of cuckoldom; numberless reflections, some original, and others very trivial; and a learning chiefly confined to the Latin writers. When he doubted if Juno was really worshipped at Carthage, why did not he quote Minucius Felix? *V. octav. p. 259, edit. Gronov.* Upon the whole, I believe that Bayle had more of a certain multifarious reading, than real erudition. Le Clerc, his great antagonist, was as superior to him in that respect, as inferior in every other. I reviewed the first two hundred lines of the twenty-first book of the Iliad. There is great dignity of sentiment, and a calm sternness, in the answer of Achilles to the moving prayers of the unfortunate Lycaon.

29th.]—I reviewed the remaining four hundred lines of the twenty-first book of the Iliad. The combat of Achilles and the Scamander is finely described. If Homer, when he speaks of the Gods, does not rise in his sentiments, at least he does in his language and poetry. I likewise read some very sensible and curious observations of the Abbé de Fontenae, *Sur le Culte des Divinités des Eaux; Histoire de l'Académie des Belles Lettres*, tom. xii. p. 27—49.

30th.]—I read the twenty-second book of the Iliad, v. 1—515, the end.

August 1st.]—I read the lessons at church in Greek, viz. the thirteenth chapter of the first book of Kings, and the twenty-first chapter of St. John's Gospel. How very free

free a version the Septuagint is! for I imagine ours is a very literal one.

August 2d.]—I reviewed the whole twenty-second book of the Iliad, in which the whole interest of the preceding books is wound up, in the lives of Hector and Achilles. Notwithstanding the reasons given by Mr. Pope, every reader of taste must be disgusted with Hector's flight. The true grounds of courage were not well understood, and poetry had not learnt the art of raising an hero without debasing his enemies. The fears and lamentations of Hector's family, are beautifully pathetic; but I think that Andromache is rather too much the mother, and too little the wife. As I am now entering upon the twenty-third book, which contains the funeral of Patroclus, I read the eight first chapters of the fourth book of Archbishop Potter's Grecian Antiquities, vol. ii. p. 160—241, upon the Grecian Funerals. They contain a great fund of learning, without any useless digressions.

3d.]—I began M. de Burette's set of Dissertations in the Memoirs of the Academy, on the Gymnastics of the Antients: they are learned and judicious, but too full of fruitless, and therefore frivolous, enquiries into the origin and etymology of every art. I read to-day only *Observations générales sur la Gymnastique*, Hist. tom. i. p. 89—104; and first *Memoire sur la Danse*, Mem. tom. i. p. 93—117.

4th.]—I read second *Memoire sur la Danse*, tom. i. Mem. p. 117—136; *Memoire sur la Sphéristique*, p. 137—153; and first *Memoire sur les Athlètes*, p. 211—237.

5th.]—I read second and third *Memoires sur les Athlètes*, p. 237—291; and *Memoire sur la Lutte*, tom. iii. Mem. p. 228—255.

6th.]—I read the several Memoires of M. de Burette, *sur le Pugilat, la Course, le Pentatble, et le Disque*, tom. iii. Mem. p. 255—343. Having finished these, I read three Dissertations of the Abbé Gedoyn, *sur les Courses des Chevaux et des Chars, surtout aux Jeux Olympiques*, tom. viii. p. 314—330; and 330—341; and tom. ix. Mem. p. 360—376; and a *Memoire of M. de la Barre, on the same subject*; tom. ix. Mem. p. 376—397. Gedoyn is polite and curious, but somewhat pert and superficial. De la Barre is difficult to be understood, but is worth studying, for he is very ingenious, as well as learned. There is a great dispute what was the length of the

1762.

Olympic course for chariots. Burette makes it twenty-four stadia, or twelve revolutions of one stadium: Gedoy, eight stadia, or one revolution of four stadia: De la Barre, forty-eight stadia, or six revolutions of four stadia: Mr. West, (v. West's Pindar, vol. ii. p. 135.) forty-eight stadia, or twelve revolutions of two stadia. I have not room for their reasons; but I am of De la Barre's opinion. When one reads these Dissertations, one admires the active spirit of the Greeks, sensible to every species of entertainment and glory; who could at the same time, and with the same application, bring to perfection, dancing and philosophy, boxing and poetry.

August 7th.]—I read the twenty-third book of the Iliad, v. 1—257.

8th.]—I read the twenty-third book of the Iliad, v. 257—897; and the articles of *Lemnos*, *Hercules*, and the greatest part of *Helena*, in Bayle. If Bayle wrote his dictionary to empty the various collections he had made, without any particular design, he could not have chosen a better plan. It permitted him every thing, and obliged him to nothing. By the double freedom of a dictionary and of notes, he could pitch on what articles he pleased, and say what he pleased on those articles. When I consider all that Homer says of the isle of Lemnos, and the extensive trade it carried on, both with Phœnicia, (Iliad xxiii. v. 743.) and with the Greek army before Troy (v. Iliad, l. vii. v. 467—475, and l. xxi. v. 40). I am amazed to see the more modern poets represent that habitation of the unfortunate Philoctetes, as an island totally desolate and uninhabited.

10th.]—I reviewed only the first hundred lines of the twenty-third book of the Iliad. The sudden grief into which Achilles sinks, is not less expressive of his character, than his violent rage in the preceding books. The apparition of Patroclus is the opening of a new world, of Homer's creation.

11th.]—I reviewed the next two hundred lines of the twenty-third book of the Iliad. This day I finished the *Memoires d'Anne d'Autriche, par Madame de Motteville*, one of her greatest favourites. They are written in a natural, unaffected style; and it is a proof of the author's sincerity, that though she had a very high opinion of her mistress, the candour with which she relates facts, shews us Ann of Austria as she really was; a proud and silly woman, who abandoned herself to a favourite out of indolence,

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL.

307

indolence, supported him through obstinacy, and began at last to hate him, when he began to affect an independence. There is perhaps no period of history for which we have better materials, than for the minority of Lewis XIV. The fashion of memoir-writing was very prevalent, and many of all ranks and all parties have left us accounts, both of those troubles and of their secret springs. The character of the French nation, neither soured by religion, nor constrained by slavery, appears with freedom and boldness; brave and inconstant; obsequious to the ladies; treating the greatest events with a careless gaiety; running into civil wars without principle, and supporting them without rancour or cruelty. None of these wars ever were founded on any settled plan of liberty; the princes and the noblesse made it only in hopes of obtaining (as they commonly did) advantageous conditions in the treaty of peace. The honest part of the parliament were affected only by present evils, and thought only of temporary reliefs. They inveighed against a new tax, and demanded the removal of a disagreeable minister. The only law of a durable kind which they ever planned, was in the nature of a Habeas Corpus bill; that every prisoner, in twenty-four hours after his confinement, should be interrogated, by the parliament, as to the nature of his crime. But they supported this salutary proposal very feebly; suffered the ministry to extend the term to six months, and at last neglected it so far, as not to have it ratified by the peace of Ruel. V. *Memoires*, tom. ii. p. 139. 337. 363. and tom. iii. p. 51, &c. These *Memoires* are printed at Amsterdam, 1723, in five volumes 12mo.

August 12th.]—I reviewed the remaining six hundred lines of the twenty-third book of the *Iliad*. It is a fine picture of the manners of the heroic ages: the games celebrated at the funeral of Patroclus contain a great variety of both their civil and religious customs, related with a clearness and a circumstantialness very disagreeable to the taste of a true commentator. Indeed, the more I read the antients, the more I am persuaded that the originals are our best commentators. In this article of antient gymnastics (for instance), when I have read with care Homer, Pausanias, and some few more antients, M. Burette has little to teach me, excepting perhaps what he may have picked up from some obscure passages of some obscure lexicographer. What I say is not, however, to proscribe the use, but to restrain the abuse, of modern critics. As to the poetical beauties of

1762. the twenty-third book, they are great and various. I know of few better proofs of the fertility of Homer's invention, than the variety of natural incidents which he has introduced into the chariot-race. That of Menelaus and Antilochus is beautiful in the *manners*. I wish that I could say as much of the quarrel of Idomeneus and Ajax. I think, however, that the chariot-race bears no proportion to the rest, which indeed appears to a disadvantage, both by being placed after it and a little *étranglé*.

13th.]—I read the twenty-fourth book of the Iliad, v. 1—361. We returned to Beriton. I read the reign of King James I. in Hume's first volume of the Stuarts, with a view to Raleigh; and afterwards perused the sixth book of Virgil, and the system of Warburton upon it, in the first volume of his Divine Legation, and found many things to say, to explain the one, and destroy the other.

August 14th.]—I think it was pretty well to read the twenty-fourth book of the Iliad, v. 361—467, considering I was out from seven in the morning to ten at night.

15th.]—I read the twenty-fourth book of the Iliad, v. 467—805, the end; and reviewed the first hundred and fifty lines of it. The saving Hector's body, and the appeasing Achilles's wrath, seems to be the great object both of heaven and earth, excepting of the implacable Juno. Indeed, the great attention of the gods towards Achilles, seems rather a fear of offending, than a desire of favouring him. The last sentiment would exalt the hero, the first would debase the gods, and be highly ridiculous even in the Pagan mythology. I likewise read in Bayle the articles of *Achilleus*, *Achilles*, *Ajax Telamon*, *Ajax Oileus*, *Alcinous*, *Andromache*, *Amphitryon*, and *Alcmena*; all, excepting Achilles, very short ones. Bayle is as exactly circumstantial in these important trifles, as Mezeriac himself. How could such a genius employ three or four pages, and a great apparatus of learning, to examine whether Achilles was fed with marrow only; whether it was the marrow of lions and stags, or that of lions only, &c.? Bayle does not, in my opinion, sufficiently esteem Homer.

16th.]—I reviewed the remaining six hundred lines of the twenty-fourth and last book of the Iliad. The interview of Achilles and Priam is (in my opinion) superior to any part of the Iliad. It is at once the *coup de théâtre* and the *tableau* of *Diderot*. Nothing can be a more striking *coup de théâtre* than the unhappy monarch, who appears at once in the enemy's camp and at the feet of the murderer of his son.

son. At the same time the various passions, and the fine philosophy that distinguishes the conversation between them, form a most beautiful *tableau*. 1762, 

I have at last finished the *Iliad*. As I undertook it to improve myself in the Greek language, which I had totally neglected for some years past, and to which I never applied myself with a proper attention, I must give a reason why I begun with Homer, and that contrary to Le Clerc's advice. I had two, 1st, As Homer is the most antient Greek author (excepting perhaps Hesiod) who is now extant; and as he was not only the poet, but the lawgiver, the theologian, the historian, and the philosopher, of the antients, every succeeding writer is full of quotations from, or allusions to, his writings, which it would be difficult to understand, without a previous knowledge of them. In this situation, was it not natural to follow the antients themselves, who always begun their studies by the perusal of Homer? 2dly, No writer ever treated such a variety of subjects. As every part of civil, military, or æconomical life is introduced into his poems, and as the simplicity of his age allowed him to call every thing by its proper name, almost the whole compass of the Greek tongue is comprised in Homer. I have so far met with the success I hoped for, that I have acquired a great facility in reading the language, and treasured up a very great stock of words. What I have rather neglected is, the grammatical construction of them, and especially the many various inflexions of the verbs. In order to acquire that dry, but necessary branch of knowledge, I propose bestowing some time every morning on the perusal of the *Greek Grammar of Port Royal*, as one of the best extant. I believe that I read nearly one half of Homer like a mere school-boy, not enough master of the words to elevate myself to the poetry. The remainder I read with a good deal of care and criticism, and made many observations on them. Some I have inserted here, for the rest I shall find a proper place. Upon the whole, I think that Homer's few faults (for some he certainly has) are lost in the variety of his beauties. I expected to have finished him long before. The delay was owing partly to the circumstances of my way of life and avocations, and partly to my own fault; for while every one looks on me as a prodigy of application, I know myself how strong a propensity I have to indolence.

August 19th.]—As my books were not come, and Madame de Motteville had left my head full of Louis the XIVth and his court, I took in hand my friend Voltaire's *Siècle de Louis XIV.*

1762.

XIV. It will employ some few leisure hours, and will afford me great entertainment.

Once more in possession of some necessary books, I returned to my present great object, the study of Homer; but before I proceed to the *Odyssey*, I determined to read several things which might conduce to the better understanding him. I read this morning, *Sir John Marsham's Canon Chronicus*, &c. p. 433—446, edit. Franquer, 1696; where he treats of Homer and Hesiod; and in speaking of the first, explains, in a few words, all that is to be found in the antients concerning his country, age, fate of his writings, and progress of his reputation. I cannot help wondering at the blind deference which he pays to the oracular authority of the Parian marble; "*De æd re agitur (the age of Homer) non est amplius ambigendum.*" I respect that monument, as an useful, as an uncorrupt monument of antiquity; but why should I prefer its authority to that of Herodotus, for instance? It is more modern, its author is uncertain. We know not from what sources he drew his chronology, nor how far he was qualified to draw it properly. However, as to the age of Homer, I abide by his decision; because I can (whatever diversity appeared to Sir John) reconcile it with several of the most approved authors. That learned writer did not consider, that in fixing the time when a great man flourished, several historians may differ from one another, without differing from truth; because they fixed it from different æras of his life. In that of Fontenelle, the fixing his date either from his birth (1657), or from his writing the worlds (1686); from his reception into the French Academy (1691); from his being made secretary to that of sciences (1699); from his resigning that post (1740); from his death (1757), would produce the difference of a century; so that we may establish for a rule of criticism, that when these diversities do not exceed the natural term of human life, we ought to think of reconciling, and not of opposing them. In this instance, five of the most respectable authorities may be confined within the small period of sixty-eight years. The eldest Apollodorus, who places Homer 250 years after the Trojan war, A. C. 934, must be naturally understood to speak of his birth: Cornelius Nepos, the second, whose date is 160 years before the foundation of Rome, A. C. 914, of the time when Homer, then twenty, was arrived at the years of manhood: the æra of the marbles (643 years before the archontat of Diognetus) A. C. 907, of the time when Homer, then twenty-seven, began to distinguish himself;

himself; perhaps when, according to the Colophonian tradition, he wrote the *Margites*, his first poetical work. When Herodotus places Homer 400 years before his own birth, A. C. 814, he may mean, that being then fifty, he was arrived at the highest pitch of his reputation, and perhaps wrote the *Iliad*. Lastly, if Socibius, the Laconian, brings him down to the last year before the first Olympiad, Homer might then die aged sixty-eight years A. C. 866. This calculation agrees very well with the vague reckoning of Pliny and Juvenal, and pretty nearly with the more precise one of Velleius Paterculus. There are, indeed, many writers, whom it is impossible to conciliate, since they take in so enormous a period as 416 years from the return of the Heraclides A. C. 1104, to the twenty-third Olympiad, A. C. 688. But besides that they are of inferior note, the great difference amongst them leaves the authority of each to stand singly by itself.

I likewise began to-day a Greek life of Homer, or rather a dissertation upon his writings, by an anonymous writer, inserted in the *Opuscula Mythologica, Physica, et Ethica*, published at Amsterdam 1688, by Mr. Gale. It takes up p. 283—404 of those *Opuscula*. As I intend to make an abstract of it, I shall only say here that I read p. 283—303.

August 20th.]—I read the *Life of Homer*, 304—314. The Greek is easy, though I met with many words of the only species (perhaps) not to be found in Homer. Grammatical and metaphysical terms, which are the more difficult at first, because, as they are all metaphorical, it is the literal meaning which presents itself to an unexperienced reader.

21st.]—In order to save some part of this day for study, I passed the evening in my lodging, and read the *Life of Homer*, p. 314—341.

24th.]—I read the *Life of Homer*, p. 341—387.

27th.]—I read the *Life of Homer* p. 387—394.

28th.]—I finished the *Siecle of Louis XIV.* I believe that Voltaire had for this work an advantage which he has seldom enjoyed. When he treats of a distant period, he is not a man to turn over musty monkish writers to instruct himself. He follows some compilation, varnishes it over with the magic of his style, and produces a most agreeable, superficial, inaccurate performance. But there the information, both written and oral, lay within his reach, and he seems to have taken great pains to consult it. Without any thing of the majesty of the great historians, he has comprised

1762.

1762. comprised, in two small volumes, a variety of facts, told in an easy, clear, and lively style. To this merit, he has added that of throwing aside all trivial circumstances, and choosing no events, but such as are either useful or entertaining. His method (of treating every article in a distinct chapter) I think vicious: as they are all connected in human affairs, and as they are often the cause of each other, why separate them in history? The first volume is much less interesting than the second; arts and manners were a subject almost untouched; but so many writers had exhausted the battles and sieges of Lewis the XIVth's reign, that it was impossible to add any thing new, especially in so confined an abridgment. Besides, those detached particulars wanted less that art of narrating, which Voltaire never possessed, with all his other talents: I mean in prose, for there are some very fine narrations in his tragedies. That of *Ismène*, in the last act of Merope, is equal to the famous ones of *Racine*. As to his hero, I think that he performed great actions without being a great man. France, notwithstanding his wars and persecutions, ought never to forget him. But when Condé, Turenne, Vauban, Louvois, Colbert, &c. have claimed their share of fame, little more will remain to the monarch, than the having chosen and employed those great men: I can hardly add that of persisting in his choice. A prince, diffident or inconstant, may claim great merit for having persisted in a good choice. A monarch, proud, vain, or obstinate, is only to be praised if he renounces a bad one. And every one must know to what a degree Lewis carried those last-mentioned qualities.

September 3d.]—I returned to the Life of Homer, and read p. 394—404, the end,

4th.]—I reviewed, but in a cursory manner, the Life of Homer, without having so exalted an idea of it as Mr. Gale, who, like a true editor, calls it *Liber Aureus*. I think it a valuable piece, written with art, and containing many ingenious, and some useful observations upon Homer. I then began to look into the Greek Grammar of Port Royal, that learned society which contributed so much to establish in France a taste for just reasoning, simplicity of style, and philosophical method. I began, contrary to the general method, with the verbs, and read with attention the first chapter of the third book, which treats of the nature and proprieties of the verb. I think that method the most natural and philosophical which begins with the operations

rations of the mind, or the action or passion of the body, 1762.
and thence passes to foreign objects.

5th.]—I read the second chapter of the third book, which treats of the characteristic letter, and the termination of verbs; and to impress the several modifications of the active verb upon my memory, I copied them out. I finished to-day every thing in the *Bibliothèque Choise*, relative to Erasmus, viz. tom. iv. p. 379—397; tom. v. p. 145—283; tom. vi. p. 1—238; tom. xiii. p. 1—57. The first and last are very good reflections, and exact judgments, upon Erasmus's works, but are too short: the others are long extracts of his epistles, which, translated in a very bad style, and unconnected method, have neither the *agrémens* of original letters, nor the merit of a complete life. When I had finished them, (according to a maxim I have laid down elsewhere,) I began *Vie d'Erasme*, par M. de Burigny, and so preferred the *suite* of my ideas to that of my books.

September 6th.]—I read the Grammar, l. iii. c. 3. which treats of the augmentation, both syllabic and temporal.

7th.]—I read the Grammar, l. iii. c. 4—14. I saw the various forms into which every verb changes itself, from the indicative to the participle, and from the present to the second perfect. Indeed, I think the chain has too many links, as well as groundless exceptions without number; but this last is the vice of all languages, none of which have been the work of reason.

8th.]—In the evening I found means to look over, in a cursory manner, the passive and middle moods of the barytone verbs in *α*. They depend so much upon the active, that when one has a clear idea of it, the genealogy is very easy to follow. I now see clearly the advantage of paying little attention to the Grammar, till you have made some progress in the language. Instead of having both precepts and examples to learn, I need attend only to the general rules of what I have already seen in a variety of particular instances. It is examining the map of a country through which I have before travelled.

9th.]—I looked more closely into the passive and middle moods of the barytones in *α*. If the *vox media* is not very useful and ingenious, it is highly ridiculous.

10th.]—I read the Greek Grammar, l. iii. c. 21—27, containing a very clear account of the circumflex verbs in *α*, and of the rules by which they contract themselves.

11th.]—I read the Greek Grammar, l. iv. c. 1—5, which treats of the regular verbs in *μ*. I approve extremely

1762. mely of the intention of M. M. de Port Royal, who, to simplify things as much as possible, have reduced the thirteen conjugations of the Greek grammar to two; or rather to three. But the variety of these conjugations is so great, and the differences so real, that the ancient division was, perhaps, clearer, in having many rules with few exceptions, than the modern ones of few rules and many exceptions. For instance, in explaining the barytone conjugations in *ω*, there is hardly a tense without exceptions for the peculiar formation of the liquids. At least I would have a separate conjugation for them. Another defect I have observed is, the example they have fixed on for the barytone conjugation. 1. They pitch upon the verb *τιω*, and make use of it in their table; but when they come to the detail of the moods and tenses, they then employ *τιττω*. This alteration destroys the unity of their plan, and must breed some confusion; especially in a young head. 2. They boast in their preface of having chosen (with Sanctius) *τιω* as a very simple verb; but I own I think the choice ill judged. The great object should have been to have chosen a verb perfectly regular, every one of whose different modifications should have been the example of the general rule, which they laid down for that mood or tense. *Τιω* does not answer that character. In the first future passive (for instance), according to the general rule* of changing the *ω* of the first future active, into *ποιμαι*, *τιω* would make *τιοποιμαι*. However, by a common exception of the verbs in *ω* pure†, it drops the *ο* and makes only *τιποιμαι*.

Dr. Langbaine.

To-day I began the small but valuable treatise of Longinus, *περὶ ὑποφύσεως* in the *variorum* edition of Tollius, printed at Utrecht, 1694, in 4to. The edition appears to be a very complete one. It contains the Greek text of the author, with a Latin version by Tollius, and a French one by Boileau, with the notes of Robortellus, Petra, Portus, Langbænius, le Fevre, and Tollius himself; and the French ones of Boileau and Dacier. I read the dedication of Tollius to the Electoral Prince of Brandenburg, afterwards king of Prussia, and father of the present monarch; the prefaces of Tollius, de Petra, Langbænius, and Boileau, with the list of *Testimonia*, and the greatest part of the first chapter of Longinus himself. Tollius, though a commentator, was a man of taste and genius; though the style of his dedication is somewhat timid, yet there are pretty thoughts in it. He

* V. Nouvelle Methode, l. iii. c. 16. Reg. 52. p. 182.

† V. Nouvelle Methode, l. iii. c. 16. Except. 3. p. 183.

He quibbles a little about *Victoria Elata*, and *Fama Pinningera*, when he speaks of the great Elector; but his compliment upon the battle of Ferbelin is just, and well expressed. When I reflect on the age in which Longinus lived, an age which produced scarcely any other writer worthy of the attention of posterity; when real learning was almost extinct, philosophy sunk down to the quibbles of grammarians and the tricks of mountebanks, and the empire desolated by every calamity, I am amazed that at such a period, in the heart of Syria, and at the court of an Eastern monarch, Longinus should produce a work worthy of the best and freest days of Athens. I read with the sincerest regret the titles of the other works which are now lost; but none more than his *Odenathus*. I should have seen, though probably with some partiality, the character and actions of that great man, and of the greater Zenobia, who both (contrary to the other tyrants,) proposed less making themselves Roman emperors, than detaching the East from the empire, and erecting a new monarchy upon quite different foundations.

Sept. 12th.]—I finished the first chapter of Longinus, with Boileau's translation, and all the notes. The Greek is, from the figurative style, and bold metaphors, extremely difficult: I am afraid that it is rather too difficult for me; but now I have entered upon it, *facta est alea*; and I have nothing to do but to redouble my application to understand him correctly. Is it vexation at those difficulties, or reason, which makes me wish, that in the room of those poetical figures, he had given us a definition of the sublime? Though this had been done by Cæcilius, yet it was still necessary, and would have taken him but a few lines. I then read a dissertation of M. le Clerc, inserted in the *Bibliothèque Ancienne et Moderne*, tom. v. p. 237—290, *sur les Verbes moyens des Grecs*. As it is (which I did not know at first) in opposition to another of M. Kuster, I can decide nothing about the dispute till I have seen that, which I will do as soon as possible, for this idea is a very ingenious one. He thinks that those verbs, as distinct from the active and passive ones, are made use of by the pure attic writers to signify, 1. An action which passes entirely within the agent, such as thinking, willing, &c. 2. An action which, though exterior, has the agent himself for the object; such as, I feed myself, I undress myself, &c. M. le Clerc, on the other hand, not only denies their use, but even disputes the existence of the *vox media*; which he treats as a corruption

1762. tion only of the active and passive. As to the pretended difference of sound and sense, he says, that the first are not greater than many occasioned by the dialects, or by poetical licences, for which the grammarians have never established new voices or moods: that by M. Kuster's own confession, the deponents in Latin, and many verbs in Greek, have an active signification, with a passive termination, without belonging to any *vox media*; that this mystery is unknown to the best Greeks, and that many of them express those actions by an active verb; nay, sometimes in the same period employ an active and middle verb. This he illustrates by a variety of examples.

I began to-day my *Extract of the Life of Homer, in French*, and wrote the first folio page, with a long note.

Sept. 14th.]—I read the *second chapter of Longinus*, with the versions and notes as usual. As yet I read my author more as a man of genius, than as a man of taste: I am pleased and astonished rather than instructed. I observed in this chapter a licence more than poetical, into which the fire of his imagination hurried him, that of leaving the reader to supply one part of a first comparison, whilst he hastens to a second. There was an *hiatus* at the end of the chapter, which Tollius supplied from a manuscript in the Vatican. It is amusing to peruse the conjectural supplements of the critics; how various, how ingenious, and how distant from the truth. They are probably often as much so, though we have it not in our power to confute them in the same manner.

15th.—I went through the whole series of irregular verbs in Greek. Some of them are defective by the want of some particular tenses or persons; and others are irregular, as forming their tenses not from their own natural theme, but from some other which bears some affinity with it, and is commonly either derived or contracted from it. These irregularities are necessary to be known; but we should be cautious of erecting them too hastily into general rules, the first sort especially; where the supposed defect may arise only from the Greek authors now extant not having had occasion to employ that particular modification of the verb.

27th.—I have not, almost this fortnight, set down any thing in the literary way. Indeed, I was very idle. In that time, I went through only the *Life of Erasmus*; which ought only to have been amusement, and not to have broken in upon Longinus. To-day I finished that *Life of Erasmus*. It is a work of great reading. As M. de Burigny proposed connecting with his history, a general account of the sciences and

and religion during his time, he has very deeply considered his subject. His style and reflections are suited to a man of sense and modesty, who neither pretends to, nor possesses the least share of genius. Upon the whole the book is a perfect contrast to most fashionable French ones, since it is useful without being brilliant. If we consider the character of Erasmus, we shall be immediately struck with his extensive erudition; and that heightened by two circumstances: 1. That he was scarcely ever fixed six months in a place (excepting at Basil); that to this wandering life, which deprived him both of books and leisure, must be added, a continued bad state of health, and the constant avocation of a vast correspondence. 2. That his learning was all real, and founded on the accurate perusal of the antient authors. The numerous editions he published sufficiently evince it; and besides, those convenient compilations of all sorts, where a modern author can learn to be a profound scholar at a small expence, did not then exist; every thing was to be sought for in the originals themselves. But besides this learning, which was common to many, Erasmus possessed a genius without which no writer will ever descend to posterity; a genius which could see through the vain subtleties of the schools, revive the laws of criticism, treat every subject with eloquence and delicacy, sometimes emulate the antients, often imitate them, and never copy them. As to his morals they had the poor merit of being regular. In the nobler part of his character I find him very deficient. Delicacy of sentiment he had none. A parasite of all the great men of his time, he was neither ashamed to magnify their characters, by the lowest adulation, nor to debase his own by the most impudent solicitation to obtain presents which very often he did not want. The adventure of Eppendorf is another proof how much dearer his money was to him than his character. Notwithstanding these faults, never man enjoyed a greater personal consideration. All the scholars, and all the princes of Europe, looked upon him as an oracle. Even Charles V. and Francis I. agreed in this. If we enquire why this happened to him rather than to some other great men, of a merit equal, and perhaps superior to Erasmus, we must say that it was owing to the time when he lived; when the world, awaking from a sleep of a thousand years, all orders of men applied themselves to letters with an enthusiasm which produced in them the highest esteem and veneration for one of their principal restorers. Besides, as the general attention, from piety, from curiosity, from vanity, and from interest,

was

1762.

was directed towards the religious disputes, a great divine was the fashionable character; and all parties endeavoured to attract or to preserve him. But to which of those parties did Erasmus adhere? His writings, and even his conduct, were often equivocal. The Catholics claim him, though they acknowledge that he was often indiscreet. Le Clerc challenges him for the Protestants, though he blames him for not professing what he knew to be the truth; and attributes his reserve solely to timidity and self-interest. Erasmus has certainly exposed all the grosser superstitions of the Romish worship to the ridicule of the public: and had his free opinion been taken, I believe that he was a Protestant upon most of the contested points. But many other motives might restrain him from a declaration. He was always persuaded, that any speculative truths were dearly purchased at the expence of practical virtue and public peace. Besides, many considerations might often make him balance as to those truths; prejudices of education, the authority of the fathers, and a natural inclination to scepticism. Add to all this, that really disapproving many things in the Protestant communion, though more in the Romish, by remaining in the loose situation of a man who was unwilling to quit the religion of his ancestors, he could blame many things in it with freedom; whereas had he deserted it, he must either have set up a standard himself, or else have enlisted blindly under that of Luther or *Æcolampadius*. It is surprising that Erasmus, who could see through much more plausible fables, believed firmly in witchcraft.

Sep. 30th.]—I began the *Ciceronianus*, and read p. 1—80.

October 1st.]—I read *Ciceronianus*. p. 80—230, which finished it; and perused 47 pages of Extracts from Erasmus's Letters, which related to it; and which turn principally upon the great scandal which the comparison between *Ascensius Badius* and the great *Budeus* had given in France. The object of this dialogue is to attack some blind admirers and copiers of Tully's style; who, at the revival of letters, formed, especially in Italy, a very considerable sect, of which the principal leaders were, *Bembo*, *Sadolet*, and *Julius Scaliger*. In this attack he employed every arm both of argument and pleasantry. It may be divided into three parts; in the first, *Nosoponus* the Ciceronian is introduced; and with that exquisite species of humour, of which the *Lettres Provinciales* offer so fine a specimen, ridicules his own party by a bare exposition of those maxims which he himself venerated and practised. His exclusive devotion to

Cicero,

1762.

Cicero, his three Indices, his never writing but in the dead silence of the night, his employing months upon a few lines, his religious caution about the words, and his total indifference about the sense, are truly and highly comic. In the second, Erasmus himself appears under the name of *Boulephorus*; and entering into a great detail, establishes, victoriously, that Cicero, though worthy of our attention and imitation, is not the only one worthy of it; that so servile an attachment to any author, destroys all freedom and originality of genius, and produces only a set of tame writers, who, perhaps, will copy only the faults, but who will surely never attain to the perfections of their great model; and that finally, we should rather endeavour to speak as Cicero would do if he lived at present, than as he did in his time; that since words are made for ideas, and not ideas for words, it is infinitely more reasonable to coin new words to express a variety of things unknown to Cicero, than, out of a vain ambition for purity, to call excommunication, *interdictio aquæ et ignis*, and to express all the objects of Christianity by the terms of the Pagan rituals. It must be confessed, that the Ciceronians laid themselves very open to ridicule, were it only by their looking on Tully not only as the best but as the sole model, and that of language as well as of eloquence. In a polite age, in which a language is thoroughly cultivated, every writer who is a man of education, of letters, and of taste, speaks nearly the same language; and very often, genius and eloquence instead of being companions to purity, are enemies to it, by diverting the attention to nobler aims. Bouhours is much purer than either Corneille or Bayle. Why therefore should we exclude all other writers of the Augustan age, and confine our imitation to Tully alone; who was not a native of Rome, and who, from the fire of his imagination, the variety of his occupations, and the multiplicity of his writings, could not always attend nicely to his expressions. Why is not Cæsar (for example) as safe a model? A Ciceronian must believe Cicero's own account of him. *Cæsar autem rationem adhibens, consuetudinem vitiosam et corruptam purâ et incorruptâ consuetudine emendat. Itaque . . . ad hanc elegantiam verborum Latinorum adjungit illa oratoria ornamenta dicendi.* But the same Ciceronian, if he would condescend to admit the other Latin writers of that age into a partnership with Tully, would be much more formidable than Nosoponus. He would observe, that in all languages, rules and analogies are very treacherous guides; that in modern tongues, we see them

give

1762. give way every day to custom. That in the dead ones, that custom is to be met with only in the most correct writers; and that whenever we deviate from them, we risk offending against the idiom of the language. That the boldest moderns did not carry their privilege of making new terms so far as they ought, to have made it really useful, since they express many modern ones by very loose periphrases. That as they are themselves still fond of copying and alluding to the ancients, the writings of Erasmus himself are an incoherent mixture of Roman manners and expressions with Batavian ones; a mixture not less ridiculous than their scrupulous antique idiom. Perhaps the natural conclusion from these various difficulties, where either freedom or correctness must be sacrificed, was, that instead of that ungrateful labour upon a dead language, it would be better to improve and cultivate the living ones. But this conclusion was too much for the age of Erasmus. The third part of the Dialogue, which contains Erasmus's opinion of the style of the principal Latin authors, both antient and modern, shews great learning; but his judgments are too superficial, and not so much varied as the nature of the subject required. The style of the *Ciceronianus* itself is lively and easy; but the spirit of the Dialogue is but indifferently kept up. Nisoponus makes no defence, and Hypologus is quite a useless personage.

October 2d.]—After a long absence, I returned at last to Longinus, and read the third and fourth chapters, πγ, γ+οτζ. After Longinus had, in the two former chapters, opened his design, and shewn that though the true sublime is a gift of nature, yet nature may, as in other things, be assisted by art; he treats of two vices different from each other, but equally opposite to it; the one a turgid style and inflated figures, springing from an exuberance of genius or a vain ambition: the other a frigid poor labour after puns and little affected beauties. I approve very much of this inverted method of shewing first what a thing is not, and then what it is. In these refined enquiries nothing contributes more to assist our imagination and dispel prejudices. I likewise admire that noble freedom with which he discovers the faults of those heroes themselves*, Plato and Xenophon.

3d.]—I employed my morning very well, since I read the fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth chapters of Longinus. The two first are inconsiderable; the seventh, in which he points

* Οἱ πρῶτοι ἐχθιστοί.

LONGIN. πρὸς υψύς, p. 32. Edit. Toll.

1762.

points out the way to discover the true sublime, is the work of a man of strong feelings rather than of a clear head; the eighth begins to enter more deeply into the subject, and points out five sources of the sublime. The ninth chapter, which treats of the first of these, (the elevation of the ideas,) is one of the finest monuments of antiquity. Till now, I was acquainted only with two ways of criticising a beautiful passage: the one, to shew, by an exact anatomy of it, the distinct beauties of it, and whence they sprung; the other, an idle exclamation, or a general encomium, which leaves nothing behind it. Longinus has shewn me that there is a third. He tells me his own feelings upon reading it; and tells them with such energy, that he communicates them. I almost doubt which is most sublime, Homer's *Battle of the Gods*, or *Longinus's* *Apostrophe to Terentianus* upon it. The chapter concludes with some very ingenious observations upon the different character of the *Iliad* and of the *Odyssey*. I am sorry to criticise such a chapter, but what would Longinus have said, had another made his observation upon that passage of Homer, where the celestial horses leap at one bound the extent of the visible horizon? One would think, says he, the world could not have afforded space for such another leap. To what faculty does the visible horizon appear above half the world? To the eyes it appears, the whole; to the understanding, and even to the imagination, a very small part.

[October 4th.]—I read the *tenth chapter of Longinus*, p. 72—88. Its subject is but obscurely marked, and appears at first to run into the former. The distinction however appears to be the first traits of those great and simple ideas, which require only to be fully conceived and expressed; the second, of such ideas as, though not sublime in themselves, may be rendered so by the artful introduction of accessory circumstances. But I hardly think that the Ode of Sappho was a proper example. It may be beautiful, it may be passionate; but surely there is nothing in it which elevates the mind: Longinus's own characteristic of the sublime. This morning Mr. M. . . . returned my visit, and stayed nearly two hours with me. I have not yet seen any great proofs of his taste or genius, but he is certainly a scholar, and a very communicative one. Observing I had only *Hederici's Lexicon*, he offered me *Scapula* as much better, and sent it to me in the evening. It is in fact infinitely more copious; and I like much the disposition of it by roots. It gives you a much clearer idea of the language, by reducing it to a

1762. small number of primitives; which, by their various compositions, produce all the riches of that copious tongue.
 5th.]—I read the *eleventh and twelfth chapters of Longinus*, p. 88—94. They treat of *Amplification*; of that art in poetry and rhetoric by which things are made to appear greater than they really are. Perhaps, had he known the magnifying glasses, he would have said that the merit of that art was, like those glasses, to increase the magnitude, but preserve the proportions. He then draws a comparison between Cicero (who excelled peculiarly in it) and Demosthenes; a comparison framed with his usual eloquence, and with a candour for the Roman's merit very uncommon in a Greek.

October 11th.]—I read the *thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth chapters of Longinus*, p. 94—118. The two first, which treat of imitation, are true pictures of the impetuous genius of the author. He enters on his subject by a quotation from Plato, which is very remotely connected with it. Then, though he recommends as a road to the sublime, the imitation of the great antients; yet imitation is too lame a practice to be agreeable to him. He first extends it to an advice to us to consider how Homer or Demosthenes would have expressed such an idea, not how they would express any one; then to think how they would approve of the manner in which we ourselves are going to express it; that is, to make them not our models, but our judges; and at last, disclaiming all particular imitation, he advises us only to catch their fire, and to imitate the noble confidence with which they looked forward to the latest posterity. The fifteenth chapter contains some fine examples of poetical figures, distinguishes them from rhetorical ones, and observes, that the mistaken taste of his age makes them be often confounded.

12th.]—I read the *sixteenth chapter of Longinus*, p. 118—126. He speaks of the phrase and elocution. This is his third source of the sublime. The *parbas*, which was the second, he has almost totally forgotten. This chapter is taken up chiefly by the example of the famous oath of Demosthenes; by the heroes of Marathon and Platea. He examines it very nicely, discovers all the art and energy of it, and shews how much it differs from a similar expression of the comic Eupolis. If the ninth chapter shews Longinus the most as a man of genius, he no where appears a more excellent critic than in this.

14th.]—I began the *Colloquia of Erasmus*, and as far as I have gone, think them full of entertainment.

16th.]

16th.]—I read several chapters of *M. de Tillmann's Hist. de l'Empire*, in relation to Longinus's Patrons Odenathus and Zenobia, tom. iii. p. 31: 947—952; 976—977; 983—988; 1039—1061; and 1078—1082. It is much better to read this part of the Augustan history in so learned and exact a compilation than in the originals, who have neither method, accuracy, eloquence, nor chronology. I think them below the worst monkish chronicles we have extant. We may observe that Odenathus, who was an Arab, began to shew the superiority of his brave barbarians over the corrupted Romans; a superiority which Mahomet improved by the additional spur of religion, but which he did not create.

October 18th.]—I read the seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth, twentieth, twenty-first, twenty-second, twenty-third, twenty-fourth, twenty-fifth, and twenty-sixth chapters of Longinus, p. 126—154. He continues to treat of the various kinds of figures, which, when properly employed, give force and beauty to the discourse: the interrogation, the omission of copulatives, the mixture of figures, the transposition of ideas, and the alterations of number and tense. This is perhaps the least shining part of his book; as it is the more mechanical part of criticism. However, Longinus enlivens the dulness of it, by the magic of his style; and corrects the dryness by the clearness of his reasons, and the accuracy of his distinctions. I shall give an instance of each. Speaking of that rhetorical figure by which a writer, addressing himself to his reader, employs the second person, he himself makes use of it in a most beautiful manner, in animadverting to Terentianus upon a passage of Herodotus*. The second is, where treating of the change of the singular into the plural he distinguishes, with great justness, between those words which, singular by their termination, by their sense may be considered as plural, without any effort of, or effect upon, the imagination; and those which, in themselves strictly singular, are magnified and multiplied, when, upon certain occasions, they are spoken of as plural†. I must just mention a mistake of *Tollius*. Herodotus makes use of the words *Δαδοις δεξιπλοαι*. *Tollius* owns that it signifies *servis fugitivis*; but thinks it not elegant enough, and therefore renders it by the vague expression of *servitutem acerbissimam*‡. However, the other

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* Longin. C. xxvi. p. 152. † Longin. C. xxiii. p. 144.

‡ Longin. C. xxii. p. 142. notatq. Toll. in loc.

1762.

has certainly more elegance, as well as truth and propriety. The Ionians had revolted from the Persians; if they were again subdued, they would not only be, as before, oppressed like slaves, but punished as fugitives.

19th J.—I read Longinus, chapters twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, and thirty, p. 154—168. He continues his enumerations of figurative expressions, and mentions that sudden transition from one person to another, of which the poets and orators have left us some fine examples. It may, however, be remarked, that as this figure is infinitely violent and abrupt, it is suitable only to the strongest passions, and therefore commonly suits better the poet's heroes than himself. Longinus then proceeds to the periphrasis, and gives some very sensible rules about it. However he has forgotten to observe, that though, when well employed, this figure gives light and grace to a discourse; yet in itself it is an enemy to the sublime, of which a concise expression is always the best vehicle. If we enquire into the reason of it, we must say, that it presents the idea at once, gives as little as possible to tediousness and deficiencies of language, and comes the nearest to the operations of thought. In the thirtieth chapter, he enters upon the choice of words, which he has laid down as the fourth source of the sublime. There appears to be here a considerable chasm.

Oct. 20th J.—I read Longinus, chapters thirty-one, thirty-two, and thirty-three, p. 168—186. The thirty-first seems to be very defective; however we see that he proves that the common expressions, when introduced properly, have often more strength and meaning than more elaborate ones. I believe his position just, and his examples from Herodotus explain his meaning very well; but I think that from Demosthenes ill chosen. The idea is indeed very *idiotic*, but it is expressed by a very uncommon and metaphorical word. The thirty-second chapter treats of the multiplicity of metaphors, for which Longinus is a great advocate, and admires very much a laboured description of the human body by Plato. I wish I could admire it too. However, as Plato has certainly faults, our critic examines in the twenty-third chapter, which is preferable, a sublimity often faulty, or an unblamable mediocrity. He treats his subject with an eloquent and becoming enthusiasm. His decision is that of a man of taste. I likewise read a letter of Pliny on the same subject, L. ix. Ep. 26; which is full of very pretty thoughts and expressions. I am of the same opinion with both of these great writers; but think neither of them has gone deep enough

1762

enough. I take the reason to be, not that we are more strongly affected with beauties, but that we are longer so: the pleasure we feel in the sensation prolongs it, by making us dwell upon it with satisfaction; whereas the disgust we conceive from faults shortens the sensation, by causing us to call off our attention immediately. There are, besides, two other collateral reasons, but I take this to be the principal, and I must not write dissertations in my journal.

21st.]—Last night, when in bed, I was thinking of a dissertation of M. de la Nauze, upon the Roman calendar; which I read last year*. This led me to consider what was the Greek, and finding myself very ignorant of it, I determined to read a short, but very excellent abstract of Mr. Dodwell's book *de Cyclis*, by the famous Dr. Halley*. It is only twenty-five pages; but as I meditated it thoroughly, and verified all the calculations, it was a very good morning's work. The cycle of Meton had for its object, to reconcile the course of the sun with that of the moon, which it accomplishes in a cycle of 19 solar years, 235 lunar months, and 6940 days. The years should be regularly twelve months, and the months thirty days; but as the first would not be enough, it is necessary to add seven *mensēs embolimi* in the third, fifth, eighth, eleventh, thirteenth, sixteenth, and nineteenth years of the cycle; and as the second would be too much, 110 months are *cavi*, or of 29 days only, which is determined by leaving out every sixty-fourth day. The first cycle begins with July 15th, Ant. Chr. 432†. To reduce them to the Julian account, you must observe the following rule. Collect the number of months elapsed since the beginning of the period; multiply them by 30; add the number of days elapsed in the current month; divide the whole number by 64; subtract the quotient from it; add as many times 6940 as there have been complete cycles, with the constant number 196, and you have the whole number of days elapsed since the 1st January, Ant. Chr. 434; which number you may easily reduce into Julian years, months, and days. This dissertation gives me a very clear, and, I believe, a very true notion of Meton's Attic year. As to that of Calippus, it was only a reformation of that of Meton; who had reckoned the solar year too long by about one seventy-sixth of a day; to obviate which, he added another *dies exemplilis*; but as it is at the end of his period of 76 years,

* V. Journal, August 25 and 26, 1761.

† At the end of the second volume of the Life of Mr. Dodwell. London, 1715,

‡ It was the first after the *Bissexile*.

years, we need pay no attention to it in our calculations: otherwise it is the same months regular and embolimi, and the same *dies exemplaris*. We must only observe two differences in our reductions of it. 1. That instead of 196 days to be added, there are 552 always to be subtracted, being the number of days between the 1st July, Ant. Chr. 330, when the cycle begins, and January 1st, 328, being the first after Bissextile. Indeed, to perform the reductions exactly, we ought to have all our dates in olympiads or archontats, compared with years of the cycles; but if we meet with any modern author who reckons by Julian years anticipated, we may venture (after subtracting his number from 432*) to look upon the last year of it as complete, if the date fall into the six first Attic months, or as commenced only in to one of the last six. Should we be mistaken, which may happen, our calculation itself will discover our error. I say the same of the cycle of Calippus. 2. In the last mentioned cycle we need attend only to the current one, and pay no attention to those that are complete, as every cycle answers exactly to 76 Julian years. I cannot say I received the same satisfaction as to the Macedonian calendar. Far from being supported by the necessary proofs, Mr. Dodwell's opinion is not even clearly laid down. Dr. Halley owns himself, that there are great disputes about the order of their months, and the time when their year began. I know, besides, that there is another very prevalent system of Archbishop Usher, who makes the Macedonian year not luni-solar, but solar. I must, therefore, suspend my judgment till I have seen *Mr. Dodwell de Cyclis*, and *Usher de Veteri anno Macedonum et Asianorum solari*. As to the Roman year, M. de la Nauze is still my master.

October 23d.]—Continuing my study and meditation of the Greek calendar, I resolved to verify some remarkable date. I immediately recollected the battle of Arbela, which, according to Plutarch, was fought eleven days after a total eclipse of the moon, that happened on the 14th of the month Boedromion. This eclipse answers to the 20th of September, Ant. Chr. 331. The battle was fought, therefore, the 1st of October. Now, according to Mr. Dodwell's system, the 25th of Boedromion answers exactly to that day. This is a strong presumption in its favour. The calculation, though sure, is however so tedious, that I wish some way could be thought of to shorten it. I could construct a table, in which, marking the olympiads, the archontats, the years

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* If he reckons by years before Christ the reduction would be very easy.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL.

327
1762.

of the cycle, and the month and day of the Julian, the beginning of each answers to . . . The *dies exemplaris* would be the most troublesome, as being not fixed to any months or years, but running regularly through the cycle. However by some trials I made, I found I could manage them.

24th.]—I read Longinus, chapters thirty-four, thirty-five, thirty-six, thirty-seven, thirty-eight, thirty-nine, forty, and forty-one, p. 186—222. Our author continues his comparison of the sublime often faulty, and the mediocrity always irreprehensible, in the three first. His characters of Hyperides and Demosthenes are finely marked. He expatiates with pleasure on the various merits of Hyperides, and distinguishes them by epithets always just and always different, which display both his own penetration, and the accurate fertility of the language in which he wrote; but all these encomiums are only garlands, which make him a victim worthier the object of his divinity, Demosthenes; who, inferior in every other respect to Hyperides, surpasses him infinitely by those sublime and terrible beauties with which his writings abound. This chapter gives perhaps a clearer idea of the sublime than any other in Longinus; since it is not only distinguished from the faults which are contrary to, but likewise from the beauties which are different from it. But still this is not enough. I wish that I had time to explain the fine poetical comparison of the thirty-fifth chapter, and to give a better reason than Longinus does, why the rule, that greatness is preferable to exactness, does not hold good in sculpture as well as in poetry. In the thirty-seventh I agree with Le Fevre and Dacier, that the common reading of Herodotus is highly absurd; but if Longinus could praise that absurdity, why might not Herodotus write it? In the thirty-eighth chapter he enters upon his fifth source of the sublime, the arrangement of words. We see something, though a small part, of the attention which the Greeks paid to the harmony of their periods. That not satisfied with the judgment of the ear, they had established for prose a measure of dactyles and spondees, less exact, but more varied than in verse; by which, without confining themselves to the precise form of feet, they could render the whole period abrupt or flowing, slow or precipitate. In the fortieth and forty-first he blames the affectation of giving every period the same cadence; or of making the periods too short, and disjointed from each other.

October 25th.]—I read Cicero de Oratore. C. 63—66, in relation to the harmony of prose. Although the Latin tongue

1762.

tongue was not perhaps so susceptible of it as the Greek; yet we may discover how attentive the Romans were to it. The end was to give to prose an harmony equivalent, but not similar to verse. The means employed were; 1. To consider syllables abstracted from feet; and to make long or short ones prevail in a period in the degree and manner they chose. Thus, in the famous passage of Demosthenes, we hear the sound of dactyles, or of something still more rapid; since out of twenty-nine syllables, twenty-one are short. 2. The ancient metre has this advantage over ours, that in modern tongues the harmony consists only in the composition of a verse, or at least of a *hemistiche*; whereas, if you take an ancient verse to pieces, the feet of which it is composed give you, by their peculiar and distinct harmony, *disjecta membra poetæ*. The great variety of these feet furnished the orators with innumerable ways of harmonizing their periods, without ever deviating into verse. I likewise read *Longinus*, chapters forty-two and forty-three, which finished him. The forty-second contains some examples of fine descriptions, degraded by one or two low words. In the last chapter of this small, but valuable treatise, *Longinus* examines the reason why no sublime writers were to be found in his age. He treats this question (which, taken in the utmost latitude, is perhaps a Gordian knot) with more eloquence than accuracy. It is, however, worth remarking, that he still continues to enforce his precept by his example. He appears pretty plainly to have been of opinion, that the true sublime, especially in eloquence, could never belong to slaves; and that it could be found only in geniuses nursed under a popular government, whose writings breathed the same liberty as their actions. These ideas are noble, and perhaps true; but they were too harsh for the court of Palmyra. *Longinus* was forced to enervate them, not only by the term *Δικαιοκρατία*, which he takes care to apply twice to the present despotism; but by employing the stale pretence of putting his own thoughts into the mouth of a nameless philosopher. I read on the same question *Seneca*, *Epist. cxiv. p. 646—651; Edit. Lips. apud Plantin.* He considers it in another, and, I think, a better light than *Longinus*. Both attribute the decay of taste to luxury and its attendant vices; but the Greek considering them almost as passive, thinks that they only extinguish all emulation and application; while the Roman looks upon them as very active, by accustoming our taste to relish only the tricks of novelty and affectation, and to despise genuine and simple eloquence.

The

1782.

The character of Mæneas is a fine caricature. How different is he from the Mæneas of Virgil and Horace. As to Longinus in general, after what I have observed upon almost every chapter, I have little left to say. It is certainly a fine performance; the style is faulty only by being rather too poetical for a didactic work. In general, I should adopt most of his decisions; only I think that for want of having a clear idea of the sublime, he has sometimes blamed passages for being deficient in that respect, or praised them for excelling in it, whose nature and design neither had, nor required, that kind of beauty. I could likewise have wished that Longinus had not always confined himself to single passages, but had pointed out that sublime which results from the choice and general disposition of a subject. I think that Longinus shows real taste and genius, by his indulgence in the fallies of a warm imagination, and by his severity to the pretinences of the art; though, like most men of genius who possess more force and elevation than delicacy, he may sometimes have confounded refinement and affection. As to his commentators, Langbænius is ostentatiously pedantic, and learnedly absurd; Le Fevre is, as usual, vain, bold, and ingenious; the notes of Tollius are full of taste, good criticism, and real erudition. There are a number of corrupted passages in Longinus, which, by the help of manuscripts, or from his own conjectures, he has restored extremely well.

October 26th.]—I intended to have composed a long abstract of that Greek Life of Homer, which I finished September the fourth, and actually wrote a page of it; but other things intervening, I went no further. As it is now too late, I shall take this occasion of giving a short account of it. Its title is improper enough; after an history of Homer, comprised in a few lines, and full of blunders, the author proceeds in his main design, which was to shew that there was no art or science of which Homer was not the father and laid the foundations; a design which proves the excessive veneration of the Greeks still better than the temples they erected to him. To support so vain an argument, much sophistry and false reasoning was necessary. The following are some specimens of them which struck me. It is almost impossible to follow him through his innumerable divisions and subdivisions; which, instead of easing our attention, and fixing our memory, perplex the one, and overburthen the other. This is a sufficient inconvenience in this method, but another infinitely greater results from it. Those

1762.

Those divisions, by treating every minute part of a subject separately, often pass over the most essential notions of it, because they are common to the whole. Nay, as they are commonly the work of a trifling genius, they are sometimes founded only upon some very trivial and accessory ideas, without ever reaching the fundamental principles. Thus, when our critic wants to prove Homer an historian, he accurately divides the requisites of history into the mention of person, cause, place, time, instrument, passion, action, and manners; proves that in some part of his works the poet mentions each of these, and then very accurately concludes that he was an historian. What a minute division of history, which forgets all the most important parts of it, accuracy, impartiality, and an hundred more *! 2. To prove Homer's knowledge universal, he is forced, in several sciences, to instance things hardly above the rank of self-evident ideas, with which no peasant in a civilized country is unacquainted. Thus he is the father of arithmetic, because by saying that fifty men guarded each of the thousand Trojan fires, he does not compute himself, but furnishes the occasion of computing the Trojan army at fifty thousand men †. 3. One would think it sufficient for Homer's honour, to have been the father of all known truth; and that it was rather lowering, than raising his character, to make him acquainted with all the opinions of latter ages, however extravagant or contradictory to one another. The system of Thales, who makes water the universal principle; that of Xenophanes, who to water adds earth; and the general opinion which acknowledges four elements, are all borrowed from Homer ‡; though to have asserted all these opposite principles, implies more learning than judgment. Indeed, when he speaks of the Stoics and Peripatetics, he saves the contradiction very ingeniously. Homer was acquainted with both systems; but he looked upon the first as more exalted and conformable to reason; on the latter, as more practicable, and conformable to experience §. 4. When the plain text of Homer appears absurd, or at least furnishes no proofs of science, he had recourse to the allegorical sense, where he discovers a thousand mysteries ||. I cannot here explain my sentiments on that head, nor illustrate and enforce a distinction which has not been enough attended to, viz. of what was allegory to Homer, and what was indeed allegory in its origin, but through

* Vit. Homer, p. 315—318.

† Vit. Homer, p. 324.

|| ———— p. 325—330.

† Vit. Homer, p. 360.

§ ———— p. 354—354.

through various mixtures and length of time, appeared then in a quite different shape. I have the less occasion to do it here, as my author is much sorer on this head, than

many others of the antients; some of whom (Heraclides for instance) have written whole books upon Homer's allegories.

5. My author, like many of the antients, is very fond of drawing philosophical conclusions from a resemblance of words and fanciful etymologies; a method which, with reason, would give one a poor opinion of their logic. Thus our author, from the resemblance of *Δαίμων* and *Δαίμον*, would infer that Homer looked upon the soul as shackled and imprisoned by the body*, without ever considering that such grammatical conjectures want proof themselves, instead of being able to furnish it to other positions. Indeed it is more excusable to employ such arguments for the existence, than for the truth of an opinion. 6. These two last faults are common to him with many; his reasonings about numbers are more peculiar to him. He runs, and carries Homer with him, into all the Pythagorean whimsies†, the perfections of the *monade* and odd numbers, and the imperfections of the *duade* and even ones. He quotes several passages of Homer where the *monade* is praised, such as the *Εὐχαρίστητος* *ἄνθρωπος*, without once inquiring whether it is praised for an absolute or for a relative merit. Notwithstanding these criticisms, I am far from despising this Life of Homer.

The author was a man of much subtilty and ingenuity; so that you are often pleased with the imagination, though you despise the reasoning. Nay, the reasoning is often more the vice of his subject than his own. When he treats of those arts of which Homer was really a master, language, rhetoric, and morality, he is very solid and instructive. You find many nice observations concerning Homer's style, his use of the various Greek dialects, his deviations from the common rules of grammar, and the different figures he employs. One that struck me relates to the genders. He often, for the sake either of metre, or energy, employs a masculine epithet to a feminine substantive; but it is only speaking of those qualities of the mind which are of no sex, or if of any, which appertain rather to the male, such as *ἄλκιμος*, *ἰσχυρός* &c.‡ In treating of Homer's rhetoric, he explains very well the artifice of the speeches of the second Iliad; the various eloquence of the ambassadors to Achilles, and the gradations by which he gave way to them§. So much

* Vit. Homer, p. 342.

† ——— p. 303.

‡ Vit. Homer, p. 358—360.

§ ——— p. 371—377.

1762.

much for the original. The editor was mighty negligent in not distinguishing properly Homer's verses from the prose, which is full of them, and not referring us to the places where they are to be found. The translator, whom I can scarcely believe to be Dr. Gale, has committed numberless blunders. I shall mention a curious one. He translates this verse of Homer,

Agrios, caueis et, equis et excolite agros. Odyss. A. 130.
by *Arietem porcorum custodem**. Besides the nonsense of the expression, and the absurdity of making one animal only, where grammar and the sense of his author required three; need I quote Constantine and Pollux to shew that *Excolite* signifies *ascensorem*, and is metaphorically applied to the copulation of animals†? Why not translate it at once,

Agnum, et taurum, suisque ascensorem aprum.

October 29th.]—I read Tollius's *Gustus Animadversionum Criticarum*, at the end of Longinus, p. 348—360. I cannot say that they any ways answered my expectation. Tollius was not equal to such critical parallels as they are designed for, between some of the ancient writers. The first is between a passage of Pindar and another of Horace. It results from his laborious inquiry, that the Greek tongue is more harmonious than the Latin. The second, between Theocritus and Virgil, teaches me, 1. That among the ancients, presenting or throwing apples was customary between lovers. 2. That Virgil is far inferior to the Greek poet, since his Polyphemus boasts of having milk only all the year, whereas the Cyclop of Theocritus boasts that he has both milk and cheese. The third is between Apollonius and Ovid. As the Greeks are always to have the advantage, and Ovid is very open to criticism, Tollius talks rather more to the purpose.

30th.]—I read Tollius, p. 360—371. A comparison between Virgil and a little poem of Petronius. Very bad indeed. However, I must now go through these comparisons.

31st.]—I went to church, heard a pretty good sermon from Mr. L.... and read the second lesson, the fourth chapter of St. Luke, in Greek.

November 1st.]—I read Tollius, p. 371—381, the end. He compares Homer and Virgil as to the manner of Turnus' and Hector's deaths. He reasons better than usual,

* Vit. Homer, p. 359.

† Constant. in Voc. Jul. Poll. Onomastie. L. v. c. 15. p. 92.

but did not consider that Hector's not asking for mercy like Turnus, is no proof of his superior courage. Turnus was slightly wounded; Hector mortally. I began to-day, as a natural supplement to Longinus, a philosophical inquiry into the nature of our ideas of the sublime and beautiful, and read the Introduction upon Taste, p. 1—40, which, like all other researches into our primary ideas, is rather loose and unsatisfactory. The division, however, of the passive impression which is common to all men, and relates chiefly to positive beauty or faultiness, and the active judgment which is founded on knowledge, and exercised mostly on comparison, pleased me; perhaps because very like an idea of my own.

2d.]—I read the Enquiry, p. 40—95, which comprizes the first part. The author's object is to class our various passions and sensations, and to investigate our affections, in order to discover how we are and ought to be affected. All those of the mind he refers to two classes;—self preservation and society. The former renders us sensible of pain and terror; the latter, in their various branches, (of sympathy, imitation, and terror,) of pleasure, love, and joy. Their nature is eternally distinct; and they never can run into one another. This naturally leads Mr. Burke to deny that the privation of pleasure ever produces positive pain; and *vice versa*, the sensation produced by the absence of pain he calls delight, a solemn, awful feeling, very different from positive pleasure.

November 4th.]—I finished the Enquiry, which contains in all 342 pages. The author writes with ingenuity, perspicuity, and candour. His reigning principles are, that pain, when absent, and moderated to terror, is productive of that solemn delight which forms the beauty of the sublime; this idea he pursues through its various shapes of immensity either of time or place, power, darkness, &c. It is surprizing how much Longinus and Mr. Burke differ as to their idea of the operations of the sublime in our minds. The one considers it as exalting us with a conscious pride and courage, and the other as astonishing every faculty, and depressing the soul itself with terror and amazement. If it should be found that the sublime produces this double, and seemingly contrary effect; we must look out for some more general principles which may account for it, though we may adopt still many particular materials and observations of both writers in the investigation of it. Such is Mr. Burke's system of the sublime: his notion of the beautiful

1762. beautiful is, that it is produced by whatever gives us pleasure. Perhaps his idea, confined as it is to the pleasures of sense, (heightened indeed by the imagination,) is yet too general. What connection can he discover between the pleasures of the taste and the idea of beautiful? However, he thinks, (and I believe with reason,) that any thing, to appear beautiful either to the sight or touch, must convey to the sense an idea of softness and gradual variation, and to the imagination those of gentleness, delicacy, and even fragility. The ideas of beauty being in the least founded on those of order, proportion, or utility, he entirely explodes. I cannot help observing here, that in speaking of any thing beautiful, we consider the figure as so essential to it as not to be altered without changing the nature of it; and the colour as an accessory quality which may be varied at pleasure:—a proof that sometimes common feelings are conformable to philosophical speculations, where we should the least expect it. Mr. Burke employs his last part in considering words as the signs of ideas. He remarks that they do not commonly, when pronounced, call up in the mind a picture of the idea for which they stand; and that consequently in poetry or eloquence we are as often affected by the words themselves, as by clear images of what they are designed to represent. I began to-day Ubbo Emmius' Geographical Description of Greece, (which will be very useful for all my Greek authors, but particularly for the *Odyssey*;) and read p. 1—18.

November 5th.]—I read Emmius, p. 18—40.

6th.]—I read Emmius, p. 40—45.

7th.]—I read Emmius, p. 45—54.

8th.]—I read Emmius, p. 54—194, the end. It is a short, and consequently a dry abridgment; but it is concise, clear, and exact. It contributed a good deal to confirm me in the contemptible idea I always entertained of Cellarius. 1. In comparing this abridgement with the single map of *Græcia Propria*, I found above 130 places omitted in Cellarius, and among them some of such note as Tirins, Helos, Ithome, Pifa, the province of Acarnania, and the valley of Tempe. What would it have been had I entered into the minute detail of any one region?

17th.]—I read *Les Observations de l'Abbé de Mably sur les Grecs*. They are not ill written; but I think a capital fault of them is, attributing more consequences to the particular characters of men, often ill-drawn, than to the general manners, character, and situation of nations.

30th.]

30th.]—I began the *Odyſſey* of Homer, and read L. i. p. 444, the end.

December 1st.]—I read the *Odyſſey*, L. ii. V. 1—128.

2d.]—I read the *Odyſſey*, L. ii. V. 128—434, the end.

3d.]—I read Potter's *Greek Antiquities*, V. ii. p. 120—160, where he treats of the naval affairs of the Greeks, in order to underſtand the voyages of Telemachus. As, while I was reading, I ſaw from my window ſome of the fineſt ſhips in the world, I could not very much admire the ſmall barks, with a maſt occaſionally ſet up and taken down, which they run aſhore every night.

5th.]—I read the *Odyſſey*, L. iii. V. 1—497, the end, and finiſhed ſome new Journals, the *Bibliothèque des Sciences et Belles Lettres*, from April to September 1762, and the *Journal des Savans combiné avec les Mémoires de Trévoux*, from June to September. There is a curious Diſſertation of Mr. Beyer upon the Atlantic Iſland of Plato. He pretends it is Judea. Some circumſtances and etymologies are as uſual favourable to him, others totally oppoſite. However, calling in allegory and romance to ſupport allegory and romance, he ſeems to think he has entirely confounded the Infidels. The other is the Voyage of M. Anquetil du Perron to the Eaſt Indies, with the ſole view of ſtudying the language and religion of the antient Perſées. He is juſt returned to France, with a prodigious number of manuſcripts, which may perhaps throw ſome light upon one of the moſt obſcure but moſt curious branches of antient hiſtory.

December 6th.]—I read Potter's *Antiquities*, vol. ii. p. 209—237, in relation to the ſacrifice offered by Neſtor, and ſo exactly deſcribed by Homer.

12th.]—I had borrowed of M. B. . . . a French Moral and Political Romance of the Abbé Teraſſon, called *Sethos*. The beginning is fine, the deſcription of the manners of the court of Memphis is worthy of Tacitus; and the ſyſtem of the Egyptian initiation is a very happy thought: but, unluckily, the intereſt of the piece gradually diminſhes in every book, till you arrive at the catastrophe, which is very cold and unnatural. As to the ſtyle, it is pure and elegant, ſcarcely ever elevated, and never animated. The Abbé Teraſſon had too mathematical a head to excel in the language of deſcription, and too ſtoic a heart to ſhine in that of the paſſions. His feelings, however, are juſt, though not warm: the whole work breathes a ſpirit of virtue and humanity, which renders it very amiable.

1762.

EXTRAITS DU JOURNAL.

1763. **A**PREs avoir quitté l'Angleterre, il est
Fevrier. assez naturel que j'en quitte la langue.
Les idées ont produit les mots; et j'aurois souvent autant
de peine à rendre en Anglois les usages du Continent, que
j'aurois eu de difficulté à bien exprimer en François les mœurs
Angloises, et les petits événemens de notre milice. Plu-
tôt que de recourir à des périphrases ennuyeuses, ou à des
traductions imparfaites; il vaut mieux employer tout uni-
quement la langue du pays.

Mais il faut renoncer à ce journal suivi et détaillé, dont
l'idée avoit flatté mon esprit, mais dont l'exécution auroit
trop gêné ma paresse, pour me permettre de la continuer.
Je l'avois discontinué pendant quelques jours; il étoit si
facile de réparer cette petite négligence! ces jours devinrent
insensiblement des semaines. L'ouvrage m'effrayoit en
s'augmentant. Je perdois en vains regrets le tems qui étoit
encore en mon pouvoir. Aujourd'hui, qu'il me faudroit
écrire l'histoire de six mois, la raison m'ordonne de n'y plus
songer.

Mais

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL.

1763. **H**AVING left England, it is fit that I should leave off Eng-
lish. Ideas create words; and there would be as much
February. difficulty in expressing continental customs in good English, as there would
be in describing in pure French the manners of England, and the minute
transactions of our regiment of militia. Instead of being obliged to write an
imperfect translation, or a tiresome paraphrase, it is better at once to have
recourse to the language of the country.

But I must renounce the design of a regular and minute journal, of which
I flattered myself with the plan, but of which I should find the constraint
too great on my natural laziness, to continue the execution. I had inter-
rupted my labours for a few days; this little negligence might be so easily
repaired! but these days have imperceptibly become weeks. The more I
had to do, I was the more reluctant to begin the work. The time still left
to me was spent in useless regret; and now that I ought to write my history
for six months, reason tells me that I must no longer think of the under-
taking.

But

1763.

Mais cette même raison ne veut point que je neglige entièrement la partie, peut-être plus curieuse de ma vie. Je vais rassembler plutôt selon l'ordre des matières, que sous celui du tems, les idées nouvelles que j'ai acquises pendant mon séjour à Paris. Elles se distribuent naturellement sous quatre chefs : 1. Les choses qui me sont personnelles, mon économie, mes liaisons, et mes amis. 2. L'état de la littérature en France, les gens de lettres, les académies, et le théâtre. 3. Des observations détachées, militaires, politiques, et morales. 4. Les bâtimens et les ouvrages de l'art.—Je laisserai cependant subsister quelques pages de mon journal, écrites dans le tems même ;—entreprise vaine : je l'abandonnai l'instant après l'avoir commencé.

A Lausanne, Août 17, 1763.]—J'ai écrit quelque chose de mon discours sur les anciens peuples de l'Italie. C'est bien peu pour une matinée entière passée à la campagne ; mais depuis quelque tems je ne fais plus rien. Les petites dissipations de la ville, le tumulte de Mesery, et les changemens journaliers de l'une à l'autre, me donnent plus de distractions à Lausanne, que je n'en ai jamais trouvée à Londres, ou à Paris. Il faut se remettre au travail.

18.]—J'ai lu la troisième Satyre de Juvénal, v. 1—322. Que le début est bien choisi ! Le bon Umbricius s'arrête dans

But the same reason enjoins me not entirely to neglect the most curious occurrences, perhaps, of my whole life. I shall collect, therefore, not in the order of time, but according to the distribution of subjects, the new ideas which I acquired during my residence in Paris. These subjects may be arranged under the following heads : 1. My own personal concerns ; expences, connections, friends. 2. The state of literature in France, the men of letters, academies, theatres. 3. Detached observations ; military, political, and moral. 4. The public buildings and works of art.—I will allow, however, some pages of my journal, which were written at the time, to remain in their original state ;—a vain undertaking, forsaken almost as soon as begun.

Lausanne, August 17th, 1763.]—I wrote a small part of my discourse on the ancient nations of Italy ; small indeed, for a whole morning spent in the country. But of late I scarcely do any thing. My trifling avocations in town, the continual bustle at Mesery, and the frequent removals from the one to the other, produce greater distractions of thought at Lausanne, than I ever experienced in London or Paris. I must seriously resume my labours.

18.]—I read the third Satire of Juvénal, consisting of three hundred and twenty-two verses. How judiciously does it set out ! The honest Umbricius stops in the wood of Egeria, a sacred monument of the patri-

1763.

dans le bois d'Egérie dans ce monument sacré des premiers Romains, possédé alors par de misérables Juifs, pour se plaindre à ce législateur, du luxe et des mœurs étrangères, qui avoient inondé cette patrie qu'il avoit formée par ses loix et par sa religion. Le caractère bas, mais mal adroit, de ses Concitoyens, opposé à l'art et à la souplesse de ces étrangers qui se faisoient esclaves pour devenir maîtres, est un contraste achevé. J'aurois voulu qu'après des tableaux aussi beaux, Juvénal ne se fût pas rabattu sur de petits embarras, sur les désordres communs à toutes les grandes villes, et qui ne comportent pas l'indignation sérieuse qu'il leur témoigne.

Août 20.]—J'ai lu la quatrième Satyre de Juvénal, pour la première fois.

24.]—J'ai lu la quatrième Satyre de Juvénal, v. 1—154, pour la seconde fois. Le conseil de Domitien est peut-être le morceau de satire le plus frappant de toute l'antiquité. Le sujet convenoit parfaitement au génie du poète; cette indignation sérieuse, cette énergie d'expression, qu'il prodigue quelquefois un peu légèrement, est ici à sa place, et fait passer dans l'ame du lecteur l'horreur pour le tyran, et pour les Romains le mépris qu'ils méritent si bien. Malheureusement ce morceau n'est point achevé. Après avoir décrit ses principaux conseillers avec la plume de Salluste, au moment de les mettre en jeu, le principal acteur dispaçoit, le feu du poète s'éteint,

the Romans, but then inhabited by wretched Jews, to complain to Numa of the luxury of foreign manners, which had overflowed a nation whom he had instructed in laws and religion. The awkward meanness of the Romans, opposed to the address and suppleness of the Greeks, who made themselves slaves to become masters, forms a striking contrast. After such a beautiful picture, Juvénal, I think, would have done better not to have dwelt so long on the little inconveniences and disorders common to all great cities, and which are unworthy of exciting the serious indignation which he expresses against them.

August 20.]—I read, for the first time, the fourth Satire of Juvénal.

24.]—I read the fourth Satire of Juvénal, consisting of one hundred and fifty-four verses, for the second time. The council of Domitian is, perhaps, the most striking passage of satire to be met with in any ancient author. This subject perfectly suited our poet's genius; that seriousness of indignation, and that energy of expression of which he is sometimes too lavish, are here in their proper place, and they forcibly impress on the reader's mind that detestation for the tyrant, and contempt for the Romans, which both so richly merited. Unfortunately this piece is left unfinished. After having described the principal counsellors with the pen of Sallust, the very moment they ought to begin their deliberation, the principal

s'éteint, et la fin de l'action est étranglée. J'ai lu aussi la cinquième Satyre, v. 1—173, deux fois. Que les Romains étoient grossiers parmi tout leur luxe ! Le financier le plus insolent n'oseroit pas aujourd'hui faire toutes ces distinctions humiliantes entre les convives. A Rome, l'élégant Pline se fait presque un mérite d'en avoir été révolté*. Que les caractères d'Horace et de Juvénal étoient différens ! Fils d'affranchis tous les deux, celui-ci ne savoit point fléchir devant le sot orgueil des grands, pendant que celui-là les en guérissoit, et vivoit avec eux, non en parasite, mais, en ami.

Août 25.]—J'ai lu pour la première fois, la sixième Satyre de Juvénal, v. 1—660. J'ai aussi achevé le troisième tome de la Bibliothèque Raisonnée. Il contient plusieurs ouvrages excellens ; tels que le *Système Intellectuel de Cudworth*, traduit par Mosheim† ; l'*Alcoran de Sale*, et les *Histoires critiques du Manichéisme, et de la Monarchie Française*, par M. de Beausobre et l'Abbé Dubos. Ces extraits sont un peu superficiels ; mais l'*Histoire du Droit Romain*, par M. Heineccius, est très intéressante pour un homme, qui ne s'embarrasse de la jurisprudence que par rapport à la littérature.

† La traduction paroît l'emporter sur l'original.

Août

principal personage disappears, the poet's fire extinguishes, and the end of the piece is mangled. I also read, twice, the fifth satire, consisting of one hundred and seventy-three verses. How gross were the manners of the Romans amidst all their luxury ! The most insolent financier would not now venture to make such humiliating distinctions among his guests. At Rome, the elegant Pliny considers his being disgusted with them almost as a merit in himself*. How different were the characters of Horace and Juvenal, although both sons of freedmen ! The latter disdained to bend to the pride of the great ; and the former, while he eyed them of that pride, lived with them not as a parasite, but as a friend.

August 25.]—I read, for the first time, the sixth Satire of Juvenal, consisting of six hundred and sixty verses ; and finished the thirteenth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains extracts from many excellent works ; such as *Cudworth's Intellectual System* by Mosheim† ; *Sale's Alcoran*, &c. *Critical History of Manichæism*, and of the *French Monarchy*, by Mr. Beausobre and the Abbé Dubos. These extracts are rather superficial ; but the *History of the Roman Law* by Heineccius, is highly interesting ; for those who consider jurisprudence only in its relation to general literature.

* V. Plin. Epist. L. ii. Ep. 6.

† The translation appears to be superior to the original.

Z 2

August

1763.

AOÛT 26.]—J'ai relu la sixième Satyre de Juvénal, v. 160. Après avoir déjeuné, je suis monté à la bibliothèque, pour consulter un traité de M. de Bochat, sur le culte des Divinités Egyptiennes à Rome; culte dont Juvénal parle à tout moment. Il est dans le Mercure de Neuchâtel de l'an 1742; mais je vois qu'il est tout hypothétique, et d'une hypothèse très chimérique, savoir que ce culte a dû passer de l'Egypte en Grèce, et de la Grèce en Italie, par les colonies long tems avant Romulus. J'ai consulté le premier tome de l'Académie des Belles Lettres, p. 140, sur la signification du mot *Attonita*, dans Juvénal Satyre, iv. v. 77. M. de Valois l'applique à l'étonnement qui regna dans la capitale, à l'occasion de la révolte de L. Antonius dans la Basse Germanie. Cette conjecture est possible. C'est tout ce qu'on en peut dire; mais je m'étonne qu'il n'en ait pas tiré la seule conclusion qui pouvoir la rendre intéressante. La révolte d'Antonius arriva l'an de Rome 840*. La tyrannie et l'extravagance de Domitien étoient donc déjà parvenues à leur comble; et les Romains eurent la lâcheté de supporter ce monstre encore neuf ans. J'ai lu le quatrième tome de la Bibliothèque Raisonnée. J'y ai trouvé *Syntagma Dissertationum*, &c. Leipzig. 1733. C'est un assez bon recueil de M. Mosheim, qui sent cependant un peu trop le Théologien, et même le

August 26.]—I read over again the first hundred and sixty verses of the sixth Satire of Juvenal. After breakfast I went to the library, to consult Mr. Bochat's Treatise on the Worship of the Egyptian Divinities at Rome, so often mentioned by Juvenal. It is to be found in the Neuchâtel Mercury for the year 1742. This treatise is merely a hypothesis, and that very chimerical; namely, that the worship of these divinities was brought from Egypt to Greece, and from Greece to Italy, by colonies established in that country long before the age of Romulus. I consulted the first volume of the Memoirs of the Academy of Belles Lettres, p. 140; concerning the signification of the word "*Attonita*" in the fourth Satire of Juvenal, v. 77. Mr. Valois applies it to the astonishment which prevailed in the capital in consequence of the revolt of L. Antonius in Lower Germany. This conjecture is possible, which is all that can be said of it. But I am surprised that he has not drawn from it the only conclusion that could render it interesting. Antonius's revolt happened in the year of Rome 840*. The excessive tyranny of Domitian had then reached its meridian; yet the baseness of the Romans endured this monster still nine years longer. I read the fourteenth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains *Syntagma Dissertationum*, &c. Leipzig, 1733: a good collection, by Mosheim; which, however, favours too much of the Theologian, and even

* V. M. de Tillemont Hist. des Empereurs, tom. ii. p. 39—edit. fol.

le Théologien Luthérien. *Plinii Epistola a Cortio, cum notis variorum; Amstel. 1734.* C'est un assez bon *Variorum*. *Itineraria Vetera a Wesselingio; Amstel. 1735.* Edition excellente d'un des ouvrages les plus utiles que nous ayons, sur la Géographie de l'Empire Romain.

Août 27.]—J'ai lu, pour la seconde fois, la sixième Satyre de Juvenal,—trésor de tous les traits qu'on a lâchés contre le sexe depuis seize cens ans. Sa force, sa variété, et son abondance, ne laissent rien à désirer. On pourroit souhaiter seulement de retrancher ces descriptions trop fidèles, qui enseignent le vice en le condamnant. Des malheureux pourrout-ils cependant se sauver de l'infamie, à force de la mériter? Leur seroit-il permis de cacher leurs excès aux yeux de la postérité, parcequ'ils en ont comblé la mesure? On lui a reproché même ces descriptions comme une preuve du plaisir secret qu'il y goûtoit. Mais l'horreur qu'il en témoigne toujours, me persuade assez, que c'est la chaleur du génie et de l'indignation, plutôt que celle de la volupté. Je lui reprocherois bien davantage une malignité de cœur, qui lui fait trouver le vice partout, qu'une dépravation de mœurs qui l'engage à lui pardonner. Il confond par tout l'invective et la satire. Toutes les femmes sont coupables, et le sont des crimes les plus affreux. Vous trouvez une Clytemnestre dans chaque rue.

of the Lutheran. *Plinii Epistola a Cortio, cum notis variorum; Amstel. 1734;* a very good edition. *Itineraria Vetera a Wesselingio; Amstel. 1734:* a most excellent edition of one of the most useful works we have, on the *Geography of the Roman Empire.*

August 27.]—I read, for the second time, the sixth Satire of Juvenal,—the source of all the invectives that have for sixteen centuries been accumulated against the sex. Nothing can be added to its force, richness, and variety; but some things perhaps might be retrenched from those too faithful descriptions, which, while they condemn vice, are apt to inspire vicious passions. Yet those wretches—are they entitled to escape infamy through the excess of their guilt? Ought their profligacy to be concealed from their posterity because they carried it to an immeasurable height? Juvenal has even been reproached with gratifying, in such descriptions, the pruriency of his own fancy. Yet the horror which he uniformly testifies at the disorders which he describes, will always persuade me, that his warmth proceeds, not from the flames of voluptuousness, but from the fire of indignation and genius. Instead of a licentiousness of morals, which inclined him to pardon vice, I would rather reproach him with a malignity of heart, which made him think the corruption general. He perpetually confounds invective with satire. All women are guilty, and guilty of the most

1763.

rue*. Je sai qu'il n'y a peut-être jamais eu de siècle plus corrompu que celui de Juvénal; que le luxe énerroit les mœurs; que les esclaves et les amphithéâtres endurcissent les cœurs; que la tyrannie avilissoit les sentimens, et que le mélange de toutes les nations détruisoit tous les principes et tous les caractères en les confondant. Il restoit, cependant, encore des traces des anciennes vertus, des hommes et des femmes dignes d'un siècle meilleur. Consultez un monument contemporain, les Epîtres de Plin; vous y verrez l'humanité, les mœurs, l'amour des talens, qui subsistoient dans la société de cet aimable Romain. Jamais Juvénal ne se permet la moindre louange des hommes vertueux †, quand ce ne seroit que pour les faire contraster avec les méchans. Tous les autres satiriques, un Horace, un Boileau, un Pope, ont compris qu'ils devoient se faire des amis de leurs lecteurs, en se représentant comme ceux de la vertu et des hommes. Ce sont aussi de tous les poètes ceux que nous aimons le plus, Mais Juvénal paroît détester les hommes par principe; et en leur déclarant la guerre, il se soucie assez peu d'acquiescer leur amitié. Cette misanthropie peut à la vérité lui donner un nouveau mérite pour notre malignité.

† J'entends de ses contemporains.

Août

most enormous crimes. You may find a Clytemnestra in every street*. I know that there never, perhaps, was an age more profligate than that of Juvenal; in which morals were enervated by luxury; the heart hardened by the institutions of domestic slavery and the amphitheatre; sentiments debased by the tyranny of government; and every characteristic and manly principle subverted, by the mixture and confusion of nations in one great city. Yet, there still remained many vestiges of the ancient virtues; and women, as well as men, worthy of living in a better age. If we consult Pliny's Epistles, a cotemporary monument, we shall find in the circle of that amiable Roman, humanity, morals, the love of talents and of merit. Juvenal never allows himself to bestow the smallest praise on virtuous characters†, even with the view of rendering the vicious more ugly by the contrast. All the other satirists, Horace, Boileau, Pope, have taken care to recommend themselves to their readers as the friends of virtue and of man; and as such, have perhaps, of all the poets, most gained our love. But Juvenal seems to have a rooted hatred to his species; and, having declared against them open war, is totally regardless of their friendship. This misanthropy, indeed, must render his works peculiarly acceptable to human malignity.

* Juvenal Satir. vi. v. 655.

† I mean those of his own times.

August

1763.
 Août 28.]—J'ai lu, deux fois, la septième Satyre de Juvenal. Le poëte y représente, avec sa vivacité ordinaire, l'état de pauvreté et de mépris, dans lequel se trouvoient les gens de lettres de son siècle. C'est toujours un sujet peu agréable. Il est difficile de rendre respectable l'objet d'un mépris injuste, mais général : il est beaucoup plus facile de rendre aimable un caractère que la multitude hait sans raison. D'ailleurs ces plaintes répétées sur sa fortune, ont mauvaise grace dans la bouche d'un homme de lettres. On convient qu'il a raison ; mais on y trouve toujours un air de bassesse et d'avidité, fort opposé à l'élévation d'âme qu'on attend de lui. Si l'esprit consiste à rassembler des idées, qu'on s'étonne de trouver réunies, sans en être choqué, le contraste du poëte et du lion mérite bien ce nom. Ce trait est assurément des plus plaisans. J'ai achevé le cinquième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y vois un second extrait de l'ouvrage de M. Heineccius, qui roule sur l'histoire du droit Germanique ; le sujet est moins intéressant que celui du droit Romain, mais il me paroît aussi bien traité : *Les Réflexions Critiques sur les anciens peuples*, de M. Fourmont l'aîné. Parcequ'on fait le Chinois, faut-il débiter des chimères d'un ton d'oracle ? Saturne, Abraham : la grande divinité des Payens, un Patriarche errant de pays en pays, adoré

August 28]—I read twice the seventh Satire of Juvenal ; in which the poet describes, with his ordinary spirit, the poverty and contempt attending the men of letters of his times. The subject is always a disagreeable one ; since it is more easy to render a character amiable, which happens to be the object of public hatred, than to render those respectable, who are the objects of general, though just contempt : besides, those continual complaints respecting the bad state of their fortune, come with peculiar disadvantage from men of letters. We acknowledge their murmurs to be just, but they always strike us with an idea of avidity, and meanness, extremely inconsistent with the elevation which we expect from their characters. If wit consists in finding between ideas, relations that are natural without being obvious, the contrast of the poet and the lion surely deserves that name ; it is one of the wittiest possible. I finished the fifteenth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains a second extract from Heineccius, explaining the history of the German law ; a subject less interesting, indeed, than that of the Roman law, but equally well treated. *Reflexions Critiques* ; Critical Reflexions on Ancient Nations, by Mr. Fourmont the elder. Because a man understands the Chinese, is he, therefore, entitled to tell us absurdities, with the authority of an oracle ? Saturn the same with Abraham ! The great divinity of the Pagans the same with a wandering patriarch : and adored after his death almost by the

1763. adoré après la mort de toute la terre, à l'exception de sa propre famille, et cette même famille un objet d'horreur et de mépris, pour tous ses adorateurs. *Vu de Julien, de mon ami l'Abbé de la Bleterie.* Les Journalistes n'ont senti le mérite ni du héros, ni de son historien. Ils se sont même permis des réflexions assez indécentes pour tous les deux. En général, un zèle aigre et controversiste se fait beaucoup trop sentir dans cette bibliothèque. Qu'un P. Colonia invite les fidèles au jubilé de Lyon, il vaudroit peut-être mieux n'y opposer que le mépris; cependant on ne sauroit blâmer la plaisanterie. Mais qu'en donnant l'extrait d'un ouvrage de littérature ou d'histoire, on déterre quelques propos convenables au pays de l'écrivain, pour les réfuter longuement et durement, c'est assurément connoître très peu les fonctions d'un journaliste.—J'ai écrit deux pages de mon *Recueil sur la Géographie ancienne de l'Italie.*

Août 29.]—J'ai lu, pour la première fois, la huitième *Satyre de Juvenal*, v. 1—275. J'ai écrit deux pages de mon *Recueil*.

30.]—Je n'ai fait qu'écrire une page et demie de mon *Recueil*.

31.]—J'ai relu la huitième *Satyre de Juvenal*. J'ai lu deux fois la neuvième, v. 1—150; et j'ai lu pour la première fois la dixième *Satyre*, v. 1—100. Qu'il est humiliant pour les hommes, qu'on soit obligé, dans presque

the whole world, except his own posterity; and that posterity an object of abhorrence and contempt to all his adorers! The life of Julian, written by my friend the Abbé de la Bleterie. The journalists are insensible to the merit, both of the hero and the historian; and even indulge themselves in making very unbecoming reflections with respect to both. In general, the bitterness of zeal and controversy prevails too much in this *Bibliothèque*. When a father Colonia invites the faithful to the jubilee of Lyons, he is best answered with silent contempt; yet ridicule may be used against him without blame. But in giving the analysis of a work of literature or history, to bring forward opinions and reasonings suitable merely to the country of the writer, with a view to refute them tediously and ill-naturedly, is surely to mistake the business of a critical journal.—I wrote two pages of my collection on the ancient geography of Italy.

August 29th.]—I read, for the first time, the eighth Satire of Juvenal, containing 275 verses.

30.]—I did nothing but write a page and a half of my collection.

31.]—I read over again the eighth Satire of Juvenal. I also twice read the ninth, containing 150 verses, and, for the first time, the first hundred verses of the tenth. How humiliating it is for mankind, that they must be

presque tous les pays, de leur enseigner qu'un homme est plus respectable pour ses vertus, que pour celles de ses pères. On a de la peine à concevoir la naissance et l'établissement de ce préjugé général; la nature met une différence ineffaçable entre ceux à qui elle donne de grands talens, et ceux à qui elle les a refusés. La raison et la crainte séparent le magistrat et le sujet; mais quel principe établit d'abord la distinction entre le noble et le roturier? Je crois que c'est la religion. La discussion en seroit curieuse, mais longue. Je me contenterai de faire une observation sur cette Satyre. 1. Juvénal y parle d'un bout à l'autre le langage d'un ancien Romain. Je vois partout, non seulement le ton d'un vrai censeur, qui confond le vice, qui expose les ridicules, et qui fait trembler les coupables; mais encore celui d'un républicain, dont l'âme se plie avec difficulté à la nouvelle constitution, ennemi juré de la tyrannie, et ami d'une monarchie douce et équitable, plutôt par nécessité que par inclination. Cet air de liberté, cette fierté d'âme, distingue Juvénal de tous ses confrères, qui ont vécu après l'établissement de l'empire. Virgile, Horace, Ovide, Lucain, Martial, Stace, Valerius Flaccus, ont tous chanté la ruine de la patrie, et le triomphe de leurs oppresseurs; ils ont tous encensé le vice d'un Néron, ou d'un Domitien, comme les vertus d'un Auguste ou d'un Vespasien.

Mais

be taught, almost in all countries, that they are more respectable for their own virtues, than for those of their ancestors! The origin and establishment of this prejudice is scarcely conceivable. Nature draws an indelible distinction between those to whom she has given talents, and those from whom she has withheld them. The subordination of citizens to their magistrates is founded on fear and reason; but what was the principle that originally established the distinction of noble and plebeian? I think it was religion. This question would require to be examined at great length, and the examination of it would be curious. I shall be contented with making a single observation on this satire. 1. Juvenal speaks, from one end of it to the other, the language of an ancient Roman. We perceive throughout, not only the dignity of a true censor, who arraigns vice, exposes folly, and appals guilt, but the soul of a republican, reluctantly bending under the new constitution, the sworn enemy of tyranny, and the friend of a mild and equitable monarchy, rather through necessity than inclination. This love of liberty, and loftiness of mind, distinguishes Juvenal from all the poets who lived after the establishment of the monarchy. Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Lucan, Martial, Statius, Valerius Flaccus, all sing the ruin of their country, and the triumph of its oppressors. The vices of a Nero and a Domitian are commemorated in as lofty notes of praise, as the virtues of Augustus and Vespasian.

Juvenal

1763. Mais Juvénal n'a jamais su prostituer sa muse. Il ne lui est échappé qu'une seule louange de l'empereur, louange peut-être juste, exprimée avec la plus grande simplicité, et renfermée dans un seul vers : mais il ne perd pas une occasion de se déchaîner contre la folie et la tyrannie de ces maîtres du monde, et de leurs subdélégués. Il fait plus ; il enseigne les remèdes.

*Tollas licet, omne quod usquam est,
Auri atque argenti, scutum gladiumque relinques
Et jaculum et galeam ; spoliatis arma supersunt—*

est un conseil qui s'adresse pour le moins, autant aux Romains qu'aux Africains. Cette liberté de Juvénal décide du tems où il a vécu, bien mieux que les traditions incertaines et contradictoires de son vieux scholiaste. Juvénal a vécu sous un bon prince, sous un Nerva, ou un Trajan ; tems heureux où il étoit permis d'exprimer ce qu'on sentoit ! Les tyrans avoient le tact fin, ils se reconnoissoient aisément dans les portraits de leurs prédécesseurs. Un Domitien jugeoit avec raison, qu'un ennemi de Néron ne pouvoit pas être son ami, et un délateur auroit arrêté Juvénal à sa première satire. Mais je doute qu'il en eût jamais couru les risques. Les ames les plus fortes, et les génies les plus élevés, n'ont su se dérober aux soupçons dangereux des tyrans, qu'en cherchant la retraite, le silence, et des études frivoles et innocentes.---

La

Juvenal alone never prostitutes his muse. In his works, there is but one example of praise bestowed on the emperor ; a praise perhaps just, expressed with the greatest simplicity, and included in a single verse. But he never loses an opportunity of arraigning the folly and tyranny of those masters of the world and their deputies. He does more ; he teaches how the evils inflicted by them may be cured.

*Tollas licet, omne quod usquam est,
Auri atque argenti, scutum gladiumque relinques
Et jaculum et galeam ; spoliatis arma supersunt—*

is an advice addressed fully as much to the Romans as to the Africans. Juvenal's liberty of speech fixes the time in which he lived far better than the uncertain and contradictory reports of an old scholiast. He lived under a good prince, a Nerva or a Trajan, at a happy period when his sentiments might be expressed without disguise. Tyrants had the nicest sensibility ; they easily knew their own pictures in those of their predecessors. Domitian reasonably concluded, that an enemy to Nero could not be his friend ; an informer would have silenced Juvenal after his first satire. But I suspect that he never run that risk. Men, distinguished by vigour of mind and elevation of genius, found no other means of escaping the fatal suspicion of tyrants, than by concealing themselves in silence

and

La neuvième Satyre est presque dégoûtante. Le vice que le poëte y condamne est si naïvement exposé. Le ridicule que Juvénal y a su répandre me paroît venir du caractère de Nævolus, d'un misérable patibique, dont les sentimens sont si avilis par son genre de vie, qu'il ne paroît pas en comprendre l'infamie, et qu'il raconte ses services du même air d'indifférence qu'un soldat parleroit de ses campagnes. Ce sérieux, si déplacé que le lecteur sent, et que Nævolus ne sent point, fait selon moi la plaisanterie de cette Satyre.

Septembre 1.]—J'ai lu la dixième Satyre de Juvénal, v. 100—365; j'ai relu cette satyre, et j'ai lu pour la première fois la onzième, v. 1—208. Dans la dixième, Juvénal s'exerce sur un sujet digne de lui, la vanité de nos vœux, défaut général, compatible avec les plus grandes vertus, et lié étroitement avec les sentimens les plus naturels au cœur humain. Le poëte y déploie une philosophie fine, exacte, et fondée sur les principes les plus solides de la morale. Son génie s'élève à proportion de l'importance de son rôle; il anéantit toutes les fausses grandeurs; il pèse avec la sublime indifférence d'un être supérieur, les vertus, les talens et le destin des plus grands hommes. Il néglige, il paroît mépriser ce talent de la versification, cette harmonie douce et charmante, qu'il possède si bien. Son style, toujours énergique, précis,

and obscurity, confining their application to innocent and frivolous pursuits.—The ninth Satire of Juvenal is disgusting by its subject. The vice which the poet condemns is exhibited without disguise. The ridicule of the satire appears to me to arise from the character of Nævolus, a miserable catamite, whose principles are so much debased by his way of life, that he has lost all sense of its infamy, and relates his services with the same air of indifference that a soldier would describe his campaigns. This gravity, which the reader perceives to be so much out of place, and which Nævolus does not, produces, in my opinion, the whole humour of the piece.

September 1.]—I read a second time the tenth Satire of Juvenal, v. 100—365, the end; and the eleventh, consisting of 208 verses, for the first time. In the tenth, Juvenal treats of a subject worthy of himself; the vanity of human wishes, a misfortune consistent with the greatest virtues, and intimately connected with the most natural sentiments of the heart. The poet every where employs a refined and accurate philosophy, founded on the strictest principles of moral science. His genius rises with his subject: he shews the nothingness of false grandeur, and weighs, with the sublime indifference of a superior being, the virtues, talents, and destiny, of the greatest men. He here neglects, and seems even to disdain, the beauty of versification, and that sweet and charming harmony, of which he was so great a master. His style, precise, energetic, lofty,

1763

précis, soutenu, et rempli des plus belles images, est moins coulant, et plus rude que dans les autres pièces. Comme il s'appuye toujours sur l'expérience, ses raisonnemens sont entre-mêlés d'exemples, dont la plupart sont choisis avec beaucoup de goût. Celui de Séjan est parfait. Jamais élévation plus singulière, jamais chute plus foudroyante. La légèreté de ce peuple, qui court briser les statues qu'il venoit d'encenser, fait un tableau achevé. L'exemple de la mort d'Alexandre me paroît le moins philosophique. Alexandre est malheureux pour être mort au milieu de sa gloire et de ses succès. Cependant si Marius étoit mort en descendant de son char de triomphe, il eût été le plus heureux de tous les hommes. Les raisonnemens de cette satire auroient été plus clairs, si Juvénal avoit distingué les souhaits dont l'accomplissement ne peut que nous rendre malheureux, et ceux dont le succès pourroit ne pas faire notre bonheur. La puissance absolue est de la première espèce, une vie longue de la seconde. Nous devons abandonner ceux-ci à la connoissance des dieux, mais nos lumières nous suffisent pour les prier hardiment de ne pas nous accorder ceux-là. A propos des dieux, je remarque dans Juvénal cette indécision à leur égard si commune aux anciens. Rien de plus pieux, ni de plus philosophique que la soumission, que la foi, qu'il fait paroître; un instant après, notre sagesse nous suffit, et la prudence tient lieu de toutes les divinités.

lofty, and enriched with images, flows in a rougher stream than in his other pieces. Taking experience for his guide, his reasonings are mixed with examples, of which the greater part are chosen with exquisite judgement. That of Sejanus is a master-piece: never was any elevation more extraordinary than his, nor any fall more dreadful. The levity of the people, who were in haste to break his statues, which they had just worshipped, is a finished picture of popular inconstancy. The example of the death of Alexander, seems to me to be chosen with less discernment than the rest. His misfortune consisted in being cut off in the midst of his success and glory. Yet had Marius died as he descended from his triumphal car, he would have been deemed the happiest of mortals. The reasoning in this satire would have been clearer, had Juvénal distinguished between those wishes, the accomplishment of which could not fail to make us miserable, and those whose accomplishment might fail to make us happy. Absolute power is of the first kind; long life of the second. The latter we may safely commit to the providence of the gods; but our own reason may teach us to pray, that they would refuse to us the former. With regard to the gods, I remark that inconstancy of opinion in Juvénal, which is so frequent among the antients. At one moment nothing can be more pious than his faith, or more philosophical than his submission. The next, our own wisdom suffices, and

divinités. 'Au vers suivant, sa dévotion le reprend; il borne cette proposition générale à la seule *Fortune*, et remplace tous les autres dieux sur l'Olympe.

1763.

J'ai achevé le *seizième* tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y trouve les *Sermons* de *M. Foster*. Quel miracle! un théologien, qui préfère la raison à la foi, et qui est plus effrayé du vice que de l'hérésie. *Scriptores Rei Rusticæ à Gesnero*. Ces auteurs peuvent être utiles pour la langue et l'économie des Romains; mais où est le littérateur qui les lira? où est le cultivateur qui les suivroit? *Notitia Hungariæ*, vol. 1. per *Matth. Ball*: ouvrage immense, mais trop détaillé pour tout ce qui n'est pas Hongrois. *Eloge de M. le Clerc*: ouvrage exact, et sec du journaliste. *Histoire du Concile de Trênte de Fra Paolo*, par le Père le Courayer; premier extrait. En souhaitant au traducteur une certaine vigueur de raison qu'il n'a pas, on ne sauroit lui souhaiter plus de modération, d'impartialité, et de tolérance, qu'il n'en découvre dans sa préface.

[Septembre 3.]—J'ai relu la onzième Satyre de Juvénal. J'ai lu la douzième Satyre, v. 1—130; et je l'ai relue, v. 1—100. Dans l'onzième, Juvénal, qui veut inviter son ami à souper, compare, avec beaucoup de vivacité, le luxe effréné de ses contemporains, avec ces repas simples et grossiers des anciens dictateurs; il fait sentir très
fortement,

and prudence usurps the thrones of all the divinities. In the following verse his devotion again gets the ascendancy: he limits his general assertion to fortune only, and replaces all the other gods in Olympus.

September 2.]—I finished the fourteenth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains Foster's Sermons. Wonderful! a divine preferring reason to faith, and more afraid of vice than of heresy. *Scriptores Rei Rusticæ à Gesnero*. These authors may be useful for instructing us in the language and rural economy of the Romans; but where is the student that reads, or the farmer who puts in practice, their lessons? *Notitia Hungariæ*, vol. 1. per *Matth. Ball*: an immense work, but too minutely circumstantial for any but Hungarians. The Panegyric of Mr. Le Clerc; a dry but accurate work of the Reviewer. The Council of Trênt, by Father Paul, translated by Father Courayer; first extract. We might wish the translator more vigour of understanding; but in his preface he displays all the candor, impartiality, and toleration, that can possibly be desired.

[3.]—I read a second time the eleventh Satire of Juvénal. I read the first 100 verses a third time; and also the twelfth Satire, consisting of 130 verses. In the eleventh, Juvénal takes an opportunity, in inviting his friend to supper, to contrast, with much spirit, the extravagant luxury of his contemporaries with the simple and coarse fare of an-

fortement, sans le dire, combien l'élégance de son hôte étoit devenue universelle, et presque nécessaire, puis qu'un pauvre philosophe, comme lui, préparoit à son ami un repas fort inférieur à ceux de Ventidius, mais très supérieur à ceux de Curius. La simplicité, la propreté, et les amusements honnêtes, devoient seuls y régner. Juvénal avoit l'esprit juste, et l'âme honnête; mais l'un et l'autre étoient dépourvus de douceur et d'aménité. Il a négligé l'occasion de parler à son ami de ces sentimens qu'on se fait toujours un plaisir d'épancher dans son sein, lorsqu'ils existent chez nous. Les conversations libres et philosophiques que l'amitié inspire, et que la confiance assure, sont mal remplacées à son souper par la lecture d'Homère. Horace n'a eu garde de les oublier dans le portrait charmant qu'il nous fait d'un repas vague et incertain, dont l'existence réelle et prochaine ne contribuoit point à l'échauffer. Je distinguerois cependant ici, entre les caractères de Boileau et de Juvénal. L'un et l'autre paroissent avoir peu connu les sentimens tendres. Mais c'étoit dans le premier une sécheresse de cœur et d'imagination, qui le rendoit peu susceptible de passions quelconques. Juvénal avoit l'imagination ardente, et un cœur qui y répondoit; mais tous les deux portoient plutôt leur énergie sur les passions fortes, sombres et élevées que sur celles qui sont douces et aimables.

Septembre

tient dictators. He makes us clearly perceive, without formally expressing it, how universal, and almost necessary, the elegance of the table was become in his time, since a poor philosopher like himself prepared for his friend a supper, very inferior indeed to the feast of Ventidius, but far superior to those of Curius. This entertainment was to be graced by simplicity, neatness, and decent amusements only. Juvénal possessed justness of understanding, and honesty of heart; but his character was deficient in point of sweetness and sensibility. He has neglected an opportunity of expressing those sentiments, which one friend, when he feels them, is always ready to pour into the bosom of another. The free and philosophical conversation which the confidence of friendship inspires and warrants, is but ill supplied at his supper by the reading of Homer. Horace took care not to forget, in his charming picture of an entertainment distant and uncertain, those amiable feelings with which the new reality of a similar repast does not inspire Juvénal. Here, however, I would make a distinction between this satirist and Boileau. Neither of them were endowed with tenderness of sentiment. But this defect in Boileau proceeded from a coldness of heart and fancy, which rendered him but little susceptible of any passion whatever. Juvénal's heart and fancy were both of them ardent; but their warmth exhausted itself in passions strong, dark, and elevated, not in affections which are amiable and tender.

September

Septembre 4.]—Je n'ai fait qu'achever la douzième Satyre de Juvénal, v. 100—130. Cet ouvrage me fait voir combien Juvénal avoit le génie de la satyre; mais qu'il n'avoit que ce génie. Certainement il ne songeoit pas à faire une satyre: il vouloit féliciter un de ses amis qui venoit d'échapper à un grand naufrage; après y avoir employé les deux tiers de la satyre, il s'échappe à la fin, il se souvient que cet ami, pour le salut de qui il va offrir tant de sacrifices, a trois enfans. Que sa conduite est différente de celle des *captatores*, dont Rome étoit remplie, qui ne s'attachoient qu'aux riches sans enfans! Il oublie son ami, et il n'est plus question que de ces faquins. Le tableau qu'il en fait est vif, et très supérieur à la description de la tempête. Celle-ci est traînante, foible, et confuse; l'ouvrage d'un déclamateur, et quelquefois d'un écolier.

J'ai achevé le dix septième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y trouve le deuxième et troisième *Extraits de l'Histoire du Concile de Trente de Fra Paolo, par le Courayer*. On croiroit que l'ame de l'illustre Servite étoit passée dans celle du chanoine régulier; les talens, les vertus, et jusqu'aux foiblesses, tout leur est commun. Cet ouvrage est un beau monument de l'histoire des religions, la partie la plus curieuse de celle de l'esprit humain, pour qui fait s'élever au dessus de tous les préjugés de parti et de secte.

De

September 4.]—I did nothing but finish the twelfth Satire of Juvenal v. 100—130, the end. This performance shews the author's genius for satire, but also that it was the only kind of genius with which he was endowed. In this piece, he certainly did not at first intend writing a satire, but only to congratulate one of his friends, who had been saved from a dreadful shipwreck. After employing, on this subject, two-thirds of the poem, he is at once diverted from it, by recollecting that his friend, for whose safety he is to offer so many sacrifices, has three children. This conduct in himself strikes him as totally opposite to that of the testament-hunters, with whom Rome abounded, and whose attentions were solely bestowed on rich people who were childless. He forgets his friend, for the pleasure of exposing those knaves. The lively picture which he draws of them, is far superior to his description of the tempest, which is tedious, languid, confused, disgraced by declamation, and even by puerility.

I finished the seventeenth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains the second and third extract from Father Paul's Council of Trent, translated by Father Courayer. It should seem as if the soul of the illustrious Servite animated the regular Canon: the same talents, virtues, and even weaknesses, are common to both. This work is a beautiful monument of the history of religion, the most curious part of the human mind, for those who can soar above the prejudices of sects and parties.

De

1763.

De verbis ambignis à Reitzio. Un beau dessein, très mal exécuté. *Dissertation sur le Suicide, par Robeck.* L'auteur s'est jetté dans l'Elb. On ne sauroit douter de sa sincérité; mais ses lumières ne l'égalent point.

Septembre 5.]—J'ai écrit plus d'une page de mon Recueil. J'ai lu la treizième Satyre de Juvénal, v. 1—249.

6.]—J'ai relu la treizième Satyre de Juvénal, et j'ai lu la quatorzième, v. 1—331. Ce poète cherche à consoler un de ses amis, à qui un coquin venoit de faire perdre dix mille sesterces en niant un dépôt qui lui avoit été confié. Un théologien trouveroit dans cet ouvrage de nouvelles preuves de l'incertitude des Payens sur un état futur et sur la Providence. Il parle avec une énergie presque divine, des tourmens d'une conscience bourrelée par le sentiment affreux d'avoir violé les loix de la justice, et du supplice de celui qui porte toujours son bourreau au dedans de son cœur. Ses songes ne lui retracent que des objets affreux; et s'il survient un malheur, une maladie, l'idée de punition qu'il y attache, les rend encore plus douloureux. Mais il ne décide jamais, si ces craintes ont un fondement réel. Elles associent le malheur et le vice par l'effet qu'elles ont sur l'imagination; mais quelle influence doivent-elles avoir sur la raison? Juvénal en parle tout aussi peu que des peines du méchant dans l'autre vie. La seule fois qu'il les rappelle, c'est avec une forte

De verbis ambignis à Reitzio: good design, ill executed. A Dissertation on Suicide by Robeck. The author threw himself into the Elbe. It is impossible to doubt his sincerity, which far surpassed his understanding.

September 5.]—I wrote above a page of my collection, and read the thirteenth Satire of Juvenal consisting of 249 verses.

6.]—I read a second time the thirteenth Satire of Juvenal, and the fourteenth, consisting of 331 verses, for the first time. In the first, the poet, offers consolation to a friend, who had been defrauded of ten thousand sesterces, by a knave who denied the deposit of that sum. In this Satire, a divine might find new proofs of the uncertainty of the Pagans respecting a Providence and a future state. The poet speaks almost divinely of the torments of a guilty conscience; of its horrid remorse for having violated the laws of justice; and of the dreadful sufferings of him who bears his punishment always in his own heart. His dreams appal him with the most frightful images; and the pain of every calamity that befalls him, is heightened by his regarding it as a punishment. But he does not decide whether these terrors rest on any solid foundation. Wickedness and misery are associated in the fancy; but does reason prove that there is a necessary connection between them? Juvenal does not consider this question, any more than the punishment of the wicked in another life. He mentions this but once

1763

forte de mépris. Encore après avoir épuisé toute son éloquence à peindre les punitions du vice, il n'en trouve point de plus fortes, ni de plus efficaces que celle du magistrat. C'est par celle-là qu'il finit. Juvénal, cependant, ne se piquoit point de la philosophie impie des Grecs. C'étoit un vieux Romain qui s'attachoit plus à Caton qu'à Chrysippe, et qui respectoit sincèrement la divinité, quoiqu'il se moquât un peu de la multiplicité des dieux de ses concitoyens.

Septembre 7.]—J'ai achevé le *dix huitième tome de la Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y vois *Lettres de Leibnitz*. Parmi l'universalité de ses talens, le théologien nous arrête ici. Leibnitz étoit philosophe; pouvoit-il songer sérieusement à une réunion des religions? *Vita Servii Sulpicii et P. Alpheni*. La vie du premier de ces jurisconsultes est aussi intéressante que celle de l'autre l'est peu. Evertid Orton en est l'auteur. *Hinceli Opuscula*. Parmi ces dissertations, celle sur les habillemens des premiers Chrétiens est savante et curieuse. *Catonis Disputa*. Après avoir vu les preuves de M. Carnégzieter, on ne peut guères douter que Dionysius Cato n'ait été Payen, et qu'il n'ait vécu avant le siècle de Constantin. Faut-il en effet être Chrétien, pour débiter d'un style si bas, des maximes d'un bon sens aussi commun?

Septembre

and then contemptuously. Having exhausted his whole eloquence in describing the punishments of vice, he thinks none so powerful and efficacious as that inflicted by the magistrates, with which he concludes. Yet Juvénal had never imbibed the impious philosophy of the Greeks; he was an old Roman, who hearkened to Cato rather than to Chrysippus; and who sincerely venerated the divinity, though he was inclined to laugh at the polytheism of his fellow-citizens.

September 7.]—I finished the eighteenth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains the letters of Leibnitz. This universal genius here appears as a theologian. As a philosopher, could Leibnitz really hope that an union might be effected among religions? *Vita Servii Sulpicii et P. Alpheni*. The life of the first of these lawyers is as interesting, as that of the second is the reverse. It is written by Evertid Orton. *Hinceli Opuscula*. Among these dissertations, that concerning the dress of the first Christians is learned and curious. *Catonis Disputa*. After having read the proofs brought by M. Carnégzieter, it is impossible to doubt that Dionysius Cato was a Pagan who lived before the age of Constantine. It was not necessary, surely, to be a Christian, to be able to retail in the lowest style, maxims of the plainest common sense.

Vol. II.

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September

Septembre 8.]—J'ai écrit deux pages de mon Recueil ; et j'ai relu la quatorzième Satire de Juvénal, v. 1.—106. 9.]—Le premier volume des *Lettres du Baron de Bielefeld*, qui me tombèrent par hasard entre les mains, m'a amusé et m'a distrait. Les descriptions de Berlin, de Potsdam, et d'Hanovre, m'ont plu. La vie du roi de Prusse dans sa retraite, y est bien crayonnée ; on y voit l'aurore d'un beau jour, mais on ne voit point des présages de tempêtes ; aussi le portrait est-il un peu flatté. Pour Homère et l'Angleterre, le Baron les connoît autant l'un que l'autre.

13.]—J'ai achevé le neuvième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y vois le quatorzième et dernier *Extrait de l'Histoire du Concile de Trente de Fra Paolo*, par le Père de Courayer. La politique de la maison d'Autriche est assez fine. Elle a toujours su profiter de cette superstition dont les autres nations étoient les victimes. Elle a rejeté, en particulier, le Concile de Trente, en paroissant l'accepter avec beaucoup de respect. Les *Commentaires de Casan*, par Oudendorp : bon et pesant variorum. *Pensées et Dissertations Théologiques d'Alphonse Turretin* : faible raisonneur, mais bon écrivain. *Miracles de l'Abbé Paris*, par M. de Montgeron : ce fanatisme des Jansénistes est une de ces maladies épidémiques de l'esprit humain, qui méritent beaucoup d'attention.

Septembre

September 8.]—I wrote two pages of my collection, and read over again the fourteenth Satire of Juvenal, v. 1.—106. 9.]—The first volume of the Letters of Baron Bielefeld having accidentally fallen into my hands, engaged and amused me. I was pleased with his description of Berlin, Potsdam, and Hanover. The life led by the king of Prussia, in his retreat, is well sketched. We behold the morning of a beautiful day ; but as there are no presages of the tempest, the picture is a little too flattering. As to Homer and England, the Baron is just as well acquainted with one as with the other. I finished the nineteenth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée* : it contains the fourteenth and last extract from Father Paul's History of the Council of Trent, translated by Courayer. The refined policy of the House of Austria has always known how to avail itself of that superstition of which other nations have been the victims. Austria in particular rejected the authority of the Council of Trent, which she had appeared to admit most respectfully. *Casan's Commentaries*, by Oudendorp : a good and bulky edition. *Thoughts and Theological Dissertations*, by Alphonse Turretin : a weak reasoner, but a good writer. The *Miracles of Abbé Paris de Montgeron* : This fanaticism of the Jansenists is one of those epidemic maladies of the human mind, which deserves much attention.

Septembre

Septembre 16.] J'avois un peu négligé Juvénal. J'en ai lu aujourd'hui pour la seconde fois la quatorzième Satyre, v. 106—331; et, pour la première, la quinzième, v. 1—174. Il y a des satyres plus plaisantes que la quatorzième; il y en a où le poète prend un vol plus sublime; mais il n'y en a aucune où il déploie autant de talens philosophiques, la brièveté, l'art d'enchaîner ses idées et la précision. Sa brièveté n'est point celle si commune aujourd'hui d'étrangler ses pensées, en croyant les resserrer, et d'imaginer qu'on a beaucoup fait, lorsqu'en peu de mots on laisse entrevoir obscurément le quart d'une idée; mais cette brièveté de Tacite et de Montesquieu, qui sait retrancher tout ce qui n'est qu'accessoire, pour renfermer l'idée principale dans une expression forte et précise. Voyez dans cette satyre les vers 166—171; où dans cinq lignes, en choisissant les circonstances les plus caractéristiques, le poète vous met devant les yeux la simplicité des anciens Romains, leur amour du travail, l'union des familles, la sobriété de leurs repas, et leur haine d'un grand nombre d'esclaves étrangers. Toute cette satyre n'est qu'un tissu bien travaillé; les idées naissent les unes des autres, ou du moins les transitions sont toujours aisées, et presque insensibles. Avec quelle justesse, avec quelle finesse, ne fait-il pas le progrès de l'avarice dans le cœur humain? Il la prend dans son origine, et la fait passer de la

September 16.]—I had a little neglected Juvenal. To day I read for the second time, the fourteenth Satire, v. 106—331, the end; and, for the first time, the fifteenth Satire, v. 1—174. There are satires more agreeable than the fourteenth; there are others in which the poet takes a loftier flight; but there are none in which he so much displays his genius for philosophy, the art of connecting his ideas, his precision, and brevity. His brevity resembles not that so common among writers of the present age, who often strangle a thought in hopes of strengthening it; and who applaud their own skill, when they have shewn to us, in a few absurd words, the fourth part of an idea; it is the brevity of Tacitus and Montesquieu, which after retrenching whatever is superfluous or unnecessary, includes the principal thought in a precise and vigorous expression. By selecting the most characteristic circumstances, the poet sets before your eyes, in five lines, (v. 166—171,) the simplicity of the ancient Romans, their love of labour, their domestic happiness, the fruitfulness of their wives, their sober diet, and their aversion to being served by a multitude of foreign slaves. Throughout the whole of this satire, the texture is skillfully combined; the thoughts either rising immediately the one from the other, or the transitions being so natural, that they are almost imperceptible. How justly and artfully does the poet describe the progress of avarice in the human heart? tracing it from its origin, in sordid

1763.

la lésine aux arts honnêtes, et de la à l'injustice, aux violences, et, enfin, aux plus grands crimes; le père qui le premier lui a inspiré ce goût funeste, veut en vain le rappeler. Après avoir longtems été le spectateur étonné de ses crimes, il en devient quelquefois la victime.

Trepidumque Magistrum

In cavea magno fremitu, leo tollet alumna;

image pleine de force et de hardiesse. Ce maître du lion avoit cultivé sa férocité naturelle, pour le rendre plus digne de l'attention de l'amphithéâtre.

Septembre 17.]—J'ai lu la quinzième Satyre de Juvénal pour la seconde fois, v. 1—1743 et la seizième et dernière deux fois, v. 1—66. La haine de Juvénal contre la nation et la religion des Egyptiens, paroît assez à découvert dans la première de ces satyres. Je n'en suis nullement surpris. Juvénal, homme de bon sens, en méprisoit les absurdités; il avoit vu quelles atteintes ce culte, introduit à Rome, avoit portées aux mœurs de ses compatriotes; que leurs assemblées tumultueuses qui cheloient l'âge, le rang, et le sexe, sous les ombres du mystère et de la nuit, ouvroient la porte à la débauche la plus effrénée, pendant que leurs prophètes et leurs devins enseignoient aux femmes et aux enfans, à

parsimony, to mean contrivances for gain; and from thence to injustice, violence, and the greatest crimes. The father who first inspired into his son this miserable passion, vainly struggles to check his flagitious career; and after being long the astonished spectator of his crimes, sometimes becomes their victim.

Trepidumque Magistrum

In cavea magno fremitu, leo tollet alumna;

is an image equally bold and impressive. This master of the lion had exasperated his natural ferocity, in order to render him more deserving the attention of the amphitheatre.

September 17.]—I read the fifteenth Satire of Juvénal, v. 1—174, the second time; and also read the sixteenth and last Satire. In the first of these Juvénal expresses, undisguised, his hatred against the Egyptian nation and religion. This does not at all surprise me. As a man of good sense, Juvénal despised the absurdities of this worship; he saw how much its introduction into Rome had corrupted the morals of his fellow-citizens; and perceived that those crowded assemblies, in which the distinctions of age, rank, and sex were concealed and confounded, under the veil of night and mystery, opened a door to the most abominable debauchery, at the same time that the Egyptian prophets and fortune-tellers taught women

calculer, et quelquefois à abrégier, les jours d'un père, ou d'un mari. Un exil, qui le fixoit parmi une nation qu'il méprisoit autant qu'il détestoit, devoit aigrir son humeur, et porter ses sentimens au plus haut point. J'aurois seulement voulu qu'ils ne l'eussent pas rendu injuste. Dans un tumulte que la superstition excita, le peuple Egyptien mangea la chair d'un des ennemis qu'il avoit égorgé. L'action est affreuse, j'en conviens; mais il n'en faut pas conclure que les Egyptiens sont aussi barbares que les Cyclopes et les Lastrigones. Les François en ont bien fait autant au Maréchal d'Ancre, et les Hollandois au Pensionnaire de Witt. L'on ne doit jamais mettre en parallèle les mœurs fixes et constantes d'une nation, et ces momens de fureur et de délire. Juvénal fait encore un peu trop le déclamateur. Il croit aggraver le crime des Egyptiens; il le diminue par tous ses raisonnemens, par son exemple des *Vascones*, &c. On peut blâmer celui qui viole les principes de Zénon; mais ce n'est que la nature outragée qui nous fait frémir. Mais je reconnois bien mon poète dans cette description pleine de sel, du culte que les Egyptiens rendoient aux animaux, et même aux végétaux*, dans cette origine de la société, fondée sur la bienveillance et la sociabilité, que la nature n'a accordées qu'aux hommes seuls†, et dans cette image horrible, mais belle, de la férocité d'un Egyptien.

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women and children to calculate, and sometimes to hasten, the deaths of their fathers and husbands. His own banishment into a country which was the object of his contempt or detestation, naturally sharpened his animosity, and carried his resentment to the utmost pitch. I only wish that he had restrained it within the bounds of justice. In a tumult excited by superstition, the Egyptians devoured the flesh of one of their fallen enemies. From this horrid action it was not fair to conclude, that the Egyptians equalled in barbarity the Cyclops and the Lestrignons. The French treated with equal barbarity Marshal d'Ancre, and the Dutch Pensionary de Witt. The fixed and permanent character of a people, ought never to be inferred from moments of madness and fury. The poet also too much indulges his talent for declamation. Instead of aggravating the crime of the Egyptians, he in reality lessens it by his unquestionable reasonings, example of the *Vascones*, &c. He who violates the principles of Zeno may be worthy of blame; but the monster who insults the dictates of nature can alone excite horror. The genius of our poet is clearly displayed in the witty description of the worship which the Egyptians paid to animals; in the origin of society, founded on those principles of benevolence, which are implanted by nature in the heart of man only†; and in that dreadful, though beautiful picture of the ferocity of an Egyptian

* Sat. xv. v. 1—14.

† Id. xv. 129—138.

The

1783.

La seizième Satyre n'est pas trop reconnue pour être de Juvénal. Elle est assez faible, les mêmes négligées; mais il me semble que je reconnais la touche du maître au vers 55. Cette satire est, cependant, d'un assez grand prix pour l'histoire. On n'a pas trop remarqué jusqu'à quel point les soldats avoient poussé leurs privilèges sous les empereurs. On a bien vu que dans le tems de sédition, ils renversoient leurs trônes; mais on a ignoré qu'en tems de paix ils les partageoient. Je ne connois point d'attentat plus hardi à une petite portion de la société, que de se soustraire de la juridiction commune, et d'exiger même que ses différens avec les autres citoyens soient décidés par ses propres juges. Le clergé l'a fait dans les tems d'ignorance; mais j'excuserois plutôt cette entreprise dans un corps qui étoit censé posséder toute la vertu, et qui possédoit réellement toute la science de ces siècles, qu'à des soldats, dont l'ignorance, la grossièreté, et les maximes militaires et despotiques, les éloignoient si fort de la profession de juge.

J'ai fini Juvénal que je regrette beaucoup de n'avoir pas plutôt connu, et qui sera désormais un de mes auteurs favoris. Comme j'ai couché par écrit mes observations principales, à mesure que je les faisois, il me reste peu de chose à en dire. Je me bornerai à deux remarques; sur le tems où Juvénal a vécu, et sur la versification.

The sixteenth Satire is not clearly proved to be Juvenal's. It is written weakly, and negligently; but I think we may recognize the master's hand in v. 55. This satire, however, is of considerable importance in history. It has not been sufficiently remarked to what extent the privileges of soldiers were carried under the emperors. In moments of sedition, it was manifest, they overturned the thrones; but it was not known that in time of peace they shared their sovereignty. I know not of a bolder enterprise, in any small portion of a community, than that of withdrawing itself from the jurisdiction of the ordinary magistrates, and insisting that its differences, even with the other classes of citizens, should be decided by its own judges. The clergy obtained these privileges in the dark ages; but such pretensions seem to have been more excusable in a body, which was believed to possess all the virtue, and which really possessed all the learning of the times, than they could possibly be in the Roman soldiers, whose ignorance, grossness of manners, despotic and military maxims, removed them to so great a distance from the character belonging to a judge.

I finished Juvenal, whom I regret not being earlier acquainted with; and who, in future, will be one of my favourite authors. Having written my observations on him, as they occurred in reading his Satires, I have but little to add on the subject; and shall confine myself to two remarks; the first, as to the time in which he lived; the second, concerning

1763.

tion auon. Il n'y a point de poëte Latin sur lequel nous ayons aussi peu de lumières. Soit modestie, soit fierté, il a négligé de nous apprendre le tems de sa naissance, et les circonstances de sa vie. Il n'y a aucun de ses ouvrages auquel quelque grand événement ait donné lieu, et dont cet événement fixe la date. Il paroît même avoir pris à tâche de nous confondre, en parlant souvent de plusieurs personnes qui ont vécu dans des tems assez éloignés, comme de ses contemporains. Il ne nous reste que les quatre mots d'une ancienne vie du poëte, écrite, par un auteur inconnu; mais cette vie redouble nos embarras, tant elle est opposée aux inductions assurées qu'on peut tirer des propres ouvrages de Juvénal. Selon cet historien et le vieux scholiaste, notre poëte a vécu sous Néron, qui l'exila en Egypte, où il mourut très peu de tems après. Cependant il est certain qu'il survécut à Domitien; qu'il vit la condamnation de Marius Priscus; que Martial, qui ne se retira en Espagne que sous Trajan, le laissa à Rome; et l'on peut soupçonner, par la date d'un consulat, qu'il étoit en Egypte vers la troisième année du règne d'Adrien. Toutes ces époques s'accordent très bien avec le système du savant Dodwell, qui pense que ce fut ce dernier empereur qui le relégua. J'ai lu cet ouvrage (*les Annales Quintilianes*) il y a quelques tems. N'ayant plus le livre sous la main, j'ignore à présent le détail de ses preuves; mais si l'on peut raisonner sur les vraisemblances, j'en entrevois plusieurs. 2. La verfica-

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cerning his verification. 1st, There is not any Latin poet concerning whom we have so little information; whether from pride or modesty, he has neglected to tell us either the time of his birth, or the circumstances of his life. None of his works were written in commemoration of any great event, which might have ascertained their date. It seems as if he had taken a pleasure in perplexing us, by often speaking of many persons as his contemporaries who lived at very different periods of time. There remain but a few words of an old life of Juvénal, written by an unknown author; which life augments our uncertainty, by its opposition to the clearest inferences from the poet's own works. According to that biographer and his scholiast, Juvénal lived under Nero, who banished him to Egypt, where he died soon afterwards. Yet it is certain that he survived Domitian; that he witnessed the condemnation of Marius Priscus; that Martial, who did not retire into Spain until the reign of Trajan, left him at Rome; and from the date of a consulship, there is reason to suspect, that he was in Egypt in the third year of the reign of Adrien. All the above perfectly correspond with the system of the learned Dodwell, who thinks that our poet was banished by the last named emperor. Some time ago, I read Dodwell's work, the *Quintilian Annals*. I have not the book at hand, and cannot recollect the proofs which he brings; but I can see several probabilities tending to support his opinion. 2. Juvénal's verification

1762

tion de Juvénal, me paroît supérieure à celles de la plupart des poètes Latins. Entre les mains, la langue des Romains perd presque toute sa dureté. Sa poésie est coulante, harmonieuse, et animée, et le sens n'y est cependant jamais sacrifié. Je croirois presque que les vers venoient se placer sur le bout de sa plume, quand j'en vois parmi une infinité de beaux, quelques uns qui sont d'une langueur affreuse. Un homme capable de les laisser, devoit avoir travaillé avec très peu d'attention à sa versification. Il lui auroit été si facile de les corriger. Je remarque aussi, que sa poésie devint riche et moins ornée dans les dernières satyres. Si elles sont rangées dans l'ordre chronologique, la raison en seroit à trouver. Comme la Satyre de Sulpitia sur l'exil des philosophes se trouve à la fin de celles de Juvénal, j'ai voulu la voir. J'ai lu cette pièce deux fois, v. 1—70. Les éloges de Martial m'avoient prévenu en faveur de cette dame; mais, à mon avis, elle les mérite assez peu. Peut-être que son génie trop foible pour l'effort qu'elle a voulu prendre ici, se prêtoit mieux aux sujets qui ne demandoient que la finesse, la légèreté, et la sensibilité. Peut-être aussi que le faiseur d'épigrammes, aussi peu délicat sur les louanges que sur les satyres, prodiguoit, sans réflexion, son encens à une femme de condition, qui accueilloit les gens de lettres dans sa maison. 1. Il n'y a nul plan, nul arrangement.

versification appears to me to be superior to that of most of the Latin poets. Managed by him, the Roman language loses all its roughness. His verses are flowing, harmonious, and animated; although he never sacrifices the sense to the sound. I should fancy that the lines flowed spontaneously from his pen, did I not perceive, amidst a multitude of fine ones, some few that are disgusting, by their rudeness or their languor. To have allowed them to pass uncorrected, a poet must have been extremely inattentive to his versification; since they might have been mended so easily. I remark also, that his poetry is more sparing of ornament in his last satires. If they are placed in chronological order, this difference may be easily accounted for.

As the Satire of Sulpitia, on the banishment of the philosophers, is printed with the Satires of Juvenal, I had an inclination to examine it; and therefore read it twice over, v. 1—70. The praises bestowed by Martial had prepossessed me in favour of this lady; but, in my opinion, those praises were not her due. Her genius, perhaps, was too feeble to support her in this lofty flight; but was better adapted to subjects that required only taste, spirit, and sensibility. The epigrammatist, perhaps, had as little delicacy in his praise as in his satire; and was carelessly prodigal of his flattery to a woman of fashion, whose house was the resort of men of letters. 1. The work is without method or plan; and the beauty

arrangement. Un sujet aussi beau dispaçoit totalement entre ses mains. Au lieu de la philosophie gémissante, des arts éperdus, et de l'ignorance qui rétablit son ancien empire, je ne vois dans un poëme de soixante dix vers, qu'une invocation et une peroration, qui en occupent vingt trois, et qui ne m'apprennent rien, sinon que Sulpitia avoit beaucoup de vanité et d'affectation; et sans huit vers jettes par hazard au milieu de la satire*, je serois encore à en connoître le sujet, comme je le suis encore à deviner le but et le sens de la digression où elle examine si le bonheur ou l'adversité convenoit mieux à la république. 2. Pour le style et la poésie, malheureusement pour Sulpitia, on ne peut point critiquer de ces défauts qui annoncent le génie, ou du moins de l'imagination. Ici tout est froid, tout est dur; nulle invention, nulle harmonie; une versification qui ne satisfait ni l'oreille ni l'esprit. 3. On reproche aux femmes de n'avoir point de précision dans l'esprit. En ce cas Sulpitia étoit bien femme. Sans parler de la sagesse civile et de la science, qu'elle confond au point de paroître ignorer qu'on les ait jamais distinguées, je ne veux que l'exemple de l'image la plus fautive et la plus choquante que j'aye connue. Elle compare les philosophes exilés par Domitien aux Gaulois chassés par Camille; sans parler des autres dissonances

beauty of the subject is destroyed by her manner of treating it. Instead of lamenting that the throne of ignorance should be established on the ruins of philosophy and the arts, twenty-three lines of a poem consisting of seventy, are consumed in an invocation and conclusion, which inform us of nothing, except that Sulpitia was a woman of great vanity and affectation: and were it not for eight verses casually inserted in the middle of the satire*, I should not be able to guess its subject, as I still am at a loss to discover the meaning and use of the digression, where she examines whether prosperity or adversity were most useful to the republic. 2. As to the style and poetry, it is the misfortune of Sulpitia, that she has not left room for criticising faults, that proceed from genius or fancy. Her work is characterised by coldness, hardness, poverty of invention, rudeness of harmony, and a versification that gratifies neither the ear nor the mind. 3. Women have been accused of want of precision. In this respect Sulpitia does not belie her sex. Without mentioning that she confounds science with wisdom, as if those two things had never been distinguished, I shall only give an example of the most incongruous and absurd simile that I ever remember to have met with. The philosophers banished by Domitian are compared with the Gauls expelled by Camillus. It is needless to point out the absurdity of comparing

* Bello secunda secundo.

1763

disposition qui s'y trouvent, d'un corps de gens de lettres comparé à une nation de barbares, et d'un banissement civil, à la défaite d'une armée. Sulpicia auroit pu se souvenir que les Gaulois avoient brûlé la ville, ou ils avoient assiégé le capitol, et que la victoire de Camille lui valut le titre de second fondateur de Rome. 4. Il faut, cependant, rendre justice à Sulpicia. J'ai trouvé dans la satire une image qui m'a fait plaisir. Rome y est représentée après toutes les victoires comme combattant des jeux (ce Milon) qui restoit seul dans la carrière, sans pouvoir trouver un antagoniste. Cette image est heureusement conçue, et rendue avec clarté; elle auroit pu l'être avec plus de force. *Septembre 7.*—J'ai commencé aujourd'hui le *Traité sur l'ancienne Rome, de Fabiano Nardini, dans la traduction Latine de Tollius, insérée dans le quatrième tome du Trésor des Antiquités Romaines de Grævius, que M. Pavillard m'a procuré de la bibliothèque publique de Genève.* Les savans estiment beaucoup cet ouvrage; mais je vois que l'Abbé Langlet du Fresnoy fait assez peu de cas de la version. J'ai lu aujourd'hui *L. i. C. ii. p. 881—897 de Nardini.* Il soutient l'origine qu'on donne communément à la ville de Rome par des raisons assez communes. C'est le sujet du premier chapitre. Mais le second est fort intéressant; c'est l'enceinte de la première ville de Romulus. Elle ne comprenoit que le Mont

paring a body of men of letters with a nation of barbarians, and a legal banishment with the defeat of an army; and Sulpicia ought to have remembered that the Gauls had burnt the city, besieged the capitol, and that their conqueror, Camillus, merited the title of second founder of Rome. 4. Justice, however, must be done to Sulpicia. Her satire is adorned by one striking image. Rome, after all her victories, is represented under the figure of the wrestler Milo, who remained alone in the lists, vainly expecting an antagonist. This image is happily conceived; and clearly, though not forcibly, expressed.

September 7.—I this day began the description of ancient Rome, by Fabiano Nardini, translated into Latin by Tollius, and inserted in the fourth volume of Grævius's *Roman Antiquities*, which Mr. Pavillard borrowed for me from the public library of Geneva. This work is much valued by the learned; though I perceive that the Abbé Langlet du Fresnoy speaks lightly of its translation. I read *L. i. C. i. ii. p. 881—897.* Nardini vindicates the account commonly given of the origin of Rome, by arguments very generally known. This is the subject of the first chapter. The second is very interesting, since it examines the extent of the first city, built by Romulus, which comprehended only the Palatine

1763

Mont Palatin; et lorsque les Sabins avoient pris le capitol; ils n'étoient maîtres que de la citadelle. [September 18.] — J'ai lu *Nardini, L. i. C. iii, iv, v, vi, vii, viii, ix, x. p. 897—945.* Il traite d'un nombre d'objets avec beaucoup de savoir, assez de jugement, et une exactitude de détails qui instruisent ordinairement, mais qui ennuyent quelquefois. Après avoir achevé de décrire la première ville de Romulus, il traite de celle de Tatius, que ce nouvel allié y ajouta sur le Mont Capitolin; et passe ensuite à la forme que Servius Tullius (le moins célèbre, mais peut-être le plus grand de ses législateurs) lui donna, et de ses murailles qui en déterminèrent l'enceinte, jusqu'au tems d'Aurélien. Il en suit avec beaucoup de soin les vestiges; et ses grandes connoissances du local, le mettent presque toujours sur la voye. Il résulte de toutes ses opérations, que l'enceinte de l'ancienne Rome étoit à peine aussi grande que celle de la Rome moderne: fait qui renverse de fond en comble tous les systèmes de Lippius et de Vossius. Nardini explique fort heureusement le fameux passage où Pline parle des douze portes qu'on ne devoit compter que pour une seule fois. Il résulte de deux passages de Cicéron et de Tite Live que plusieurs portes de Rome avoient deux Arcades qu'on appelloit *Jani*; et qu'on voit encore sur les anciens monumens. Nardini n'est pas aussi heureux dans ce qu'il dit du *Pomærium*. Malgré toutes ses hypothèses, il reste toujours

trois

Palatine Mount; and when the Sabines took the capitol, this meant the citadel.

September 18.] — I read Nardini, L. i. C. iii, iv, v, vi, vii, viii, ix, x. p. 897—945, which terminates the first book. A variety of subjects are treated with great learning, considerable judgement, and a minute accuracy; which is commonly instructive, but sometimes tiresome. Having finished his description of the city built by Romulus, he examines the addition made to it by Tatius, the ally of that king, on the Capitoline Hill; and then proceeds to consider the form given to it by Servius Tullius, (the least celebrated, but perhaps the greatest of all its legislators,) and the wall which bounded the extent of Rome to the reign of Aurelian. This wall he traces with great attention, directed by an exact local knowledge. It results from the whole of his observations, that the circuit of ancient Rome was scarcely so considerable as that of the modern: a fact which totally overturns the systems of Lippius and Vossius. Nardini is very happy in explaining the famous passage of Pliny, which treats of the twelve gates; and which ought not to be reckoned more, since we learn from two passages of Cicero and Livy, that several of the Roman gates had two arches, called *Jani*; which are still distinguishable on ancient monuments. Nardini is not equally successful in explaining the *Pomærium*. In spite of all his hypotheses, there

EXTRAITS DU JOURNAL.

trois propositions également constatées, et cependant contradictoires. 1. Que le *Pomœrium* étoit un espace de terrain consacré des deux côtes des murs. 2. Que les murs de Rome sont demeurés les mêmes depuis Servius Tullius jusqu'à Aurélien. 3. Que Sylla, Jules César, et l'empereur Claude ont reculé le *Pomœrium*.

J'ai achevé aujourd'hui le vingtième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y ai trouvé *Le Diodore de Sicile*, traduit par l'Abbé Terrasson. Il est singulier qu'un homme, qui méprisoit les plus grands écrivains de l'antiquité, ait pu devenir le traducteur d'un historien, dont l'utilité fortuite est supérieure aux talens réels. Quoique la traduction soit estimée, on relève ici un assez grand nombre de ses défauts. Les deux éditions de *Tite Live et ses suppléments*, l'une par Drakenborch, l'autre par M. Crevier. Dans la première, je vois le texte de Tite enseveli dans tous les commentaires bons et mauvais qu'on a faits sur lui. Je vois dans l'autre une vie sensée de l'auteur, un choix raisonné des meilleures remarques, et beaucoup de goût et de sagacité de la part de l'éditeur. Je vois que celui-ci a su renfermer les quinze premiers livres dans 828 pages, (y compris encore ses propres prolegomènes,) pendant qu'il en a fallu à l'autre 2159 pour les dix neuf premiers livres, *cum notis variorum*: je ne nie pas cependant que l'édition Hollandoise ne soit un bon répertoire. *Syntagma*

there are still three propositions on this subject, which rest on equally good authority, and are yet contradictory to each other. 1. That the *Pomœrium* was a consecrated slip of ground on both sides of the walls. 2. That the walls of Rome had the same extent from Servius Tullius to Aurelian. 3. That Sylla, Julius Cæsar, and the emperor Claudius extended the *Pomœrium*.

I this day finished the twentieth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*; which contains the translation of Diodorus Siculus, by the Abbé Terrasson. It is remarkable that a man, who despised the finest writers of antiquity, should have condescended to become the translator of an historian, whose accidental utility far surpasses his real merit. Though this translation be esteemed, the critic here exposes many of its errors. Two editions of Titus Livius, with his supplements: one by Drakenborch, and the other by Crevier. In the first, the text of Livy is buried under a weight of the commentaries, good or bad, that have been written on that author. The second contains a sensible life of the historian, a judicious selection of the best remarks on his work, and displays as much intelligence as taste on the part of the editor. He includes the first fifteen books, together with his own prolegomena, in 828 pages; whereas the Dutch editor bestows 2159 pages on the first nineteen books, *cum notis variorum*. The latter edition, however, may be considered

Syntagma Dissertationum ad Historiam Ecclesiasticam pertinentium a Mosheimio. Elles me paroissent meilleures que ses dissertations théologiques. *La vie et les actions de M. de Paris, le deuxième et troisième Barbut.* Le journaliste épilogue avec beaucoup de soin la vie d'un jeune Alphonse de Palacios. Si tous ces miracles ressembloient à celui-ci, il n'y auroit pas nécessité aux Jésuites de recourir à l'œuvre du démon. *La Friponnerie d'un grand Diable Bentley.* Réponse au fameux livre de Collins, plein d'érudition et d'injures. Le traducteur et le journaliste ont renchéri sur lui, à l'égard des dernières.

Septembre 19. — J'ai lu *Li. II. C. I. II. III. p. 949—961.* Après avoir fixé les limites de la ville, il décrit les sept collines qui y étoient renfermées; la méthode opposée n'auroit-elle pas été plus claire et plus naturelle? Il examine fort bien les divisions différentes du peuple et de la ville; les *tribus* et les *curia* de Romulus, les *tribus* de Servius, les quatorze régions d'Auguste, et les sept régions des premiers papes. Je voudrois qu'il eût recherché la distribution des *curia*, après le règne de Servius. Les partagea-t-on de nouveau entre les *tribus* de ce prince? Les *tribus* de Romulus subsistèrent-elles uniquement pour les *comitia curiata*? La division des *curia*, n'eut-elle plus rien de commun avec celle des *tribus*? Le dernier sentiment me paroitroit le plus vraisemblable.

Septembre

as a good repository. *Syntagma Dissertationum ad Historiam Ecclesiasticam pertinentium a Mosheimio.* His ecclesiastical dissertations seem to me to have more merit than his theological ones. *The Truth of the Miracles of M. Paris, second and third Barbut.* The journalist carefully sets the tale of young Alphonse of Palacios; if none of the miracles was better than this, the Jesuits needed not to have ascribed them to the devil. *La Friponnerie d'un grand Diable Bentley.* An answer to the famous book of Collins, full of learning and scurrility, in the latter of which the author is outdone by his translator and critic.

September 19. — I read Nardini, *Li. II. C. I. II. III. p. 949—961.* After fixing the limits of the city, he describes the seven hills which they included. The reverse of this method would perhaps have been more natural. He explains very clearly the different divisions of the people and of the city; the tribes and *curia* of Romulus; the tribes instituted by Servius; the fourteen regions of Augustus; and the seven regions of the first popes. I wish he had enquired into the distribution of the *curia* after the reign of Servius; and determined whether they were again divided among the tribes instituted by that prince; whether the division of the tribes by Romulus continued to subsist merely for the purpose of the *comitia curiata*; or whether, after the time of Servius, the division of the

1763

Septembre 20.]—J'ai lu Nardini, *Lib. C. i. p. 961—1003*. Il y parle des écrivains qui nous ont laissé des descriptions de Rome, tels que Publius Victor, Sextus Rufus, Onophrinus Panvinus, et la Notice de l'Empire. Ils sont utiles comme ayant eu sous les yeux un grand nombre de monumens qui ne subsistent plus que dans les livres. Malgré tous leurs avantages néanmoins, leur exactitude est inférieure à celle des critiques modernes, (d'un Nardini par exemple,) que ceux-ci se voyent à tout moment en état de suppléer à leurs omissions, de relever leurs méprises, et de remarquer même quelquefois leurs contradictions. Après ces préliminaires, Nardini passe à la description des quatorze régions de la ville; il décrit fort en détail la première région, (*Porta Capena*), et une partie de la deuxième (*Mons Caelius*). On peut dire qu'en général ses recherches sont heureuses, et qu'en combinant une infinité de passages dispersés dans les anciens auteurs, aussi bien les uns avec les autres, qu'avec l'état actuel des lieux, il parvient à déterminer la situation de la plupart des monumens. Dans la description qu'il fait du vallon d'*Egeria*, (aujourd'hui Caffarella,) qui s'étend à gauche de

the people by curiz, had no longer any relation to their division by tribes. The latter opinion appears to me the more probable.

September 20.]—I finished the second book of Nardini, chapters fourth and fifth. I also read the third book, C. i, ii, iii, iv, v, vi, vii. p. 961—1003. He speaks of the authors who have given us descriptions of Rome; such as Publius Victor, Sextus Rufus, Onophrinus Panvinus, and the *Notitia Imperii*. Their chief utility arises from their having had before their eyes many monuments which are now known only by books. Yet notwithstanding this advantage, their descriptions are so inferior in point of accuracy to those of modern critics, (Nardini for example,) that the latter are continually obliged to correct their mistakes, to supply their defects, and sometimes even to point out their contradictions. After these preliminary matters, Nardini proceeds to describe the fourteen regions of the city; treating minutely, in this part of his work, the first region, or that of the *Porta Capena*; and the second, or that of the *Mons Caelius*. We may pronounce his researches in general to be successful. By combining a multitude of passages scattered in ancient authors, both with each other, and with his local knowledge of Rome, he is enabled to ascertain the situation of the greater part of its monuments. His account of the valley of *Egeria*, which lies on the left of the *Porta Capena*, between the Latin and Appian ways, illustrated much to my satisfaction, serves

la porte Capuë, entre la voye Latine et la voye Appienne, j'ai goûté le plaisir d'entendre beaucoup mieux mon Ju vénal; Nædus employe la moitié d'un chapitre à recher cher la vraie signification des mots de *domus* et d'*insula*, et à réfuter le sentiment de Lipsius là-dessus. Grævius n'est point content ni de l'un ni de l'autre. Si ces Messieurs, meilleurs critiques qu'ils n'étoient logiciens, avoient ap porté autant de soin à se faire des idées nettes qu'à en tasser des citations, je crois qu'ils auroient vu, sans diffi culté, 1. Que le mot *insula*, métaphorique dans son origine, signifioit tout bâtiment de toute espèce quelleconque, qui étoit entièrement isolé, et dont les murailles étoient sé parées des murailles voisines par un espace plus ou moins grand. C'est la notion primitive de ce mot. Elle est ap puyée par la raison et l'autorité de Festus, et il faut bien se garder d'y faire entrer des idées accessoires. 2. Sans disconvenir que dans les premiers siècles de Rome, il n'y eut beaucoup de ces bâtimens, on peut dire hardiment qu'après l'incendie de Néron, ils devinrent beaucoup plus nombreux, et que dans le siècle de Constantin ils rem plissoient toute la ville. Tacite nous apprend un édit très sage de Néron, portant qu'on ne rebâtiroit plus les mai sons avec des murs mitoyens, mais que chaque maison auroit ses murailles particulières. Peut-on désigner plus clairement des *insulae*? Peut-on douter d'un autre côté,

que

ral passages in Juvenal. He employs the half of a chapter in investigating the true meaning of the words *domus* and *insula*, and in confuting Lipsius' opinion on that subject. Grævius is equally dissatisfied with the explanations of Lipsius and his antagonist. If these antiquaries, who were better critics than logicians, had been at as much pains to acquire an exact idea of their subject, as to heap up citations, I am persuaded they would easily have perceived, 1. That the word *insula*, which in its application to the houses of Rome, was at first metaphorical, denoted every edifice that was intirely insulated; and whose walls were completely separated from those of the neighbouring building. This primitive signification of the word is supported both by the nature of the thing and the authority of Festus; and we ought not to mix with this essential characteristic, any accessory ideas. 2. Without disputing that, in the first ages of Rome, the number of such edifices was great, we may boldly affirm that it became much greater after the conflagration in the reign of Nero; and that, in the age of Constantine, buildings called *insulae* filled the whole extent of the city. Tacitus informs us of a wise regulation made by Nero, forbidding the use of walls common to two contiguous houses, and requiring that the walls of each house should be distinct and separate from those of the houses nearest to it. The *insula* cannot be more accurately defined than by this description

1763.

que cet édit n'ait été suivi de son exécution, quand on voit dans Publius Victor, que dans le quatrième siècle, il y avoit quarante six mille *insulae* dans la capitale, et qu'à l'exception tout au plus de dix huit cents *domus*, toutes les habitations particulières sont comprises sous ce nom. Dès que le fait est constaté, il faut plutôt s'efforcer à l'expliquer qu'à le contester. Ainsi je ne dirai point que toute la ville n'a pas pu être rebâtie selon l'édit de Néron, puisque l'incendie qui arriva sous son règne n'en consuma qu'une partie. Cet édit étoit certainement sage: pourquoi ses successeurs ne l'autoient-ils pas confirmé? En ce cas les trois cents ans écoulés entre Néron et Victor suffisoient bien pour renouveler la ville, et pour la rebâtir toute entière sur le nouveau plan. On n'a pas meilleure grâce de se recrier sur le peu d'agrément de toutes ces maisons isolées. La sûreté ne méritoit-elle pas le sacrifice de la beauté? C'est d'ailleurs si fort une beauté de convention que je ne sens point ce défaut. Dès le moment que les rues étoient larges, et les maisons bien alignées, je ne crains plus rien pour le coup d'œil. 3. Cet édit en réglant les situations des maisons en laissoit la forme et la grandeur à la disposition de chaque particulier. La maison d'un artisan et celle de Néron étoient également *insulae*, dès qu'elles en possédoient la marque caractéristique, celle d'être isolées de tout autre bâtiment. Le nombre des unes et des autres a dû cependant être assez borné. Celui

scription, and we cannot doubt whether the edict was carried into execution, when we read in Publius Victor, that in the fourth century there were 46,000 *insulae* in the capital; and that, with the exception of not more than 1800 *domus*, all the dwellings of Rome were comprehended under that name. Since the fact is ascertained, it is our business not to contest, but to explain it. I will not therefore allege that the whole city could not have been re-built agreeable to Nero's edict, because there was only a part of it consumed by the conflagration under his reign. As the edict was a wise one, it would naturally be perpetuated by his successors; and in the space of three hundred years from Nero to Victor, there was time for re-building the whole city according to the new plan. The unpleasing effect of so many separate houses to the eye, ought not to create any difficulty: safety is to be preferred to beauty; especially to a beauty dependent on fashion; so that, provided the streets were straight and spacious, the eye would be abundantly gratified. 3. This edict regulated only the situation of houses, but left their size and shape to the discretion of each proprietor. Nero's palace and the house of an artificer were equally entitled to the appellation of *insulae*, provided they had the specific character of standing detached and separate from all other buildings. The number of such *insulae* could not be considerable. The great form but a small proportion of any community; and

Celui des grands est toujours petit; et je pense que la dépense, aussi bien que la difficulté et le danger d'avoir une petite maison séparée de toutes les autres, a dû engager la plupart des gens du peuple à se contenter d'un appartement de louage. On voit même par Juvénal et par Martial qu'ils s'en contentoient. Dès lors la cupidité industrieuse des hommes me prouve mieux que tous les passages, qu'il a dû s'élever beaucoup d'entrepreneurs qui travailloient pour la beauté de la ville et la commodité du peuple, en construisant de grandes maisons, dont ils louoient les différens appartemens à plusieurs familles. Cet usage généralement répandu, étendit bientôt la signification d'*insula*, en y unissant des idées nouvelles et accessoires. On commençoit à s'en servir pour désigner proprement un assemblage de plusieurs ménages sous le même toit, et conséquemment pour exprimer une maison louée, et louée à des gens du commun. C'est ainsi que Pétrone et les jurisconsultes nous la représentent. 4. Ne pourroit-on point du nombre des *insula* conjecturer celui des habitans de Rome? Victor et la Notice de l'Empire s'accordent sur le premier. Il y en avoit 46,602. Je vois dans Juvénal que les maisons de Rome étoient ordinairement à quatre étages*; et à les supposer remplies chacune d'une famille de six personnes, l'*insula* en contenoit vingt quatre. Celles qui étoient louées (et c'étoit le grand nombre) ne devoient pas en avoir moins; et les palais

and the expence, together with the inconvenience and danger, attending a separate dwelling, incline me to believe that the lower classes at Rome were contented with lodgings; which appears really to have been the case, both from Juvenal and Martial. The avaricious industry of man will serve better to convince us than all the passages in antient authors, that there would be a number of builders, who promoted the beauty of the city and the convenience of its inhabitants, by erecting large edifices, of which the separate apartments were left to different families. This practice, which became general, greatly extended the signification of the word *insula*, by connecting with it a new meaning. It began to denote a multitude of families living under the same roof, and therefore a house hired to the lower classes of the people: and in this sense it is taken by Petronius and the writers on the Roman law. 4. From the number of the *insula* would it be possible to ascertain that of the inhabitants of Rome? Victor and the *Notitiæ Imperii* fix the former at 46,602. We learn from Juvenal, that the houses of the Romans consisted commonly of four stories*; and if we suppose each story to have lodged a family of six persons, each of the *insula* would contain twenty-four inhabitants. Those which were let to hire could not have fewer, and

Vol. II.

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* Juvenal Satir. iii. 197—202.

1763. palais des riches en renfermoient bien davantage. Heureusement on peut répartir l'excédent sur les petites maisons particulières. A multiplier donc cette somme par celle des *insulae*, nous aurons pour le total des habitans de Rome 1,118,448 âmes. Ce nombre me paraît assez ; il remplit la grande enceinte de la ville, et tout ce que nous lisons de son immensité, sans passer toutefois les bornes de la vraisemblance. Je pourrois montrer en détail, que le système de Nardini ne donneroit qu'environ 360,000 habitans à la capitale du monde, tandis que l'hypothèse de Grævius en exigeroit quatre ou cinq millions. L'un et l'autre de ces nombres me paroissent également insoutenable. 5. Quant aux dix huit cens maisons, *domus*, qui sont comptées à part dans toutes les descriptions, leur nom, leur nombre, et un passage de Suétone m'engagent à croire qu'elles étoient les maisons principales, les hôtels de Rome. Je ne crois pas, cependant, qu'il faille les distinguer des *insulae*. Si leur grandeur les tiroit de cette classe, leur situation isolée et distincte les faisoit rentrer dans l'idée primitive et spéciale de ce mot †.

Septembre 22.]—Le second tome des Lettres du Baron de

* Il faut se souvenir combien les Seigneurs Romains avoient d'esclaves.
† V. sur toute cette question, *Lips. ad Tacit. Annal. xv. Nardini Roma vetus, L. iii. C. iv. p. 985, 986, 987: et Græv. in Prefat. ad tom. iv. Thesaur. Antig. Roman.* Je me sers de toutes leurs citations.

the palaces of the rich would contain a far greater number*. This surplus may be divided among the small *insulae* not let to hire, but belonging to those who inhabited them: so that by multiplying the number of *insulae* by twenty-four, we shall have 1,118,448 for the inhabitants of Rome. I am pleased with this number, which, without passing the bounds of credibility, corresponds with the greatest extent of the city, and with all that we are told of its populousness. It might be clearly proved that Nardini's system would give but 360,000 inhabitants to the capital of the world; whereas Grævius's hypothesis would require four or five millions: both which numbers seem to me highly improbable. 5. As to the 1800 houses, *domus*, which in all the descriptions of Rome are reckoned separately, their name, their numbers, and a passage of Suetonius concur in making me believe that they were the principal buildings, or palaces of Rome. I think, however, they need not be distinguished from the *insulae*; since if they are removed from this class by their greatness, they may be again reduced to it, by their detached situation, which was the original and specific meaning of the word †.

September 22.]—The second volume of Baron Biehsfeld's Letters

* We must remember that the slaves were numerous in great families.
† See concerning the whole question, *Lips. ad Tacit. Annal. xv. Nardini Roma vetus, L. iii. C. iv. p. 985, 986, 987, et Græv. in Prefat. ad tom. iv. Thesaur. Antig. Roman.* I have availed myself of all their quotations.

de Bielfeld m'a détourné de Nardini. Son caractère m'intéresse. Je trouve dans ses lettres une image assez naïve des cours d'Allemagne. J'aurois préféré à la vérité quelques circonstances du caractère et de l'histoire du roi de Prusse, et des soupers de Potsdam, à tous ces galas et ces mariages. Mais la discrétion et la crainte imposent des loix bien rigoureuses en Allemagne.

Septembre 23. — J'ai lu Nardini, L. iii. le reste du C. septième, et le viii, ix, x, xi, xii. p. 1005—1039. Mon auteur achève de décrire la deuxième région, passe ensuite à la troisième (*Isis et Moneta*), et commence la quatrième (*Templum Pacis*). Comme il approche du centre de la ville, des quartiers remplis d'anciens monumens, ses matériaux deviennent plus abondans. Il dépeint la *Via Sacra* avec beaucoup de netteté; il est vrai qu'il pouvoit s'aider d'un grand nombre de points déterminés. Cette rue fameuse étoit bornée d'un côté par l'*Arcus Fabianus*, qui s'ouvroit dans le *Forum Romanum*; de l'autre côté elle aboutissoit au *Colosseum*, qui la séparoit de la rue *Suburra*, qu'on a essayé vainement de transporter ailleurs, et dont Nardini fixe la position avec beaucoup de savoir et d'exactitude. La cérémonie qui se pratiquoit dans la *Regia*, porte, selon moi, toutes les marques de la plus haute antiquité: un peuple, qui voulant représenter le Dieu de la Guerre, ne savoit ou ne vouloit point imiter

withdrew my attention from Nardini. I am interested in the Baron's character; his letters give a picture of the German courts. I should have preferred indeed some account of the character and history of the king of Prussia, and the suppers at Potsdam, to the description of all those galas and marriages. But fear or discretion impose rigorous laws on a German author.

September 23. — I read Nardini, L. iii. the remainder of C. vii. and C. viii, ix, x, xi, xii. p. 1005—1039. He finishes the description of the second region, and proceeds to that of the third (*Isis and Moneta*), which he also concludes; and then commences the description of the fourth (*Templum Pacis*). As he draws near to the center of the city, his materials become more abundant from the greater quantity of ancient monuments in that neighbourhood. He traces distinctly the *Via Sacra*, whose situation, indeed, is ascertained by a variety of sure limits. This famous street is bounded, on one side, by the Fabian arch, which led to the Roman Forum; and, on the other, it terminates at the *Colosseum*, by which it was separated from the street called *Suburra*; which some antiquaries vainly endeavoured to place elsewhere; but whose position is fixed by Nardini with much learning and accuracy. The ceremony practised in the *Regia*, bears, in my opinion, all the marks of the highest antiquity: a people, desirous of representing the God of War, but who were incapable or unwilling to imitate the human figure,

1763.

imiter la figure humaine, et qui l'adoroit sous la forme d'une lance : le sacrifice d'un cheval fait dans les champs, dont on enlevait la tête sanglante, et qu'on attachoit à la muraille de la *Regia* : tout (dis-je) m'annonce une origine Scythique, et les mœurs d'un peuple nomade. Il n'y a pas jusqu'aux combats des habitans de la *Via Sacra*, et de ceux de la *Suburra*, qui ne rappellent la barbarie de cette institution, établie dans un siècle où la société se formoit à peine. En suivant la *Via Sacra*, l'on trouve le *Temple de la Paix*, et le *Colosseum*. Rome doit au plus avare de ses princes deux de ses plus beaux monumens. Heureux le pays, dont les souverains sont avares dans les détails, pour être magnifiques dans le grand !

Septembre 24.]—J'ai lu Nardini, *L. iii. C. xiii, xiv, xv*, et *L. iv. C. 1—10*, p. 1039—1125. Il poursuit la description de la quatrième région, et passe ensuite à la cinquième (*Esquilinus*), la sixième (*Alta Semita*), et la septième (*Via Lata*) ; et il met bien sous les yeux l'action infernale de Tullia. Elle montoit le *Vicus Cyprius*. Elle étoit déjà presque à l'extrémité de cette rue, où elle se partageoit en deux branches ; la droite (*Clivus Vrbis*) montoit à l'Esquilin, et conduisoit au palais de Servius Tullius ; la gauche (*Vicus Patricius*) passoit entre l'Esquilin et le Viminal, et formoit une rue où les Patriciens demeuroient sous les yeux de leur roi. Ce fut dans cet endroit que le corps sanglant de son père ne put arrêter le char de Tullia. L'horreur public détacha ce lieu du

Vicus

figure, and therefore adored him under the form of a spear ; a horse sacrificed in the field, whose bloody head was carried in procession, and fixed to the wall of the *Regia* ; every thing in these rites points to a Scythian origin, and indicates the manners of wandering barbarians. Even the military sports of the inhabitants of the *Via Sacra* and *Suburra* date their origin from a period when society was yet in its infancy. The *Via Sacra* leads to the Temple of Peace and the *Colosseum*, two of the finest monuments of Rome, which that city owes to the most avaricious of its princes. Happy the people, whose princes, by habitual economy, are capable of executing great undertakings !

September 24th.]—I read Nardini, *L. iii. C. xiii, xiv, xv*, and *L. iv. C. 1—x*, p. 1039—1125. He continues and concludes the description of the fourth region, and proceeds to the fifth (*Esquilinus*), the sixth (*Alta Semita*), and the seventh (*Via Lata*). He sets clearly before our eyes the infernal action of Tullia. She ascended the *Vicus Cyprius*, and had already reached the extremity of that street, where it divides into two branches : that on the right led to the Esquiline Mount and the palace of Servius Tullius ; that on the left (*Vicus Patricius*) joined the Esquiline and the Viminal, forming a street where the Patricians lived under the eyes of their king. It was here that the bloody body of her father could not stop the chariot of Tullia. The horror excited by her

deed

Vicus Cyprinus, dont il faisoit partie, et lui fit prendre le nom de *Vicus Scleratus*. La huitième Satyre du premier livre d'Horace offre une petite difficulté par rapport au Mont Esquilin. Les jardins de Mécène occupoient un terrain destiné auparavant aux cimetières du peuple. Cela paroît clairement. Mais dans quel tems ce changement s'est-il fait ? Nardini pense que ce fut sous le règne de Servius. Cependant, il me semble qu'un coup d'œil sur cette satire suffit pour faire voir qu'il n'est point ici d'allusion froide et recherchée à des événemens arrivés depuis cinq cens ans, mais que le poëte y parle d'un changement fait de son tems, sous ses yeux, et par les soins de son protecteur. Le Mont Esquilin (me dit-on cependant) étoit depuis Servius dans l'enceinte de la ville. Enterroit-on des esclaves dans une ville où l'on accordoit à peine cet honneur aux empereurs ? Je sens tout le poids de l'objection. Mais si l'Esquilin étoit renfermé dans les murailles de Rome, l'étoit-il dans le *Pomærium* ? Nous n'en savons rien. Le Mont Aventin étoit dans l'enceinte de Servius. Six siècles après l'empereur Claude l'environna de murailles. La défense d'enterrer les morts dans les villes tenoit au droit pontifical ; et pour les pontifes, les limites étoient celles qu'ils traçoient eux mêmes, le *Pomærium*. Je ne donne qu'une explication d'hypothèse ; mais c'est tout ce que je puis donner. Sur le même Mont Esquilin on voit encore un arc de triomphe,

1763.



deed, separated this place from the *Vicus Cyprinus*, and gave to it the name of *Vicus Scleratus*. In the eighth Satire of the third book of Horace, a difficulty occurs respecting the Esquiline Mount. The gardens of Mæcenas stood on a ground formerly employed as a public burying place. There is not any doubt of the fact ; but it is uncertain when this change took place. Nardini thinks that it was in the reign of Servius. But it seems to me, that a glance at this Satire is sufficient to show that the passage in Horace is not a cold and far-fetched allusion to an event that happened five hundred years before his own time ; but that he speaks of a change operated under his own eyes, and by the direction of his patron. But Mount Esquiline, I shall be told, was ever since the time of Servius within the walls of Rome : and can it be believed that slaves should have been interred in a city, which scarcely granted that honour to emperors ? I feel the whole weight of this objection ; yet I would ask, whether the Esquiline, though within the walls, was therefore within the *Pomærium* ? This cannot be determined. Mount Aventine was within the circuit traced by Servius, and the emperor Claudius surrounded it with walls six centuries afterwards. The prohibition of interring in cities proceeded from the pontifical law ; and the college of priests regulated, at pleasure, the limits of the *Pomærium*. This is but an hypothesis, yet it is the only solution I can give of the difficulty. We still see on Mount Aventine

1763.

triomphe, érigé par un particulier à l'empereur Gallien. L'ouvrage en est grossier; mais l'adulation de l'inscription l'est encore d'avantage. Un prince qui laissoit son père dans les fers des Perses, et l'empire en proie à tous les ennemis, y est loué pour la valeur, qualité dominante chez lui, et qui ne le cédoit qu'à la seule piété. Qu'on transforme les vices d'un monarque dans des vertus qui peuvent y avoir quelque rapport; qu'on nomme son ambition grandeur d'ame, sa lâcheté amour de la paix, sa crainte justice; c'est la règle; on auroit tort de s'en offenser. Mais incenser en lui les vertus les plus opposées à son caractère! On est presque tenté d'y voir une satire sévère cachée sous l'ironie. Cette inscription est bien plus forte que le *pax ubique*, que M. Addison avoit trouvée sur une médaille du même Gallien.

Septembre 25.]—J'ai lu *Nardini, L. v. C. i, ii, iii, iv. p. 1125—1149*. Il est enfin arrivé au centre de la ville, au *Forum Romanum*, où l'on ne peut faire un pas, sans rencontrer les monumens de la religion, de la grandeur, et de la politique des Romains. Malheureusement la plupart de ces anciens monumens n'existent plus que dans les auteurs. Ceux-ci nous parlent d'une petite chapelle de la concorde, dont je dirai deux mots. Elle étoit moins l'ouvrage de la piété que de la haine. Flavius, cet ennemi

Aventine a triumphal arch, which a private citizen raised in honour of the emperor Gallienus. The rudeness of the work is surpassed by the coarse flattery of the inscription. A prince, who left his father a prisoner among the Persians, and the empire a prey to its enemies, is extolled for his valour, which was only exceeded by his piety. It is allowable to transform the defects of princes into kindred excellencies; to call their ambition magnanimity; their severity justice; and their cowardice moderation. This does not offend us, because it is the custom. But when Gallienus is flattered for virtues most opposite to his character, we are almost tempted to believe that, under the flattery, a severe satire is concealed. This inscription is still more impudent than the *pax ubique*, which Mr. Addison read on a medal of the same Gallienus.

September 25.]—I read *Nardini, L. v. C. i, ii, iii, iv. p. 1125—1149*. He has now reached the centre of the city, where it was impossible to advance a step without finding some monument of the religion, greatness, or policy of Rome; but unfortunately the greater part of those monuments no longer exist, except in ancient authors. They speak of a little chapel dedicated to Concord, concerning which I shall say a few words. This chapel was the work rather of hatred than of piety; it was built by

ennemi juré de la noblesse, songeoit à mortifier son orgueil par ce temple. Comment y réussit-il ? 1. En le dédiant lui-même. Le sénat vit avec indignation qu'un édile osât s'attribuer des fonctions réservées toujours aux consuls et aux dictateurs †. 2. D'une façon encore plus sensible, quoique plus indirecte ; peu de lecteurs l'ont apperçue dans un passage de Plin †. Flavius, au milieu d'une dissension civile, avoit fait vœu de consacrer cette chapelle à la Concorde, si elle vouloit réunir les ordres de l'état. Lorsqu'il la consacra, il l'accompagna d'une inscription qui fixa la date de sa dédicace à cent quatre ans, après celle de la concorde du capitol §, ouvrage de Camille, et la suite d'un vœu semblable. On conçoit assez quelle mortification la noblesse devoit éprouver à la vue de cette Concorde plebéienne d'un édile, placée vis-à-vis de la Concorde patricienne de son dictateur. Dans ce beau passage il n'y a que la date qui me paroît fautive. La première dédicace étant de l'an de Rome 386, et la seconde de l'an 448, il est clair qu'au lieu de 104, il faut lire 62.

J'ai

† *Post Capitolinam*, selon l'édition de Daléchamp. Je voudrois voir celle de Hardouin. Nardini lit *post capitulum*, leçon qui me paroît très fautive. Plin. Hist. Natur. l. xxxiii. 1.

C. Flavius, that sworn enemy of the nobles, with a view to mortify their pride. How did he accomplish this purpose ? 1. By performing the ceremony of dedication himself. The senate beheld with indignation an edile arrogating to himself the functions hitherto reserved for dictators and consuls †. 2. In a manner less direct indeed, but still more offensive, which but few readers have perceived in a passage of Pliny †. In the midst of a sedition, Flavius vowed to consecrate a temple to the goddess Concord, on condition that she re-established harmony among the different orders of citizens. The chapel was consecrated, and the era of its dedication fixed by an inscription, at the distance of 104 years from that of the Concord of the capitol §, which had been built by Camillus, in consequence of a similar vow. It may easily be imagined how much the patricians were mortified at seeing this plebeian Concord, the work of an edile, standing in the neighbourhood of the patrician Concord of their dictator. In this interesting passage, the date only is erroneous. The first dedication was in the year of Rome 386 ; the second, in the year 448. Instead of the numbers 104, we must therefore read 62.

† T. Liv. ix. 46.

† *Post Capitolinam*, according to the edition of Delcampius. I should like to consult that of Hardouin. Nardini erroneously reads *post capitulum*. Plin. Hist. Natur. l. xxxiii. 1.

§ Plutarch. in Camill.

I finished

1763

J'ai achevé le vingt et unième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y trouve *Eloge Historique d'Alphonse Tarretin*, par M. Vernet. Il n'est pas mal écrit. C'est dommage que le sujet ne soit pas plus beau. Une bonne latinité, des idées empruntées des Anglois, peu connues alors, et une modération rare aux théologiens de son tems, ont fait toute sa réputation. Aussi commence-t-elle à passer. *Dissertations de l'Académie de Cortone* : les sujets sont très-mal choisis, mais assez bien traités. *Lettres de M. Mayans*, et *Vie du Doyen Marti*, à la tête de ses *Lettres*, publiées par le même M. Mayans. La barbarie de leur pays, que ces deux Espagnols ne cessent de déplorer, demande de l'indulgence. Ils en ont besoin. *Histoire Critique de la Philosophie*, par M. Deslandes : ouvrage léger et spirituel. *Hésiode*, par M. Robinson : la préface de cette édition me paroit bien travaillée. *Premier Extrait d'un Ouvrage de M. Wesseling*, sur cette fameuse *Inscription de Bérénice*, qui a tant exercé les savans. M. Wesseling ne la considère que par rapport aux Juifs. *Septembre 26.*—J'ai lu Nardini, L. v. C. v, vi, vii, viii, ix, x, xi, xii. p. 1149—1216. Après avoir enfin épuisé le *Forum Romanum*, il passe aux quartiers qui l'environnoient, et surtout au *Forum de César*, à ceux d'*Auguste*, et de *Trajan*. Un *Forum* étoit proprement une place fort

I finished the twenty-first volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains the panegyric of Alphonse Tarretin, by Mr. Vernet; in which the beauty of the style exceeds that of the subject. This piece owes its fame to its excellent latinity; to ideas borrowed from England, and then new on the continent; and to a degree of candour not usual with theologians of that age. Its celebrity is now in the wane. *Dissertations of the Academy of Cortona*: the subjects are well-treated, but ill chosen. *Lettres of Mr. Mayans*, and the *Life of Dean Marti* prefixed to his *Lettres*, published by the same Mr. Mayans. The barbarism of their country, which these two Spaniards continually deplore, entitles them to an indulgence, of which they stand in much need. The *Critical History of Philosophy*, by Mr. Deslandes: a lively, but light performance. *Hesiod*, by Mr. Robinson: the preface is elaborate. *First Extract from Mr. Wesseling's Discourse on the famous Inscription of Bérénice*, which has so much exercised the ingenuity of the learned. He considers it only in relation to the Jews. *Septembre 26.*—I read Nardini, L. v. C. v, vi, vii, viii, ix, x, xi, xii, p. 1149—1216. After having exhausted the subject of the Roman Forum, he passes to the surrounding monuments, particularly the Forum of Caesar, that of Augustus, and that of Trajan. A Forum was properly a place adorned on all sides with temples and porticos; but whose essential character

fort ornée de temples et de portiques à l'entour, mais dont le bâtiment essentiel étoit une basilique, où siégeoient les tribunaux de justice. Comme ces tribunaux se tenoient auparavant dans la place, c'est de là que quelques auteurs confondent souvent le *Forum* et le *Basilica*; et qu'ils en parlent quelquefois comme d'une place ouverte, et quelquefois comme d'un bâtiment couvert. La colonne de Trajan, placée au milieu de son *Forum*, est un beau monument, mais l'inscription l'aggrandit infiniment. Conserver par un grand ouvrage la mémoire d'un ouvrage plus grand encore; élever une magnifique colonne de cent vingt six pieds, pour annoncer qu'on a aplani une montagne de cette hauteur: c'est le sublime de l'architecture, de cette architecture qui parle autant à l'esprit qu'aux yeux, et que les Romains entendoient mieux que tous les peuples de la terre. En passant par le *Forum* d'Auguste, j'apperçois le temple de *Mars le Vengeur*. Depuis un édit d'Auguste, le sénat s'y assembloit toujours, pour accorder les triomphes. Ce règlement, qui paroît n'être que de police, tient essentiellement aux grands changemens de ce prince, et à tout son système politique. Le sénat s'assembloit autrefois dans le temple de Mars ou de Bellone, mais toujours hors des murailles. Le général ne pouvoit point conserver sa qualité militaire dans la ville. Mais après qu'on eut accordé à Auguste

cette

characteristic consisted in a Basilica, or court of justice. As the Roman judges antiently sat under the open air, authors have been led to confound the Forum with the Basilica, and to mention it sometimes as an open square, and at other times as a covered building. Trajan's pillar, which stands in the middle of his Forum, is a beautiful monument, and highly dignified by its inscription. To preserve by one great work the memory of a work still greater; to raise a pillar one hundred and twenty-six feet high, in order to celebrate the levelling of a mountain of equal altitude, is worthy of that sublime architecture which speaks to the mind as much as to the eyes, and which the Romans understood better than any people on earth. In crossing the Forum of Augustus, you perceive the temple of Mars, the Avenger; where, in consequence of an edict of that prince, the senate assembled for the purpose of decreeing triumphs. This edict, which seemed merely a regulation of police, was essentially connected with the great changes introduced by Augustus, and with his whole system of policy. The senate formerly assembled in the temples of Mars or Bellona, which stood without walls; the general not being allowed to hold his military rank in the city. But when Augustus was in-

vested

1763. Cette commission extraordinaire d'Imperator, le nouveau généralissime demouroit armé au milieu du Forum, et tenoit le glaive toujours levé sur la tête des citoyens.

Septembre 27.]—J'ai lu Nardini, L. v. C. xiii, xiv, xv, xvi, p. 1237—1297. J'ai eu beaucoup de peine à m'en faire une idée. Il y est question de plusieurs objets assez compliqués, et dont il est difficile de se former une image nette sans le secours d'une représentation sensible. Une bonne carte topographique du Mont Capitolin m'auroit été fort utile. Cependant si Nardini en avoit fait une, son éditeur l'a oubliée. La carte de M. d'Anville me paroît très exacte pour la configuration générale; mais il ne faut point y chercher les détails. Ajoutez que le style de Nardini, ou de son traducteur, est très embarrassé, et que la méthode est assez extraordinaire; puisque le treizième chapitre suppose la lecture du quatorzième, comme le onzième et le douzième avoient supposé l'intelligence du treizième. Toutefois après une lecture répétée, et une méditation approfondie, j'ai surmonté ces obstacles, et peut-être ont ils servi à graver plus fortement dans mon esprit l'image du Mont Capitolin. Il avoit deux sommets très séparés l'un de l'autre, quoique assez souvent confondus par les anciens, et méconnus par

* Il y renvoie lui-même, V. L. v. C. x. p. 1208.

vested with the extraordinary character of Imperator, this new generalissimo remained for life in the midst of the Forum, and held the sword always raised over the heads of the citizens.

September 27.]—I read Nardini, L. v. C. xiii, xiv, xv, xvi, p. 1237—1297, which concludes the book; of which I found it very difficult to form a distinct idea. He treats of several objects, and those so complicated, that it is scarcely possible to paint them in the mind without seeing them delineated on paper. A good topographical chart of the Capitoline Mount would have been extremely useful; but if such a chart was made by Nardini*, it is here omitted by his editor. That of D'Anville exhibits accurately the general outline; but does not represent particulars. Nardini's style, or that of his translator, is also exceedingly puzzling; and his arrangement faulty in the extreme; since the thirteenth chapter supposes the reader acquainted with the fourteenth, and the eleventh and twelfth chapters cannot be understood without a previous acquaintance with the thirteenth. By repeated perusals, and attentive meditation, I at length surmounted these obstacles, which have served perhaps to engrave more deeply in my mind the image of the Capitoline Mount. It had two summits, quite distinct from each other, though often confounded by the ancients, and mistaken by the moderns.

* He refers to it himself, V. L. v. C. x. p. 1208.

par les modernes. Celui du midi, qui dominoit le Tybre, et qui étoit borné par les rochers Tarpéiens, si escarpés autrefois, et si imperceptibles aujourd'hui, s'appelloit *Arx*, la citadelle. Le sommet septentrional étoit proprement le capitol. Il étoit occupé par le temple de Jupiter. Le vallon qui séparoit ces deux sommets s'appelloit l'*Intermontium*. Ce fut dans ce vallon, dans un bois touffu qui l'ombrageoit, que Romulus établit le fameux *Asylum*, la pépinière de la colonie. Dans la suite le bois disparut, et céda la place à des édifices magnifiques. Une muraille forte formoit l'enceinte des deux montagnes et du vallon. On montoit au capitol par trois chemins, qui y menaient depuis le Forum. 1. Les *Centum Gradus*, qui commençoient un peu au-dessus du temple de la Concorde, et qui aboutissoient à celui de Junon *Moneta* dans la citadelle. 2. Le chemin de l'*Asylum*, c'étoit celui des triomphes. 3. Le *Clivus Capitolinus*: sa situation n'est pas aussi déterminée que celle des autres. Après avoir pesé les argumens de Marlianus et de Nardini, je dois dire qu'ils me paroissent très foibles et les uns et les autres. Cependant j'adopterai l'opinion du premier. Dès le moment qu'un des trois chemins avoit le nom propre de *Clivus Capitolinus*, je crois qu'il conduisoit au capitol proprement dit. Ainsi selon cette supposition, chaque sommet avoit son chemin particulier, sans compter celui qui étoit commun aux deux.

Septembre

ders. The southern summit, which overlooked the Tiber, was almost contiguous to the rude Tarpeian rocks, which are now scarcely perceptible; and was called *Arx*, the citadel. The northern summit properly formed the capitol. It was the site of the temple of Jupiter. The valley separating the two mountains was called *Intermontium*, and covered with a thick forest; where Romulus established the famous *Asylum*, which was the nursery of his colony. Afterwards the forest disappeared, to make room for magnificent edifices. The valley and both mountains were inclosed with a strong wall. Three roads led to the capitol from the Forum. 1. The *Centum Gradus*, which began a little beyond the temple of Concord, and terminated at the temple of Juno *Moneta* in the citadel. 2. The road belonging to the *Asylum*, which was that through which conquerors passed in triumph. 3. The *Clivus Capitolinus*, whose situation is less accurately determined than that of the two others. After carefully weighing the arguments of Marlianus and Nardini, I am obliged to say, that neither party supports his opinion with much force. I adopt, however, that of the former; if one of the roads had the name of *Clivus Capitolinus*, it is natural to think that it led to the capitol, properly so called; and on this supposition each summit must have had its particular road, besides that common to both.

September

1763.

Septembre 28.]—J'ai lu *Nardini, L. vi. C. i, ii, iii, iv, v, vi, vii, viii. p. 1237—1297.* Cet auteur, après avoir achevé cette huitième région, qui comprenoit le *Forum* et le capitol, sort de la porte Carmentale pour parcourir la neuvième (*Campus Martius*), qui n'entra dans l'enceinte de la ville qu'après la construction de la muraille d'Aurélien. Après l'expulsion des Tarquins, le peuple consacra à Mars un champ qui leur avoit appartenu, et qui servit désormais aux exercices militaires, et aux assemblées du peuple. Une certaine Tarutia, qui légua au peuple son champ entre celui de Mars et le Tybre, et Flaminius, qui lui laissa quelques prés hors de la porte Carmentale, agrandirent bientôt ce domaine public, qui n'étoit encore qu'une plaine rase et unie, où l'œil ne découvroit qu'une prison assez ancienne, un temple de Bellone, (bâti A. U. C. 457,) et les *Equiria* et les *Septa*, qui ressembloient plutôt à des parcs de moutons qu'à des bâtimens publics. On peut appercevoir trois époques principales parmi tous les changemens plus insensibles qui ont dû s'y faire. 1. Peu de tems avant la seconde guerre Punique, (vers l'an de Rome 535,) ce Flaminius qui périt ensuite à la bataille de Thrasymène, construisit un cirque sur le terrain qui avoit été autrefois à ses ancêtres. Ce cirque fut bientôt environné des temples d'Hercule Musagète, et de Junon, du portique d'Octavius, &c. et un petit faux-bourg

September 28.]—I read *Nardini, L. vi. C. i, ii, iii, iv, v, vi, vii, viii. p. 1237—1297.* Having described the eighth region, comprehending the Forum and the Capitol, he proceeds through the *Porta Carmentalis*, to examine the ninth, or *Campus Martius*, which was without the city till enclosed by Aurelian's wall. The Romans, after expelling the Tarquins, consecrated to Mars a field which had belonged to that family; and which afterwards served for the place of military exercises, and the assemblies of the people. The legacy of Tarutia, consisting of a field between the *Campus Martius* and the Tiber, and that of Flaminius, consisting of some meadows beyond the *Porta Carmentalis*, speedily enlarged the bounds of the public property; which still continued a bare and smooth plain, except that the sight was interrupted by an ancient prison; by a temple of Bellona, built in the year of Rome 457; and by the *Equiria* and *Septa*, which resembled rather inclosures for sheep than public edifices. In the changes which the *Campus Martius* gradually underwent, we may distinguish three principal eras. 1. Towards the year of Rome 535, and a little before the second Punic war, the same Flaminius, who afterwards perished in the battle near the lake Thrasymenus, built a circus on the ground which had formerly belonged to his ancestors. This circus was soon surrounded by the temple of Hercules Musagetes, by that of Juno, and by the portico of Octavius, &c. and a small suburb began

bourg commençoit à s'établir hors de la porte Carmentale, vers le milieu du septième siècle de Rome. 2. Vers la fin du septième siècle, le grand Pompée, de retour de ses conquêtes orientales, *spoliis orientis onustus*, voulant construire quelques bâtimens publics, et se trouvant gêné dans la ville, recula les bornes de ce fauxbourg vers le Champ de Mars. Ce fut là qu'il établit son théâtre magnifique, le premier qu'on eût vu à Rome. Il l'accompagna d'un temple de Vénus, d'une *curia*, d'un portique, d'un beau jardin, et d'un temple, qu'il consacra à la fortune des Chevaliers. 3. Parmi les grands dessein d'Auguste pour l'embellissement de la ville, il n'eut garde d'oublier le *Campus Martius*; il le remplit de beaux édifices, et encouragea les grands de Rome à suivre son exemple. Personne ne s'y prêta avec plus de zèle que son gendre Agrippa. Ses magnifiques *Septa*, ses bains, ses jardins, et son étang, mais surtout le panthéon, sont autant de monumens de sa magnificence. Le Champ de Mars étoit devenu, du tems de Strabon, un fauxbourg qui ne cédoit qu'avec peine à la ville même. Il n'a jamais cependant été peuplé à proportion de son étendue; les jardins publics emportoient beaucoup de terrain, et il restoit toujours un espace assez grand, réservé comme auparavant aux exercices de la jeunesse. Déjà du tems de Cicéron*, on parloit de comprendre le *Campus Martius* dans l'enceinte de

began to be built without the Porta Carmentalis, towards the middle of the seventh century of Rome. 2. Towards the end of that century, the great Pompey, at his return from his eastern conquests, *spoliis orientis onustus*, wished to distinguish himself by some public edifices; but there not being room within the walls, he extended the bounds of this suburb towards the Campus Martius; and built there his magnificent theatre, the first that had been seen at Rome. This theatre was surrounded by a temple of Venus, a *curia*, a portico, a fine garden, and a temple consecrated to the fortune of the knights. 3. Amidst his other great designs for embellishing the city, Augustus did not forget the Campus Martius. He adorned it with beautiful buildings, and encouraged the grandees of Rome to follow his example. None imitated him more eagerly than his son in law Agrippa, of whose magnificence the *Septa*, baths, gardens, lake or basin, and above all the pantheon, were conspicuous proofs. In the time of Strabo, the suburb of the Campus Martius was but little inferior to the city itself. Its populousness, however, was never proportional to its extent; the public gardens occupied much ground; and there was still left an empty space for the military exercises of the Roman youth. As early as the time of Cicero*, there was mention of taking the Campus Martius within the walls, that it might be filled with buildings, while a field

* Cic. ad Attic. xiii. 33.

1763.

de la ville, de le remplir de maisons, et de faire servir le champ du Vatican de l'autre côté du Tybre, aux anciens usages du Champ de Mars. Mais ce projet n'eut jamais lieu. A combien de réflexions ce petit tableau ne donneroit-il pas lieu ? Ce peuple roi (qui méritoit bien ce nom) jouissoit collectivement de tous les droits de la souveraineté, et de tous les agrémens de la grandeur. Un citoyen ne sortoit de sa maison que pour se promener sous un beau portique, pour prendre sa place avec 80,000 de ses compatriotes dans un théâtre magnifique, où l'on étaloit les raretés de toute la terre ; ou pour se délasser dans ces Thermes où l'on avoit su réunir tous les plaisirs des sens et de l'esprit, avec le faste des plus grands monarques. Les ambitieux prodiguoient leurs richesses au peuple, d'abord pour obtenir ses grâces ; ensuite pour lui faire oublier qu'ils les avoient obtenues. Mais on s'étonne toujours de voir ces grands de la république, un Pompée, un Agrippa, qui achevent avec facilité de pareils ouvrages. Quelles étoient les sources inépuisables de leurs trésors ? Les provinces et la guerre. Les généraux sans principes, désoloient les sujets de l'état ; ceux à qui il restoit encore quelque vertu, se contentoient de dépouiller ses ennemis. Quelles richesses pouvoient suffire à la magnificence de Pompée ? Cependant on pouvoit louer ce même Pompée à la face du peuple Romain, pour la modération et le désintéressement qui le distinguoient si avantageusement

field belonging to the Vatican should be set apart for the purposes in which the Field of Mars had formerly been employed. But this project was never carried into execution. How many reflections does this slight sketch naturally excite ! That people of kings, who so well deserve this appellation, enjoyed collectively all the rights of sovereignty, and all the pleasures of grandeur ; a citizen never stirred from his house, but he walked under a beautiful portico ; or took his seat with 80,000 of his countrymen in a magnificent theatre, which exhibited the greatest curiosities on earth ; or reposed himself in those *therme*, or baths, in which were united all the pleasures of the mind and senses, with the pomp befitting the greatest monarchs. Ambitious generals lavished their wealth on the people, first to obtain preferment, and afterwards to make them forget that it had been bestowed. But it will always be matter of surprise how the grandes of Rome, a Pompey or an Agrippa, could so easily accomplish such vast undertakings. What sources could supply their extraordinary expences ? War and the Provinces. Unprincipled generals robbed the subjects of the state ; those who had any remains of virtue, were satisfied with plundering the public enemy. What vast wealth was necessary for supporting the magnificence of Pompey ! Yet the moderation and disinterestedness, by which he was honourably distinguished from other generals, was praised publicly in the presence of the Roman people

rageusement des autres généraux †. Son triomphe étoit aux yeux de Rome les richesses de l'Orient subjugué; mais dans le tems que les armées étoient à la république, ces richesses auroient augmenté le trésor public. Depuis longtems les chefs s'étoient fait une habitude de se les approprier, et exigeoient encore la reconnoissance du peuple, pour l'emploi qu'ils faisoient de son bien. Rien n'a dû indigner autant les citoyens contre le faste de Lucullus, que de voir que ce voluptueux qui rapportoit tout à lui-même, et rien au public, construisoit des maisons et des jardins pour vaincre les élémens, et pour rapprocher les climats, mais qu'il n'élevoit pas un seul monument pour les dieux, ni pour les compatriotes. Parmi les ouvrages d'Agrippa, j'en apperçois un, qui me démontre combien ce citoyen vertueux songeoit encore à la république, et avec quelle bonne foi il servoit un maître dont il pénétoit peu la politique artificieuse. Ce sont les *Septa*. Un homme qui ornoit les lieux des assemblées du peuple Romain, ignoroit sans doute qu'Auguste minoit leur autorité à pas lents, et les conduisoit insensiblement au point où son successeur pouvoit les abolir sans crainte.

J'ai achevé le vingt deuxième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y trouve le second *Extrait du Syntagma de Wesseling*, sur le fameux passage de *Victor Tunnunenſis*, dont les

people†. His triumph displayed in the streets of Rome the wealth of the subjugated east; although, during the ages when the army really belonged to the republic, that wealth would have increased the treasury of the state; but the generals had been long accustomed to appropriate the spoils of war †, and to expect gratitude from the people, for the ostentatious employment of the people's riches. The citizens must have felt indignation against the pride of Lucullus, when they beheld that selfish voluptuary making houses and gardens which bade defiance to the elements, and brought together the seasons, without raising a single monument for the honour of the gods, or the accommodation of his fellow-citizens. Among the works of Agrippa, there is one which shews how much that virtuous citizen still loved the republic, and how honestly he served a master, of whose artful policy his own simplicity was the dupe. This work is the *Septa*. A man who adorned the place of assembly for the Roman people, must have been ignorant that Augustus was gradually undermining their authority, and bringing their assemblies into such contempt, that his successor could without fear totally abolish them.

I finished the twenty-second volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. I find the second extract of Wesseling's Treatise on the famous passage of *Victor Tunnunenſis*.

† Cicero pro lege Manilia, C. xxii, xxiii.

† Hergier Hist. des Grands Chemins de l'Empire, L. i. C. xxi. p. 77.

1763.

les incrédules se sont si fort prévalus. Il les bat en ruine, et tout autrement que Bentley. *Sermons de Foster* : toujours judicieux et modérés. Ouvrage sur les *SerVICES étrangers*, par M. de Bochat. Quand la raison seroit convaincue, le cœur s'éleveroit toujours contre cet usage barbare des Suisses ; mais il s'en faut beaucoup que la raison soit convaincue. *Lettres de Marti*, dernier Extrait. M. Marti est précisément un des littérateurs du quinzième siècle. Aussi est-il comme eux à l'aurore de la science. Un savoir grand, mais mal choisi ; une vénération infinie pour les anciens, et cette espèce d'imitation de leurs mœurs qui en est la marque la plus sûre. Beaucoup de projets laissés imparfaits, faute de secours ; beaucoup d'observations bonnes ou mauvaises, mais déjà faites dans tous les pays de l'Europe. *Erudition des Apôtres*. Ouvrage très curieux du Docteur Lami de Florence. *Histoire des anciens Traités*, par Barbeyrac : exact et utile. *Histoire naturelle du Languedoc*, par M. Astruc : aussi bien faite qu'elle est curieuse. Ce premier extrait contient la géographie, sa première classe. A cette occasion, il entre dans un détail très intéressant sur la province Narbonnoise, la Septimanie, dont il donne une étymologie bien forcée, et sur tous les auteurs anciens qui ont parlé du Languedoc. Septembre 29.]—J'ai lu Nardini, L. vi. C. ix, x, xi, xii, xiii, xiv, et xv. p. 1297—1347. Il y parcourt le reste de la neuvième

Tunnunenlis, of which Infidels have so much availed themselves. He beats all their works in pieces, and far more effectually than Bentley. Foster's Sermons : always moderate and judicious. A work on Foreign Service, by Mr. Bochat. Were reason convinced, yet the heart would always rebel against this barbarous custom of the Swiss : but reason is far from being convinced of the utility of this practice. Marti's Letters, second extract. Mr. Marti is merely a scholar of the fifteenth century, and still at the dawn of science ; much ill-chosen erudition, a profound veneration for the ancients, and that servile imitation of their manners, which is its surest mark. Many designs left imperfect for want of assistance ; and many observations, good and bad, but already made in all the countries of Europe. *The Learning of the Apostles* : a very curious performance, by Mr. Lami of Florence. *The History of Ancient Treaties*, by Barbeyrac : accurate and useful. *The Natural History of Languedoc*, by Mr. Astruc : curious and well written. The first extract contains the article geography, which is his first class ; where he enters into a very interesting account of the Narbonnese province ; of Septimania, of which he gives a very forced etymology ; and especially of the ancient authors who speak of Languedoc.

Septembre 29.]—I read Nardini, L. vi. C. ix, x, xi, xii, xiii, xiv, xv. p. 1297—1347. He describes the remainder of the ninth region, the most extensive,

neuvième région, la plus étendue, et une des plus ornées de la ville. De là il passe à la dixième, (*Mons Palatinus*) petite en elle-même, mais fameuse pour avoir été d'abord le berceau de la nation, et ensuite le siège de l'empire. Auguste s'y établit dans la maison de l'orateur Hortensius, où tout respiroit la modestie d'un citoyen plutôt que la magnificence d'un monarque. Tibère l'aggrandit du côté du *Forum*. Caius la poussa jusqu'au temple de Castor. Neron voulut y renfermer la ville entière. Il couvrit le Mont Palatin de bâtimens jusqu'au cirque; d'un autre côté il remplit d'édifices la plaine entre le Palatin, l'Esquiline, et le Cælius, jusqu'à s'approcher des jardins de Mécène. On montoit à ce palais (*Domus Aurea*) par la *Via Sacra*: vers le milieu de la rue on trouvoit la Grande Cour (*Nestibulum*), à l'endroit où fut dans la suite le temple de la Paix. Plus loin l'on entroit dans la première salle (*Atrium*), qui conduisoit aux jardins, aux portiques immenses, et à l'étang situé dans l'emplacement de l'amphithéâtre de Titus. Vespasien détruisit la plupart de ces bâtimens, et réduisit le palais au Mont Palatin, dont il continuoit toujours d'occuper la plus grande partie. Domitien y fit de grands embellissemens, et presque tous ses successeurs y ajoutèrent quelque chose, jusqu'au tems où, abandonné par les empereurs, il tomba de vieillesse sous Théodoric. Le palais Farnèse remplit aujourd'hui cette situation. Le palais Impérial étonnoit les spectateurs par l'étendue

extensive, and also one of the most ornamented of the whole city. From thence he proceeds to the tenth, *Mons Palatinus*; small in itself, but famous both as the cradle of the nation and the seat of its empire. Augustus fixed his residence there, in the house of the orator Hortensius, affecting the modesty of a citizen, rather than the magnificence of a prince. Tiberius enlarged this residence on the side next the Forum; and Caius extended it to the temple of Castor. Nero seemed to wish comprehending in it the whole city. He covered the mount Palatine with buildings that reached to the circus; and, on the other side, filled with edifices the plain bounded by the Palatine, the Esquiline, and mount Cælius, even to the neighbourhood of Mæcenæ's gardens. The ascent to his palace, the *Domus Aurea*, led through the *Via Sacra*, in the middle of which street stood the *Nestibulum*, or great court, which was afterwards the site of the temple of Peace. Farther on stood the great hall, or *Atrium*, which led to his gardens, immense porticos, and the lake or pool which afterwards became the site of Titus's amphitheatre. Vespasian destroyed the greatest part of those buildings, and confined his palace to the Palatine Mount, the greater part of which he continued to occupy. Domitian added many embellishments, which were increased by almost all his successors, until the Palatine palace, being forsaken by the emperors, perished of decay, in the reign of Theodoric. The Farnese palace now stands

l'étendue des bâtimens, la magnificence des meubles, le prix des ornemens curieux, et par le nombre de temples qu'il renfermoit, et qui lui donnoient un air auguste et sacré. Je doute que la beauté de l'architecture y répondit; bâti sans un plan fixe, il étoit l'ouvrage successif de cinquante princes, qui n'ont pu lui donner le premier mérite, l'harmonie de l'ensemble, et la proportion des parties. Malheureusement encore il a dû perdre en goût à mesure qu'il augmentoit en magnificence. Simple sous Auguste, dans les beaux jours des arts, il n'a reçu ses principaux ornemens que des mains déjà foibles et languissantes de ses successeurs. Aussi les anciens ne l'ont il jamais compté parmi les beaux édifices de Rome.

Septembre 30.]—J'ai lu *Nardini, L. vii. C. i, ii, iii, iv, v, vi, vii, viii, ix. p. 1347—1402.* Il y décrit l'onzième région (*Circus Maximus*), la douzième (*Piscina Publica*), et la treizième (*Mons Aventinus*). Il entre dans un assez grand détail à l'occasion du cirque, le plus vaste peut-être de tous les bâtimens destinés aux spectacles. Tarquin l'ancien, qui le construisit, paroît avoir moins envisagé la petitesse actuelle de son empire, que la haute destinée qui l'attendoit dans l'avenir. Tout peut nous convaincre que le cirque étoit capable de contenir un peuple nombreux; mais Denys d'Halicarnasse le fixe à 150,000 personnes:

Pline

on its ruins. The imperial residence astonished every beholder by its vast extent, the magnificence of its furniture, the richness of its ornaments, and the multitude of its temples; from which last it derived an august and sacred appearance. I think it doubtful, whether the elegance of the architecture corresponded to all this grandeur. Since it was the work of fifty successive princes, but must have been built without any fixed plan, and therefore deficient in the principal merit of proportion and harmony. Unfortunately too, it must have lost in point of taste, in proportion as it gained in magnificence. Simplicity was the aim of Augustus, in an age when art flourished; and ornaments were added by the feeble and languishing taste of his successors. This palace, therefore, has never been numbered among the beautiful edifices of Rome.

September 30.]—I read *Nardini, L. vii. C. i, ii, iii, iv, v, vi, vii, viii, ix. p. 1347—1402.* He describes the eleventh region, or *Circus Maximus*; the twelfth, or *Piscina Publica*; and the thirteenth, or *Mons Aventinus*. He enters into many particulars concerning the circus, the largest perhaps of all the edifices destined for the exhibition of shows. *Tarquinius Priscus*, by whom it was built, seems not to have adapted it to the smallness of the state in his own time, but the greatness which fortune had in store for Rome. Every particular tends to convince us, that the circus was fitted for containing a vast number of people. *Dionysius of Halicarnassus* says, 150,000; *Pliny*, 260,000; *Victor*, 380,000; the modern

1763.

Plinè à 260,000 : Victor à 380,000 : le Victor moderne à 385,000, et la Notice de l'Empire à 405,000. Au milieu de ces différences énormes, quel parti faut-il prendre ? Celui de consulter les faits, les lieux, et l'expérience. La position, et les bornes du cirque nous sont connues ; elles ont toujours été presque les mêmes, et la plupart des changemens n'ont affecté que l'intérieur du bâtiment, puisque ceux qui en ont reconnu les ruines, ont de la peine à lui trouver les trois stades et demie de longueur, que son premier fondateur lui donna*. Denys d'Halicarnasse lui assigne quatre *jugera*, ou 960 pieds Romains de largeur. Plinè lui donne trois stades seulement de long, sur une stade, ou 625 pieds Romains de largeur. Mais cette contradiction apparente devient, selon l'explication de Nardini, un principe lumineux †. Denys d'Halicarnasse a envisagé l'enceinte extérieure du cirque ; Plinè n'a fait attention qu'à l'enceinte intérieure. Les bâtimens, qui l'environnoient, emportoient la différence des sommes, et comme ils étoient remplis par les spectateurs, il nous importe d'en connoître l'étendue précise. Pour trouver leur largeur, il ne faut que soustraire 625 pieds de 960 ; il nous en restera 335. Si l'on en prend la moitié,

nous

† Par rapport à la largeur du cirque, Plinè lui-même confirme expressément cette explication.

modern Victor, 385,000; and the Notitia Imperii, 405,000. In this great diversity of authorities, how ought we to form our judgment? By consulting facts, places, and experience. We know the situation and the bounds of the circus. They always remained the same; and the alterations which took place, regarded only the interior arrangement of the edifice, since those who have examined its ruins, are scarcely able to trace the three stadia and a half in length, which were assigned to it by the first founder*. Dionysius of Halicarnassus gives it four *jugera*, or 960 Roman feet in breadth; Pliny makes it three stadia long, and one stadium or, or 625 Roman feet, broad. This apparent contradiction Nardini considers as a source of much information†. According to his explanation, Dionysius spoke of the exterior circumference, and Pliny of the interior. The intermediate buildings exhausted the difference; and as these were filled with spectators, their extent is an object of importance. To find their breadth, we have only to subtract 625 feet from 960; the remainder is 335 feet; the half of which, 168 feet, multiplied by three

stadia,

* Traité des Mesures Itinéraires, par M. d'Anville, p. 59.

† As to the breadth of the circus, Pliny himself expressly confirms this explanation.

1763. nous aurons, pour les spectateurs de chaque côté, trois stades (1875 pieds Romains) de longueur sur 168 pieds de largeur. Les bâtimens couverts, qui en formoient l'enceinte extérieure, étoient de bois, à deux étages, eux-mêmes environnés d'un portique. Des sièges de pierres, placés comme dans les amphithéâtres, descendoient de tous côtés depuis les bâtimens couverts jusqu'à l'Euripus et à l'Arène. Le portique extérieur a dû être au moins double; il occupoit donc une trentaine de pieds. Des 138 qui me restent, j'en assignerois volontiers 48 aux sièges couverts, et 90 à ceux de pierre. Toutes choses considérées, cette proposition me paroît la plus naturelle: mais on peut répartir différemment cette somme des 138 pieds, sans beaucoup déranger les calculs. Si l'on considère la petitesse du pied Romain*, et la grande attention qu'on avoit à procurer aux spectateurs toutes sortes de commodités, il me paroît difficile de donner à chaque personne moins

* Le pied Romain, le pied d'Angleterre, et le pied de Roi, sont dans la proportion de 1306, 1351 $\frac{1}{2}$, et 1440. Le premier contient à peu près 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ pouces mesure d'Angleterre, et 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ mesure de France. *Traité des Mesures*, &c. p. 164. Après y avoir mûrement réfléchi, j'aimerois mieux ne donner à chaque personne que 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ pieds Romains. J'aurois 120,000 personnes pour les places, et 30,000 pour l'excédent. J'aurois encore quelque chose à dire sur la mesure locale de M. D'Anville; mais il vaut mieux attendre que je sois à Rome.

Florence, le 11 Juillet 1764.

stadia, 1875 feet, will give the space allotted for the spectators on both sides. The covered buildings, which formed the exterior circumference, were made of wood, two stories high, and surrounded by a portico. The seats were of stone, and arranged like those of the amphitheatre, descending on all sides from the covered building to the Euripus and the Arena. The exterior portico must have been double: it therefore occupied thirty feet. Of the 138 which remain, I would allow 48 for the covered seats, and 90 for those of stone. Every thing considered, this proportion appears to me the most probable; although the 138 feet may be otherwise distributed without injuring our calculations. When we reflect on the smallness of the Roman foot†, and the great attention bestowed in procuring every sort of conveniency for the spectators, less than two feet and a half

† The Roman, English, and Paris foot, are in the proportion of 1306, 1351 $\frac{1}{2}$, and 1440. The first contains nearly 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches of English, and 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ of French measure. *Traité des Mesures*, &c. p. 164. After attentively reflecting on the subject, I prefer allowing to each person 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet. This will give 120,000 persons who were seated, and 30,000 who stood in the porticos. There is still something to be said concerning Mr. D'Anville's measurement of the circus; but this will be better deferred, until I have visited Rome.

Florence, 11th July, 1764.

moins de deux pieds et demi, et à chaque banc (y compris l'intervalle) moins de trois pieds de profondeur. Je vois donc 750 personnes qui remplissoient les trois stades du premier banc, puisque les degrés de pierre avoient 90 pieds; on y montoit par 30 marches, qui étoient en même tems des sièges. Ils contenoient 22,500 personnes. Chaque étage des bâtimens couverts partageoit sur la même longueur ces 48 pieds en 16 bancs. Les 32 contenoient ainsi 24,000 spectateurs, et le total de ceux, qui pouvoient être assis de chaque côté du cirque, étoit de 46,500 personnes. Les deux côtés réunis nous en donnent 93,000. Reste encore un des bouts du cirque, car l'autre étoit occupé par les *Carceres*. Sa longueur étoit la largeur du cirque, une stade, ou 625 pieds. Ainsi en lui donnant la même profondeur qu'aux côtés, et en suivant les mêmes loix, dans notre calcul, il devoit contenir le tiers des spectateurs qui occupoient un côté: c'est à dire environ 15,500 personnes. Ce nombre, ajouté au 93,000, nous fournit un total de 108,500 spectateurs assis dans le cirque. Je conçois assez qu'aux grands jeux, le goût déterminé du peuple a pu remplir les portiques d'une foule, à qui les plaisirs faisoient oublier les fatigues. Mais j'ai peine à y recevoir plus de 40 ou 50 mille personnes. Aussi Denys d'Halicarnasse, qui a décrit le cirque, n'en demande pas davantage pour achever la somme de 150,000 spectateurs, dont il le remplit. Pour expliquer la multitude

1763.

can scarcely be allowed for each person, and three feet in depth for the benches, as well as for the intervals between them. The first bench then, extending three stadia, contained 750 persons, since the stone seats rose to the height of 90 feet. The spectators ascended by thirty steps, which served also for seats. They contained 22,500 persons. Each story of the covered buildings, being of the same length, divided the 48 feet which it occupied into sixteen benches; the two stories, comprehending thirty-two benches, therefore contained 24,000 persons; the whole spectators seated on either side amounted to 46,500; and the total, on both sides together, to 93,000. There still remains one of the ends of the circus, for the other was occupied by the *Carceres*. It was as long as the circus was broad; that is, a stadium, or 625 feet; so that if we allow to it the same depth as to the sides, and calculate on the same principles, it must have contained 15,500, or a third part of those contained by each of the sides. This number, added to 93,000, gives 108,500, for the whole spectators seated in the circus. It may well be imagined, that at the great games, the passionate love for those amusements would crowd the porticos with spectators, who sacrificed their ease to their curiosity. But I think they could not well exceed 40, or 50,000. More are not required for completing the number of 150,000, assigned by Dionysius of Halicarnassus.

To

1763. titude énorme que les deux Victors, et la Notice de l'Empire y ont placé, je ne demande qu'une supposition. C'est que ces écrivains du Bas Empire avoient peu de jugement, et encore moins de goût. Ceux qui les ont examinés, ne me chicaneront pas là-dessus. Des compilateurs de cette espèce distinguent mal la licence d'un poète, ou l'hyperbole d'une inscription flatteuse. Quand Juvénal s'abandonnant à toute la véhémence de son feu et de son indignation, s'écrie avec force

Totam hodie Romam circus capit †;

quand on lit dans une inscription de Trajan, que ce prince aggrandit le cirque pour le rendre capable de contenir tout le peuple Romain, ces abrégiateurs n'auront ils pas pu prendre ces expressions à la rigueur, et exprimer le nombre des spectateurs par celui des citoyens? Si l'on prend la somme annoncée dans l'ancien Victor, le moins défectueux des trois, et qu'on y ajoute des esclaves Romains, selon la proportion Athénienne, nous trouverons que le total des habitans de Rome montoit à 1,140,000.

Comme

† Le Victor moderne est l'édition la plus étendue du même auteur publiée par Panvinus. Il y a beaucoup d'additions que les critiques méprisent avec raison, comme l'ouvrage d'un imposteur. *Nardini Roma Vetus*, L. II. C. v. p. 965.

To explain the prodigious multitude mentioned by the two Victors, and the Notitia Imperii, I required but one supposition, which is, that those writers of the Lower Empire had but little judgment, and still less taste. Those who are best acquainted with them will not dispute the point. Compilers of their class might mistake for historic truth a poetical licence, or the exaggeration of a flattering inscription. When Juvénal, giving way to the warmth of his indignation, cries out

Totam hodie Romam circus capit †;

when an inscription in honour of Trajan says, that this prince rendered the circus capable of containing the whole people of Rome, these abridgers might explain such passages literally, and thus express the number of spectators in the circus by that of Roman citizens. If we consider the passage of the ancient Victor, the least erroneous of the three, and add to the number mentioned in it, that of the Roman slaves, according to the proportion which the Athenian slaves bore to the citizens, we shall find that the whole inhabitants of Rome amounted to 1,140,000.

My
§ The most judicious edition of the modern Victor is that published by Panvinus. The numerous additions are justly despised as the work of an impostor. *Nardini Roma Vetus*, L. II. C. v. p. 965.

† Juvénal Satir. xi. 195.

‡ Dio. Cass. apud Nardini, L. vii. C. ii. p. 1355.

Comme ce nombre n'est point éloigné de celui que nous avons fixé† par une opération plus exacte, je trouverois de la vraisemblance à ma conjecture. Si on la rejette, il faut dire tout simplement, que ces trois écrivains se sont trompés de la façon la plus grossière. Mais je ne saurois me résoudre à en dire autant de Pline. Cependant il n'y a point de ressource; le naturaliste détermine lui-même que c'est du cirque embelli et agrandi par Jules César, dont il parle. Denys d'Halicarnasse étoit contemporain du dictateur, et il écrivit sous son successeur. Lire 160,000, au lieu de 260,000, ce seroit couper le nœud Gordien. Mais les manuscrits!

Octobre 1.]—J'ai lu *Nardini*, L. vii. C. x, xi, xii, xiii. et L. viii. C. i, ii, iii. p. 1402—1446. Mon auteur passe enfin le Tybre. Il examine la quatorzième et dernière région (*Transiberina*), et le Mont Vatican, qui n'a jamais été compris dans l'enceinte de l'ancienne Rome. Le huitième livre commence par une récapitulation générale des édifices de la ville; il passe delà à quelques objets généraux, tels que le Tybre, et les ponts qu'on y avoit bâtis. C'est sur la profondeur de cette rivière que je vais hasarder quelques réflexions. L'expérience nous abandonne ici. Il ne seroit pas difficile de déterminer la profondeur actuelle du Tybre, mais elle ne concluroit rien pour celle qu'elle pouvoit avoir anciennement. Les
ruines

My conjecture is strengthened by observing, that this number nearly agrees to that ascertained by a more exact calculation†. But if this explanation be rejected, we must pronounce that those writers have most grossly deceived themselves. I am unwilling to say as much of Pliny; yet there is no alternative; the naturalist declares that he speaks of the circus as embellished and enlarged by Julius Cæsar. Dionysius of Halicarnassus was contemporary with the Dictator, and published his work under his successor. We might cut the Gordian knot by reading 160,000 instead of 260,000. But what becomes of the manuscripts!

October 1.]—I read *Nardini*, L. vii. C. x, xi, xii, xiii. and L. viii. C. i, ii, iii. p. 1402—1446. The author at length crosses the Tiber, and examines the fourteenth and last region, called *Transiberina*, and the Mount Vatican, which never was enclosed within the walls of ancient Rome. The eighth book begins by a general recapitulation of the edifices of the city; from thence he proceeds to some general topics; such as the Tiber and its bridges. I shall venture to make some reflections on the depth of that river. On this subject we can derive nothing from experience; for though we may easily measure the present depth of the Tiber,
this

† Journal, 2nd September, p. 67, 68.

1763.

ruines des édifices, qui ont presque exhaussé les vallons au niveau des montagnes, ont dû produire le même effet sur le lit de ce fleuve. Il faut donc consulter les anciens; mais notre embarras augmente, lorsqu'on croit appercevoir une contradiction frappante entre deux auteurs de la première force. Pline nous parle partout du Tybre, comme d'une rivière navigable aux plus grands bâtimens†. Ce vaisseau immense qui porta l'obélisque du Vatican, d'Alexandrie à Rome, remonta le Tybre avec autant de facilité qu'il avoit descendu le Nil‡. D'un autre côté, Strabon§ nous assure que les grands amas de limon que le Tybre charioit dans son cours, et qu'il déposoit à son embouchure, obligeoit les grands vaisseaux de s'alléger d'une partie de leur cargaison avant que de pouvoir remonter jusqu'à la ville. Si cette contradiction est aussi réelle qu'elle le paroît d'abord, il seroit difficile de croire que des auteurs aussi exacts se seroient trompé sur une chose si notoire, et il seroit presque impossible de savoir à qui l'on doit attribuer la faute. Mais ne pourroit-on point diminuer la différence, si on ne la fait pas entièrement disparoître par les réflexions suivantes? 1. Je vois beaucoup de prévention dans le récit de Pline; un dessein formé d'étaler tous les avantages du Tybre, et de l'égaliser aux plus grands fleuves. Ce dessein seul pouvoit lui dicter

this will not ascertain what it was anciently. The ruined edifices which have raised the vallies almost to the height of the mountains, must have produced a similar change in the bed of the river. It becomes necessary, therefore, to have recourse to the ancients; and our difficulty is much increased by an apparent contradiction between two authorities of the first rank. Pliny every where mentions the Tiber as navigable for the largest ships†. The prodigious vessel which carried the obelisk of the Vatican from Alexandria to Rome, sailed up the Tiber as easily as it had sailed down the Nile‡. Strabo§, on the contrary, assures us, that the vast heaps of mud which were washed down by the current, and deposited at the mouth of the river, rendered it necessary for large ships to unload a part of their cargo, before they could arrive at the city. If this contradiction is as strong as it at first sight appears, it will be difficult to conceive how such accurate writers could be deceived in a matter so generally known; and scarcely possible to determine which of the two is chargeable with the fault. The difference between them may perhaps be diminished, if not totally removed, by the following reflections. 1. In the narration of Pliny I perceive much prepossession; a desire to exaggerate the advantages of the Tiber, and to magnify it by a comparison with the greatest

† Plin. Hist. Natur. L. ii. 5.

‡ Idem, L. xvi. 40. L. xxxvi. 9.

§ Strabon. Geograph. L. v. p. 60.

ter une comparaison aussi fautive que celle qu'il établit 1763.
entre cette rivière et le Nil. L'une et l'autre portoient
le vaisseau de l'obélisque; donc le Tybre a autant d'eau
que le Nil: un géant peut soulever un poids de dix livres,
un nain le souleve aussi; donc le nain est aussi fort que
le géant. Voilà le raisonnement de Plin. Le voyage
de l'obélisque ne prouve que le fait même, et ne conclut
rien sur la profondeur plus ou moins grande des deux
rivières. 2. L'expérience nous apprend que les rivières
qui charient beaucoup de limon, et de sable, n'en sont
point embarrassées dans leur cours. Entraînés par la rapi-
dité, ils les suivent jusqu'à leur embouchure, et ne s'ar-
rêtent que lorsqu'elles n'ont plus de force. C'est alors
qu'il s'en forme des amas considérables; mais comme il y a
des courans à l'embouchure de presque toutes les rivières,
ils en suivent la direction, et se rejettent sur le côté voisin.
C'est ainsi que le Rhône pousse tous ses embarras sur les
côtés du Languedoc, dont il a bouché tous les ports. Le
Tybre déposoit de même tout son amas de limon sur les
rivages du *Latium*: le port d'Ostie en étoit devenu impra-
ticable. Il restoit sûrement quelques bancs de sable que
la disposition du terrain y avoit arrêtés dans certains en-
droits; mais on pouvoit les surmonter, on pouvoit les
éviter; et de la relation de Strabon bien entendue, il
résulte seulement que pour remonter le Tybre dans un
vaisseau

greatest rivers. Nothing short of such a design could have made him com-
pare it with the Nile, to which it is so much inferior. Both rivers had
carried the vessel containing the obelisk. The Tiber, therefore, is equal
to the Nile. A giant lifts a weight of ten pounds, so does a dwarf; the
dwarf therefore is as strong as the giant. Such is Pliny's reasoning. The
transportation of the obelisk must be allowed; but no conclusion can be
drawn from it concerning the equality of depth in the two rivers. Expe-
rience teaches us, that rivers which carry down much slime and sand, are
not thereby rendered more shallow, except near to their mouths, where
the strength of their streams is commonly much abated. There great ac-
cumulations are formed; but as currents much prevail at the mouths of
rivers, the accumulations naturally follow their direction, and throw
themselves on the neighbouring coast. In this manner the Rhine dis-
charges its obstructions on the coast of Languedoc, whose harbours are
thereby blocked up. The Tiber, likewise, discharged its mud on the
coast of Latium, by which the harbour of Ostia became inaccessible.
Some sand-banks, doubtless, remained in particular places of the river
in consequence of local circumstances: but these obstacles might be sur-
mounted or shunned; and, from Strabo's narrative well considered, we
can

1763.

vaisseau qui tiroit beaucoup d'eau, il falloit de l'habileté et du courage. 3. Le commerce n'inspire pas le dernier. Je conçois facilement avec Strabon, que les négocians étrangers déchargeoient avec plaisir une partie de leur cargaison sur les chaloupes qui les attendoient, et leurs maîtres intéressés ne manquoient point de leur exagérer tous les périls de cette navigation. Je comprends encore avec Pline, qu'un Caligula, qui ne comptoit pour rien ni ses trésors, ni ses sujets, et qui se piquoit de mépriser la raison, et de vaincre les élémens, pouvoit faire tout ce qui n'étoit pas impossible. Tout a dû concourir à son dessein. Le lit du fleuve bien nettoyé auparavant; des écluses ménagées avec art, et les travaux réunis des hommes et des chevaux, auront fait remonter jusqu'à Rome le vaisseau qui y apporta l'obélisque du Vatican. Je ne doute pas même qu'un essai aussi heureux n'ait convaincu les navigateurs qu'une partie des obstacles étoient imaginaires, et qu'en perfectionnant leur art, ils n'ayent trouvé le moyen de diminuer ceux qui étoient réels. Quoiqu'il en soit pour les vaisseaux, il est constant que les galères qui tiroient beaucoup moins d'eau, remontoient le Tybre avec une grande facilité. Caton fit cette navigation sur un septirème, et il ne prit terre qu'aux *Navalia*, sous le Mont Aventin. Rome étoit donc une ville maritime, et malgré

can only infer that a vessel drawing much water, could not sail up the Tiber without exertions of skill and courage. 3. The latter is not inspired by commerce. We can easily, therefore, believe with Strabo, that foreign merchants were glad to unload part of their cargoes, and to put them on board of lighters, which were ready for their service; and whose masters, from motives of interest, would not fail to exaggerate the dangers of the voyage. I can believe also with Pliny, that a Caligula, who sported equally with his treasures and the lives of his subjects, and who valued himself on setting reason and the elements at defiance, could do every thing not impossible. Every exertion would second his enterprise. The bed of the river would be previously cleared; sluices would be skillfully distributed; and the strength of men and horses would impel to Rome the vessel carrying the obelisk of the Vatican. I doubt not that the success of this trial would convince mariners that part of the obstacles were imaginary; and that, by improving their art, even those which were real might be much diminished. Whatever was the case with ships, it is certain that galleys, which indeed draw much less water, easily sailed up the Tiber to Rome. Cato performed this voyage in a galley with seven tire of oars, and landed at the *Navalia*, near the foot of the Mount Aventine. Rome therefore was a maritime city, and open to the insults of

malgré l'autorité de Camille, ou de Tite Live†, elle étoit exposée aux insultes d'une escadre ennemie. Pourquoi les Carthaginois, souvent maîtres de la mer, n'ont-ils jamais tenté cette entreprise? S'ils étoient entrés dans la rivière vers le soir, ils auroient pu à la pointe du jour, débarquer au pied du capitolet. Mais ils manquoient de hardiesse, et leur marine étoit plutôt commerçante que militaire.

Octobre 2.]—J'ai lu *Nardini, L. viii. C. iv, v. p. 1446—1460; la fin de ce livre et de tout l'ouvrage.* Il est excellent. Beaucoup de pénétration et d'exactitude, jointes à une grande lecture, doivent laisser peu de chose à découvrir à ses successeurs. Peut-être est-il un peu diffus, et qu'il n'a pas toujours toute la netteté possible. Je lui reprocherois aussi de trouver trop de difficultés, et d'employer des pages entières à expliquer ce qu'une seule observation juste et précise éclairciroit d'abord. Je suis très content de moi vis-à-vis de cet auteur. J'ai lu ce traité dans seize jours, et cependant je l'ai fort bien lu, et d'une façon très attentive et réfléchie.

J'ai achevé le vingt troisième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y trouve un deuxième Extrait de l'*Histoire Naturelle du Languedoc, par M. Astruc*. Dans la partie des mœurs, j'ai été frappé des vestiges du Paganisme qui s'y trouvent

† La navigation n'étoit que de seize milles Romains.

of a hostile fleet, notwithstanding the opinion of Camillus, or rather of Titus Livius†, to the contrary. Why did not the Carthaginians, who were often masters of the sea, attempt such an enterprise? Had they embarked on the river towards evening, they might before day-break have landed at the foot of the capitol. They had not courage for the undertaking, and their ships were not so well fitted for war as for commerce.

October 2.]—I read *Nardini, L. viii. C. iv, v. p. 1446—1460*; which concludes the whole work; the excellence of which, its accuracy, judgment, and learning, must leave but small gleanings for subsequent writers. Perhaps he is chargeable with being too diffuse, and sometimes with want of perspicuity. I am inclined also to accuse him of railing up difficulties, and of employing whole pages on what might be ascertained by one just and clear observation. I am satisfied with my diligence with respect to this work, which I have read in sixteen days, with much attention and reflection.

I finished the twenty-third volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*; which contains the second extract of Mr. Astruc's *Natural History of Languedoc*. In the article respecting manners, we find striking vestiges of Paganism still remaining in that province; I speak not of those general characters of superstition which are common to all men, because they

† T. Liv. V. 54.

† The navigation was only sixteen Roman miles.

1763. trouvent encore. Je ne parle pas de ces traits généraux de superstition qui sont communs à tous les hommes, parcequ'ils sont hommes, mais de quelques usages si singuliers et si arbitraires qu'ils décelent leur origine. Qu'il est difficile d'abolir la religion, ou la langue d'un peuple! *Satires de Seftianus, avec la Réponse de Cosellius, &c.* Guerre littéraire, qui a deshonoré presque tous les savans de l'Italie, sans faire beaucoup d'honneur à leur esprit. Le Jésuite Seftianus en a cependant plus que ses adversaires. Leurs noms toutefois me feroient croire que sa cause ne vaut rien. *Bibliothèque des Manuscrits, par le Père de Montfaucon*: ouvrage savant et utile, mais qui n'est complet que sur la France. Il est presque nécessaire à tout littérateur. *Orose, par M. Havercamp*. Edition bienfaite, et dont on avoit besoin, d'un très mauvais auteur, qui ne doit son mérite qu'à la perte de ses confrères qui valoient bien mieux que lui.

Octobre 3.]—Comme le quatrième tome du *Trésor de Grævius* contient plusieurs autres ouvrages qui se rapportent tous aux antiquités de la ville de Rome, j'ai voulu en lire quelques uns. J'ai commencé par la courte, mais fameuse *Dissertation d'Isaac Vossius de Antiqua Urbis Romæ Magnitudine*; et j'ai lu cette pièce toute entière. p. 1497—1516. On connoît assez les paradoxes de ce critique. Il donne libéralement à l'ancienne Rome plus de trente milles d'enceinte sans ses faubourgs, et plus de soixante et dix en les y comprenant. Il y place plus de quatorze millions

are men, but of some practices so singular and arbitrary, that it is impossible to mistake their origin. How difficult it is to abolish the religion and language of a nation! The *Satires of Seftianus, with Cosellius's Answer*: a literary war, which dishonoured almost all the learned in Italy, without procuring much fame for their talents. Those of the Jesuit Seftianus were the most distinguished; but the names of his adversaries incline me to think that his cause was not good. *A Library of Manuscripts, by Father Montfaucon*: this work is learned and useful, but is not complete except as to France. It is almost necessary for every man of letters. *Orosius, by Mr. Havercamp*: a good edition, which was much wanted, of a very bad author, whose sole value arises from the loss of his fellow-labourers, who were far superior to himself.

October 3.]—I looked into the fourth volume of *Grævius's Thesaurus*, which contains several other treatises, besides Nardini's, on the antiquities of Rome. I began by reading the whole of the short but famous *Dissertation of Isaac Vossius on the magnitude of that city*. His paradoxes are well known. He assigns upwards of thirty miles for the circuit of Rome, independently of the suburbs; and upwards of seventy miles when the

millions d'habitans *, et comme il est aussi avare pour les modernes, qu'il est généreux envers les anciens, il assure hardiment que les trois royaumes les plus florissans de l'Europe ne sauroient aujourd'hui produire ce nombre de sujets. Ces nouveautés étoient trop révoltantes pour ne pas trouver des adversaires qui les ont réfutées avec autant de savoir que de force. Vossius n'a que deux argumens qui puissent éblouir un moment. Un passage de Dénys d'Halicarnasse, qu'il n'a point entendu, et un autre de Pline qu'il a corrompu. Pour le premier, je renverrai seulement à Nardini, qui a démontré de la manière la plus victorieuse, que lorsque cet historien a comparé la grandeur d'Athènes à celle de Rome, il n'a voulu parler que d'Athènes proprement dite; et que le port du Pirée n'étoit point compris dans l'enceinte de la ville †. Pour le passage de Pline, je renverrois au savant Fréret, qui en a donné l'explication la plus naturelle et la mieux liée ‡. Je ne disconviens pas que son hypothèse n'ait encore ses difficultés, mais dèsqu'une partie du passage est aussi claire que l'autre est obscure, il faut expliquer celle-ci par celle-là, et non point corriger celle-là sur celle-ci. Je ne parlerai ici que d'un seul argument de Vossius. Il est ingénieux; et depuis que je l'ai vu la première fois dans les *Nouvelles de*

* Vossius, p. 1514—1515. Ses calculs sont un peu embrouillés comme à l'ordinaire, mais je prends son propre résultat.

the suburbs are included. He fills that vast extent with more than fourteen millions of inhabitants §; and being as niggardly towards the moderns, as prodigal with respect to the ancients, he assures us that this number of subjects is not to be found in the three most flourishing kingdoms of Europe. These strange novelties could not fail to provoke the indignation of many adversaries, by whom they were ably and learnedly refuted. There are but two authorities for Vossius, and these merely fitted to dazzle and bewilder; a passage of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, which he misconstrues, and a passage of Pliny, which he has corrupted. For the first, I would refer to Nardini, who proves clearly that when Dionysius compares the size of Rome with that of Athens, he does not include the harbour of the Piræus †. For the passage of Pliny, I would refer to the learned Fréret, who explains it very naturally in connexion with the context ‡. I do not say that his hypothesis is without its difficulties; but of the two parts of a passage, when one is clear and another obscure, I say that the latter must be explained by the former, and not the reverse. I shall consider but one argument adduced by Vossius. It is ingenious, and ever since I first read it in the *Nouvelles de*

§ Vossius, p. 1514—1515. His calculations are, as usual, somewhat confused; but I give the result as stated by himself.

† Nardini Roma Vetus, L. i. C. vi. p. 912—916.

‡ *Nouvelles de la République des Lettres*, par Bayle; mois de Janvier 1685.

1763. *de la République des Lettres*, j'en ai toujours été frappé. Le bois d'Egérie (dit-il) étoit aux portes de Rome dans les premiers siècles de cet état; dans le tems de la grandeur, l'on trouve le bois d'Egérie auprès d'Aricie, et à quinze milles du *Forum*. On peut croire, ajoute-t-il, qu'à mesure qu'on aggrandissoit la ville, l'on reculoit ce bois, afin de lui conserver toujours la situation relative d'être dans les fauxbourgs, un peu au delà de la *Porte Capena*. Il en est de même du *Clivus Virbius*, et du Lac de Juturne qu'on retrouve pareillement aux environs d'Aricie, après les avoir laissés au centre de la ville †. Encore une fois l'idée est très ingénieuse, mais plusieurs raisons m'empêcheroient de faire grand fond là dessus. 1. Ce sont ici des hypothèses au lieu de faits. Tous les écrivains parlent du bois d'Egérie, de la *Porte Capena*, et du bois d'Aricie; mais aucun n'y suppose la moindre liaison. Aucun ne parle du dernier comme n'étant en effet que le premier, dont on avoit reculé la situation. Le seul Servius fait entendre que la Nymphé Egérie du bois d'Aricie, étoit celle dont Numa se vantoit d'avoir eu les bonnes grâces ‡; mais l'identité de divinité ne conclut point celle du bois sacré. Je sais que les dieux champêtres n'étoient point ceux des nations entières, et que l'étendue de leur culte étoit bornée par celle de leurs bienfaits; mais je sais aussi que dans le monde mythologique,

la République des Lettres, it has left on my mind a strong impression. The wood of Egeria, he says, was at the gates of Rome in the first ages of the Republic; but in the age of Roman greatness, this wood was in the neighbourhood of Aricia, and fifteen miles from the *Forum*. It may be supposed, he adds, that in proportion as the city was enlarged, this wood was gradually cut down, so that it might still continue to keep its former situation with regard to the suburbs, and stand a little beyond the *Porta Capena*. The same thing happened as to the *Clivus Virbius* and the lake of Juturna, which are in the neighbourhood of Aricia now, but were in the centre of the city formerly †. This idea is doubtless ingenious; but many reasons convince me that it is false. It is founded entirely on hypothesis. All writers mention the *Porta Capena*, the wood of Egeria, and that of Aricia; but none suppose any connection between them, or that the latter was merely a continuation of the former. Servius, indeed, and he alone, says that the nymph Egeria of the wood Aricia, was the same goddess with whom Numa was familiar ‡. But the identity of the goddess does not prove that of the sacred wood. I know that rural divinities were not the gods of whole nations, and that their worship

† Vossius de Rom. Magnitud. C. iv. p. 906, 907.

‡ *Nympha in Arisino nemore, quam amicam suam Numa esse fingebat.* Serv. ad Æneid. L. vii. V. 762.

1763.

gique, comme dans le monde naturel, tout étoit lié par des gradations presque imperceptibles, et qu'on remontoit par une chaîne successive d'êtres depuis la Dryade jusqu'au Maître du tonnerre. La Dryade sans pouvoir, sans connoissance, et presque sans sentiment, n'existoit que dans l'arbre qu'elle occupoit, et dont on la distinguoit à peine. Mais Egérie étoit d'un ordre plus relevé; semblable à Faunus, qui passoit rapidement de l'Arcadie au pays des Sabins*, le bois ancien qu'elle habitoit auprès d'Aricie, ne devoit point empêcher que Numa ne lui en consacrat un autre aux portes de Rome, et qu'il ne persuadât aux peuples qu'elle l'honoroit fréquemment de sa présence. Encore si je hazardois une supposition des plus naturelles, c'est que tout le pays entre Rome et Aricie n'étoit anciennement qu'une forêt, où l'on voyoit deux chapelles consacrées à la Nymphé; et que lorsqu'on défricha ces bois, on en laissa toujours subsister les deux extrémités par respect pour elle. 2. Bien loin que le bois d'Aricie parolisse d'une fondation plus nouvelle que celui de la Porte *Capena*, selon la chronologie de la fable, tout y annonce une antiquité supérieure à celle de Rome. Hyppolite vint en Italie 400 ans avant la naissance de Romulus; or toutes les traditions du lieu se rapportent au tems de ce prince; le *Virbius*, nom qui annonçoit sa

nouvelle

worship was often confined to the district which had experienced their kindness; but I know also, that in the mythological, as well as in the natural world, there is a perpetual chain of beings rising above each other by almost imperceptible degrees, from the lowly Dryad to Jupiter armed with the thunder. The Dryad, destitute of power, knowledge, and almost of sensation, existed in her native tree, from which she was scarcely distinguishable. But Egeria was of a higher order, and not inferior to Faunus, who frequently came from Arcadia to the territory of the Sabines†; so that though the ancient wood near to Aricia was her proper habitation, this needed not to hinder Numa from consecrating to her another, at the gates of Rome; or from persuading the people that she frequently honoured him there with her presence. It is a natural supposition that the whole country between Rome and Aricia was a continued forest, at each extremity of which there was a chapel consecrated to the Nymph; and that when the country was cleared, the trees were allowed to stand at both extremities from respect to Egeria. 2. The wood of Aricia is so far from being of a later date than the Porta Capena, that if we can have any dependence on the chronology of the fabulous ages, that wood was more ancient than the city of Rome. Hippolitus came into Italy 400 years before the birth of Romulus; and the former prince is connected with all the traditions which prevailed in the country about Aricia. The name Virbius indicated his new life; the

nymph

† Horat. Carm. L. i. Ode xvii.

1763.

nouvelle vie, la Nymph Egeria qui l'accueillit dans son antre, et qui pleura si tendrement les malheurs †; ces traditions sont fabuleuses, j'en suis persuadé, mais les fables ne sont pas l'ouvrage d'un jour. Crues pieusement de tout le canton, elles y sont anciennes; le bois sacré auquel elles sont liées, l'est encore davantage; et ces fables mêmes renversent la fable encore moins vraisemblable, qui ne rapporte la consécration qu'aux tems de la grandeur de Rome, et de l'aggrandissement de la ville, c'est à dire à celui d'Auguste, ou du moins des derniers consuls. 3. Le principe sur lequel on établit cet usage de reculer les lieux consacrés, est contraire à celui de toutes les superstitions locales. On révere un lieu honoré par la présence et les miracles d'un Dieu, où il a déployé sa puissance, où il a prodigué ses bienfaits, et non point un rapport imaginaire et fantasque avec des endroits voisins, qui lui sont étrangers. Le culte, pour ainsi dire, est attaché au sol, et l'on ne peut changer l'un sans abolir l'autre. Le temple de Jupiter *Elicius*, le *Lupercal*, la maison de Romulus, subsistoient encore sous les empereurs, et subsistoient toujours dans leur premier emplacement. L'exemple tiré des portes ne conclut rien, il faut nécessairement ouvrir des portes nouvelles dans une nouvelle enceinte, et il est assez naturel de leur donner les noms

nymph Egeria received him in her grotto, and tenderly compassionated his misfortunes †. These traditions, I well know, are fables; but such fables are not the work of a day. They were piously believed by the whole district, in which they had taken deep root; the sacred wood, which was their scene, must have been more ancient than themselves; and though fictions, they destroy the still more improbable fiction of the consecrating of the wood of Aricia in the age of Roman greatness, and the enlargement of the city, that is, in the time of Augustus, or, at least, of the latest consuls. 3. The supposition that sacred places changed their site, and retreated as it were before the greatness of Rome, is contrary to the spirit of all local superstitions. The Pagans revered a place honoured by the presence and miracles of a god, where he had displayed his power, and conferred his benefits; but they did not associate with their reverence for this place, a veneration for all the adjacent country, which had any connection with the divinity. Their worship was attached, as it were, to the soil, and the one could not be changed without abolishing the other. The temple of Jupiter Elicius, the Lupercal, the house of Romulus, always remained in their original sites. The argument drawn from the gates is not conclusive. New walls necessarily require new gates, which naturally retain the names of those which they replace, and

† Virgil. *Æneid*, vii. 761—781; et Serv. ad *Iozum*. Ovid. *Metamorph.* L. xv.

1793.

noms des anciennes aux-quelles elles répondoient, et qui devenoient inutiles. 4. Comment auroit-on songé à conserver le rapport ancien du bois d'Egeria avec la Porte Capena? Du tems de Numa cette porte n'existoit pas encore. Elle faisoit partie de l'enceinte et des murailles que Servius Tullius construisit autour de la ville †.

Des trois exemples qu'on employe, le bois d'Egerie étoit hors de la Porte Capena; le Lac de Juturne étoit dans le Forum, et le Clivus Virbius à la montée de l'Esquilin. En les reculant, on auroit au moins songé à conserver leurs rapports mutuels. Mais une ligne tirée du centre du Forum à travers chacun de ces endroits, les auroit autant éloignés les uns des autres, que de la ville, au lieu de les rassembler tous dans les environs d'Aricie.

6. Selon Vossius, les murs de Rome avançaient jusqu'au dixième milliaire sur la Voie Appienne. Cependant Aricie étoit alors comme aujourd'hui à seize milles Romains de la capitale. Tous les auteurs en conviennent; et si Strabon paroît y mettre un plus grand intervalle, on fait voir que ce géographe se servoit d'une mesure de stade plus petite que l'Olympique †. Je prévois qu'on me répondra que cet intervalle ne conclut rien pour l'enceinte de la ville, puisqu'on ne comptoit point les milles depuis les portes, mais depuis le milliaire d'or; et qu'Aricie pouvoit être tout

à

and which are demolished as useless. 4. On what principle was it necessary to preserve the relative situation of the wood of Egeria with regard to the *Porta Capena*? In this time of Numa this gate was not in existence; since it belonged to the walls built around the city by Servius Tullius †. 5. Of the three examples given by Vossius, the wood of Egeria was without the *Porta Capena*, the lake of Juturna was in the Forum, and the Clivus Virbius was at the foot of Mount Esquiline. Had these monuments changed their sites, care would have been taken to preserve their relative situation with regard to each other. But a line drawn from the center of the Forum, and passing through each of those places, while it removed them from the city, must also have removed them from each other, instead of collecting them all into one spot in the neighbourhood of Aricia. 6. According to Vossius, the walls of Rome advanced to the 10th mile-stone on the Appian way. Yet Aricia was anciently, as it is as present, sixteen miles distant from the capital. All authors agree in this point; and the greater distance assigned by Strabo has been shewn to proceed from his measuring by a stadium shorter than the Olympic †. I foresee that it will be answered that since the miles were counted not from the gates of Rome, but from the golden pillar, Vol. II. D d Aricia

† Nardini Roma Vetust, L. i. C. iv. p. 902, 903, 904.

† Cluver. Ital. Antiq. tom. ii. p. 920; et sequent. Strabon. Geograph. L. v. p. 165. Mesures Itinéraires de M. d'Anville, p. 15.

1763.

à la fois à seize milles de cette colonne et du *Forum*, et à six milles seulement de la *Porte Capena*. La réponse est bonne, il est vrai ; je ne dirai point là-dessus qu'un faiseur d'itinéraires peut compter la distance sur les milliaires, mais qu'un géographe comme Strabon, qu'un poète comme Lucain, n'auroient point dit tout simplement, qu'Aricie étoit à seize milles de Rome, sans remarquer que les fauxbourgs occupoient la plus grande partie de cet intervalle. Les distances se comptoient donc toujours du milliaire d'Auguste. Mais l'*Aqua Claudia*, dont la source étoit entre le sixième et le huitième milliaire sur la route de Prenesté, avoit-elle son origine dans la ville ? Le système de Vossius le demande. Cependant on voyoit cette source dans une campagne (*Pradium*) de Lucullus* : donc les murailles de la ville ne se sont jamais étendues si loin. Cette observation, qui se porte sur tout le système de Vossius, me paroît décisive.

Quel génie singulier que ce Vossius ! Il avoit beaucoup de lecture, de vivacité, et d'invention ; mais c'est bien l'esprit le plus faux que je connoisse, le plus porté à outrer tous ses jugemens, et le moins capable de résister aux attrails d'une chimère brillante. C'étoit au reste un très mal-honnête homme. On peut lui reprocher des démarches les plus contraires à la probité.

Octobre

Aricia might be sixteen miles from this pillar and the Forum, and no more than six miles from the Porta Capena. The answer indeed would be good, had the distance been reckoned by a maker of itineraries ; but it is not supposable that a geographer like Strabo, or a poet like Lucan, would have said that Aricia was sixteen miles from Rome, had the suburbs filled up the intermediate space, without making that remark. The distances then were always reckoned from the mile-stone erected by Augustus. I would ask whether the Aqua Claudia rose in the city, although its source is said to have been at the sixth and the eighth mile-stone on the road to Prenesté ? The system of Vossius requires the affirmative. Yet we find the source of this water at an estate (*Pradium*) belonging to Lucullus*. The walls of Rome therefore never extended to that distance. This observation, which bears against the whole of Vossius's system, appears to me decisive.

What a singular character was this Vossius ! He had much reading, vivacity, and invention ; but his understanding had a wrong bias ; he was prone to exaggeration in his opinions, and incapable of resisting the temptation of a brilliant chimera. He was besides a very bad man. Some parts of his conduct betrayed a total want of probity.

October

* Sext. Frontin. de Aqueduct. Rom. l. i. p. 1635. 1r. vol. Grævii. Theſaurus.

Octobre 4.]—J'ai lu la *Dissertation d'Octavio Falconieri, sur la Pyramide de C. Cestius*, p. 1461—1482. Ce monument, situé à la porte *Ostiensis*, et encaissé aujourd'hui dans les murs de la ville, est revêtu par tout d'un très beau marbre. Il a 165½ palmes Romaines de hauteur, et chacune des bases a 130 palmes de longueur. On a pratiqué une chambre au milieu de la pyramide qui a 26 palmes de long, 18 de large, et 19 de haut. C'est proprement le sépulchre. Les murailles étoient couvertes d'un grand nombre de figures; il en reste quelques unes qui sont d'un très bon goût. Il résulte de l'inscription du monument et des explications que donne Falconieri de ces figures, que Cestius étoit un Romain distingué du tems d'Auguste, et que ces peintures se rapportent toutes à son emploi d'Epule, ou de curateur des fêtes sacrées. Jamais ancien n'a fait mention de cette belle pyramide. Quel regret cette réflexion ne donne-t-elle pas pour les ouvrages qui ont disparu, et dont les auteurs ont vanté la beauté! La *Dissertation de Falconieri* est bien faite.

J'ai lu aussi la pièce du père Ciaconius, sur la *Columna Rostrata de Duillius*. Comme je croyois d'abord que l'inscription entière étoit originale, j'en tirois les plus belles conséquences. Heureusement j'ai vu enfin que l'original est gâté au point d'être inintelligible, et que le critique l'a rétabli assez heureusement par ses conjectures. J'en ai lu aujourd'hui p. 1809—1817.

Octobre

October 4.]—I read a Dissertation by Octavio Falconieri, on the Pyramid of C. Cestius, p. 1461—1482. This monument, which stood at the Porta Ostiensis, and which is now fixed in the city wall, is entirely covered with a beautiful white marble. It is 165½ Roman palms high, and the sides of its base are each 130 palms long. There is a room in the middle of the pyramid twenty-six palms long, eighteen broad, and nineteen high. This is properly the sepulchre. The walls were covered with a multitude of figures, some of which still remain in a very good taste. It appears from the inscription of the monument and the explanations given of it by Falconieri, that Cestius was a man of distinction in the time of Augustus, and that the paintings relate to his employment of Epulo, or manager of the sacred festivals. None of the ancients make mention of this beautiful pyramid; a reflexion which creates regret for the loss of those monuments, whose beauty they highly celebrate. Falconieri's Dissertation is well written.

I read also a performance of father Ciaconius on the *Columna Rostrata of Duillius*. Taking the whole inscription for original, I began to draw from it many important consequences. Happily I discovered that the original had suffered so much from the injuries of time, that it was rendered unintelligible, and that the critic had successfully restored it by his conjectures. I this day read p. 1809—1817.

D d 2

October

1763. Octobre 5.] Quoique la Colonne Rostrale eût trompé mon attente, j'ai voulu l'achever. J'y ai trouvé des réstitutions fort ingénieuses, et de très bonnes observations sur l'orthographe Latine, laquelle comme dans toutes les langues a quitté peu à peu l'étymologie pour se régler sur la prononciation. Malheureusement la colonne de Duillius que nous avons, n'a pas l'autorité d'une pièce originale. On voit clairement par l'exemple de Maximus avec un *i*, qu'elle a été faite depuis Jules César, et qu'on l'a réformée sur la nouvelle orthographe.

J'ai fini cette *Dissertation de Ciaconius*, p. 1817—1831. J'ai lu aussi un petit *Morceau de Joseph Castalio, sur les Temples de la Paix et de Janus*, p. 1849—1856. Il est bien mauvais.

6.] J'ai lu une *Dissertation de Pierre Bargeus, de Everforibus Edificiorum Urbis Romæ*, p. 1869—1892. Le préjugé commun fait regarder les barbares du Nord comme les ennemis des arts, aussi bien que des Romains. C'est à un Alaric, à un Genserik, à un Totila, qu'on attribua la destruction des beaux monumens de la ville. Jamais il n'y eut de préjugé moins fondé selon mon auteur. Alaric usa à peine des droits de la guerre. Genserik se contenta de piller cette capitale. Totila renversa une partie des murailles dans un moment de fureur, et les rétablit aussitôt par raison. La plupart des ouvrages publics subsistoient sous Théodoric; et ce prince veilloit

October 5.]—Although the Columna Rostrata disappointed me, I read to the end of the treatise. It contains some very ingenious restorations of the original, and excellent observations on the Latin orthography, which, as happens in all languages, gradually lost sight of etymology, and came to be regulated by pronunciation. Unhappily the inscription on the pillar of Duillius has not the merit of originality. We see clearly by the example of Maximus, written with an *i*, that the old spelling had been altered for the new, which prevailed from the time of Julius Caesar.

I finished Ciaconius's Dissertation, p. 1817—1831. I read also a small Treatise by Joseph Castalio, on the temples of Peace and Janus, p. 1849—1856. It is a poor performance.

6.]—I read a Dissertation of Peter Bargeus, *de Everforibus Edificiorum Urbis Romæ*, p. 1869—1892. By a common prejudice we consider the northern barbarians as equally hostile to the arts and to the Romans; ascribing the ruins of the finest monuments of the city to an Alaric, a Genserik, or a Totila. Bargeus regards this opinion as totally unfounded. Alaric scarcely exercised the rights of war. Genserik was satisfied with pillaging Rome. Totila destroyed part of the walls in his fury, and repaired them when he recovered his reason. The most of the public edifices

were

1763.

veilloit à leur conservation avec beaucoup plus d'attention que ne l'avoient fait les derniers empereurs d'occident. Le zèle des Papes, et surtout de Grégoire le Grand, ne voyoit dans un temple que l'idole à laquelle il étoit consacré; il établissoit la religion sur la ruine des beaux arts. Ce système, détaillé avec beaucoup de savoir et de vraisemblance, vaut mieux que les efforts qu'il fait pour justifier cette conduite des Pontifes; conduite plus digne de l'Alcoran que de l'Evangile. On se forme une idée aussi fautive que peu avantageuse des nations qui ont inondé l'empire dans le cinquième siècle. On les regarde comme des sauvages sortis tout d'un coup du fond des forêts, pour briser ces barrières qui les séparoient du monde policé. Si l'on parloit seulement des nations Scandinaviennes, Scythiques, et Arabes, je ne disconviendrois pas de la ressemblance du portrait. Mais les Arabes agissoient par enthousiasme, les Danois par vengeance, et les Scythes par une férocité naturelle à tous les peuples nomades. Les nations Germaniques, les Goths, les Vandales, les François, &c. avoient beaucoup perdu de leur ancienne barbarie avant que d'entrer sur les terres de l'empire l'épée à la main. Depuis plus d'un siècle des corps nombreux de leur compatriotes servoient dans les armées Romaines; ils étudioient la langue de cette nation;

† Il ne décide point la fameuse question de l'origine des Goths.

were standing in the reign of Theodoric, who was more careful to preserve them than had been the last emperors of the east. The zeal of the Popes, and particularly of Gregory the Great, beheld nothing in a temple but the idol to whom it was consecrated: he established religion on the ruin of the fine arts. This account of the matter is explained by Bargaus with much learning and argument, and is far better than his attempt to justify this conduct in the Popes, which was surely more becoming the Alcoran than the Gospel. Our notions are as false as unfavourable concerning the nations which over-ran the Roman empire in the fifth century. We look on them as savages just issued from the woods to break the boundaries which divided them from the civilized world. This opinion indeed may be applicable to the people of Scandinavia, to the Scythians, and the Arabs. The Arabs were actuated by enthusiasm; the Danes by vengeance; the Scythians by ferocity, common among wandering nations of shepherds. But the inhabitants of Germany, the Goths, Vandals, and Franks, had divested themselves of much of their barbarism before they invaded the dominions of the Roman empire. For more than a century preceding that event, numerous bodies of their countrymen had served in the Roman armies. They learned the Latin language; they adopted civilized

‡ He decides not the famous question concerning the origin of the Goths.

1753.

nation; ils en empruntoient les mœurs. Ils avoient adopté la religion; ou du moins ils la révéroient. Ils avoient quelquefois du mépris pour les vaincus, jamais de la haine. Le soldat étoit quelquefois cruel; mais le général étoit rarement barbare, et le législateur ne l'étoit jamais. Je passe rapidement sur des objets qui mériteroient d'être approfondis.

J'ai lu aussi la *Dissertation du même Auteur, sur les Obélisques de la Ville*, p. 1905—1934, la fin. Elle est savante; mais, qui en retrancheroit les écarts, lui laisseroit à peine six pages.

Octobre 7.]—J'ai commencé un ouvrage de *Olaus Borrichius, de Antiqua Facie Urbis Romæ*, dont j'ai lu p. 1521—1546.

8.]—J'ai lu *Olaus Borrichius*, p. 1546—1576. J'ai achevé le vingt quatrième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y trouve *Histoire du Ciel*, par l'Abbé Pluche. Cet auteur, mauvais philosophe, et littérateur superficiel, bâtit des systèmes ingénieux, qui n'éblouissent qu'un moment. Tirer des étymologies Egyptiennes de l'Hebreu, parce qu'on suppose que l'Hebreu ressembloit au Phénicien, et que le Phénicien n'étoit pas fort éloigné de l'Egyptien! Ces signes des saisons et de l'agriculture, qui deviennent des Dieux! Pouvoit-on se tromper sur des signes qui revenoient chaque année, et qui apportoit avec eux leur explication sensible? Je demanderois au moins pour cette

civilized manners; and if they were not Christians, they at least revered Christianity. The contempt which they sometimes testified for the vanquished, was not mixed with hatred. The soldier was sometimes cruel, but the general was seldom barbarous, and the legislator never. I cast but a rapid glance on objects, which would deserve to be surveyed attentively. I read also a Dissertation of the same author on the Obelisks in Rome, p. 1905—1934. It is learned; but if superfluities were lopped off, might be reduced to six pages.

October 7.]—I began the work of Olaus Borrichius, *de Antiqua Facie Urbis Romæ*, and read p. 1521—1546.

8.]—I read Borrichius, p. 1546—1576. I finished the twenty-fourth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains the History of the Heavens, by the Abbé Pluche. This author, who is a bad philosopher, and a superficial scholar, builds ingenious systems, which dazzle but for a moment. He draws Egyptian etymologies from the Hebrew, because he supposes that the Hebrew had much affinity with the Phœnician; and that the Phœnician was not very remote from the Egyptian! The signs of the seasons and of agriculture are changed into gods. But I would ask whether it was possible that mankind should so much mistake those signs which returned

1763.

cette métamorphose plus de siècles que l'Abbé Pluche ne m'en auroit accordé. *Histoire de Charles XII. par M. Aderfeld.* L'Alexandre du Nord avoit déjà son Quinte Curce, il lui manquoit un Arrien. M. Aderfeld l'est plutôt par son exactitude que par son éloquence. *Lettres de Libanius, par M. Welf:* beau présent. Nous n'avions que 250 de ces lettres. Ce savant nous en donne 1600, qu'il a tirées de la poussière de toutes les bibliothèques de l'Europe. *Ammonius de Differentia Verborum, &c. par M. Valkenaer:* c'est un petit recueil de quelques grammairiens Grecs, qui n'est pas sans mérite. *Histoire du Roi David:* ouvrage savant, singulier, et ridicule.

Octobre 9.]—J'ai lu Olaus Borrichius, de *Antiqua Facie Urbis Romæ*, p. 1576—1600.

10.]—J'ai fini Olaus Borrichius, p. 1600—1623. Je suis fort content de ce petit ouvrage. Borrichius est un homme curieux et instruit, qui parcourt tous les quartiers de la ville avec beaucoup d'ordre, et de netteté; qui laisse à l'écart toutes les minuties, et qui choisit quelques objets curieux et principaux, dont il rend compte d'une manière assez intéressante, et dans un style coulant et facile. Il convient à tout homme, qui veut se faire une idée vraie, mais générale, de l'ancienne Rome; qui craint les grands ouvrages

returned annually, bringing with them their own explication. Such an extraordinary metamorphosis must have required at least many more ages than the Abbé Pluche would be willing to allow.—The History of Charles XII. by Mr. Aderfeld. The Alexander of the North had already his Quintus Curtius. He still wanted an Arrian. Mr. Aderfeld supplies the defect rather by his accuracy than his eloquence.—Libanius's Letters, by Mr. Welf: a valuable present. We had only 250 of these letters. This learned man gives us 1600, recovered from the dust of all the libraries of Europe.—*Ammonius de Differentia Verborum, &c.* by Mr. Valkenaer: a small collection of some Greek grammarians, not without merit.—The History of King David: a learned, singular, and laughable performance.

October 9.]—I read Olaus Barrichius, de *Antiqua Facie Urbis Romæ*, p. 1576—1600.

10.]—I finished Olaus Borrichius, p. 1600—1623; and am much pleased with this little work. It is curious and learned. Borrichius examines the quarters of the city with order and perspicuity; and, regardless of minute objects, fixes on the principal monuments, which he explains in a very entertaining manner, and in an easy flow of style. His work must be useful to those who wish to form only a general, but just notion of ancient Rome; who are afraid of the large volumes of Donatus and

1763. ouvrages de Donatus et de Nardini, ou qui souhaite de rassembler dans son esprit les idées qu'il y a prises. Pour trancher le mot, le livre de Borrichius est un excellent abrégé de Nardini, qu'il suit partout pas-à-pas. Il n'est que cela, et j'aurois voulu que le savant Danois se fût contenté de ce mérite, sans aspirer à celui d'auteur original: ce n'est pas qu'on n'y trouve quelques observations curieuses, quelques endroits même où il relève Nardini, et le relève avec raison. En voici deux. 1. Borrichius prouve assez bien qu'on ne donnoit jamais aux empereurs de leur vivant le titre de *Divus*; et que par conséquent tous les monumens, où il se rencontre, leur ont été élevés après leur mort. 2. Il fait voir contre Nardini que tous les jeux de la Déesse Flore se célébroient dans son cirque; et que ce n'est que pour avoir mal compris un passage d'Ovide, que cet antiquaire a cru trouver deux fêtes de cette Déesse, dans une seule qui se chommoit le dernier d'Avril et le premier de Mai. Borrichius étoit Danois, et professeur à Copenhague. Il paroît par différens endroits de son livre qu'il voyagea en Italie, en France, et en Angleterre vers l'an 1665; et qu'il publia ce petit traité près d'une vingtaine d'années après son retour. S'il ne se disoit pas Danois, on le verroit assez à l'endroit où il parle des triomphes de Marius sur le Mont Esquilin. A la vue de ce monument de la défaite des Cimbres, son zèle national s'enflamme, un noble courroux

and Nardini, or who wish to digest methodically in their minds the knowledge which they have acquired from them. In one word Borrichius is an excellent abridgement of Nardini, whom he closely follows. I could have wished this learned Dane had been satisfied with this merit, without aspiring to that of an original author; yet it must be allowed that he makes some curious observations, and corrects Nardini judiciously; of which the two following are examples. 1. He proves in a very satisfactory manner, that the emperors were never honoured with the title of *Divus* in their life-time, and consequently that all the monuments in which this title is found, must have been raised to them after their deaths. 2. He shows in opposition to Nardini, that all the games of the goddess Flora were celebrated in her Circus; and that by mistaking a passage of Ovid, that antiquary has made two festivals of Flora out of one, which was held the last day of April, or the first of May. Borrichius was a Dane, and professor at Copenhagen. It appears from different passages of his book, that he travelled in Italy, France, and England towards the year 1665; and published this little treatise about twenty years after his return home. Without his telling us that he was a Dane, we should easily perceive it, from his manner of speaking concerning the triumph of Marius on Mount Esquiline. At beholding this monument of the defeat of the Cimbri, his patriotism is inflamed, a noble indignation seizes his soul. He ac-

cribes

courroux s'empare de son esprit. Il attribue la victoire des Romains au soleil, au vent, à la fortune, à tout, plutôt qu'à la valeur de Marius. 1763

Octobre 12.]—Un air de philosophie, un fond d'ignorance, des pensées triviales ou fausses, un style affecté, des portraits communs ou outrés, voilà les *Amusemens de la Raison*; ouvrage nouveau, que M. de C... m'avait prêté, et où je n'ai trouvé ni raison ni amusement. L'impertinente préface qu'il a mise à la tête de sa traduction du *Loisir du Sage*! De quoi nous sert-il de savoir le nom d'un auteur? Ce nom qu'a-t-il de commun avec l'ouvrage? Beaucoup pour l'intelligence de son ouvrage, de son but, de ses allusions; rien pour le jugement que nous devons porter de ses sentimens philosophiques.

13.]—J'ai commencé aujourd'hui une entreprise considérable; c'est la lecture de *l'Italia Antiqua de Cluvier*, en deux volumes in folio: à Leyde, 1624, chez les Elzevirs. L'auteur n'en vit pas la publication, mais il y avait mis la dernière main avant sa mort. Son éditeur nous apprend qu'il méditoit une Géographie Universelle sur le même plan; et qu'après avoir parcouru la Germanie, l'Italie, et la Sicile, il alloit travailler sur la Gaule et la Grèce, et ensuite sur tous les autres pays connus aux anciens. Strabon a embrassé cet objet en dix sept livres: les pays dont Cluvier a traité dans quatre volumes in folio, ne comprennent qu'environ trois de ces livres. L'ouvrage entier de

cribes the victory of the Romans to the sun, the winds, and fortune; to every cause rather than the valour of Marius.

October 12.]—An appearance of philosophy, with real ignorance; thoughts trivial or false; affectation of style; exaggeration or vulgarity of description; such is the new work intituled *Amusements of Reason*, which was lent to me by Mr. C...; and in which I find neither reason nor amusement. The author's preface to his translation of the "Wise Man's Recreations," is impertinent in the extreme. Of what use is it to know an author's name? What has that name to do with his work? A great deal with his design, his allusions, &c. but nothing with the sentence that we ought to pass on his philosophical opinions.

13.]—I this day began a very considerable task; which was to read Cluverius' *Italia Antiqua*, in two volumes in folio: Leyden, 1624, Elzevirs. The author did not live to see its publication; but had completely finished it before his death. His editor tells us that he had in contemplation to write an universal geography on the same plan; and that after describing Germany, Italy, and Sicily, he meant to treat of Gaul, Greece, and all the other countries known to the ancients. Strabo comprehended the same subject in seventeen books; of which the countries described by Cluverius, in four volumes in folio, occupy nearly three. The whole design

1763. de notre savant auroit pu aller à vingt trois volumes in folio. S'il avoit vécu quelques années de plus, il auroit peut-être rempli cette tâche immense. Nous aurions eu un répertoire prodigieux sur l'ancienne géographie, traité à la vérité avec un détail trop minutieux, et dont il n'y a peut-être que la Grèce et l'Italie qui soient dignes. Un littérateur aime à connoître jusqu'aux plus petits recoins de ces pays célèbres, où le moindre village est fameux dans l'histoire ou dans la poésie. C'est pour me préparer tout à la fois à mon voyage l'Italie, et à mes études futures que je fais cette lecture, comme j'avois fait celle de Nardini. Ces auteurs bien liés et bien médités, me tiendront lieu d'un commentaire perpétuel, et sur quelque endroit de Rome ou d'Italie que je puisse tomber, je n'y serai plus étranger. J'ai lu aujourd'hui *Cluver Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. i, ii, iii, iv, v, vi. p. 1—46.* Ces six chapitres sont comme les préliminaires de sa description particulière. Il y traite des noms différens que l'Italie a portés, de ses limites, de son étendue, et de sa figure, du Mont Apennin qui la divise, du sol, et du climat, des différens peuples qui l'habitoient, et des langues qu'ils parloient. Partout il cite ses garants, il les laisse parler, et il ne paroît lui-même que de tems en tems, pour les mettre d'accord, pour les éclaircir, et pour les corriger. Je dois remarquer, pour sa justification, que M. d'Anville l'accuse un peu trop facilement d'avoir confondu le mille Romain avec

design of that learned man would have extended to twenty-three volumes in folio. Had he lived a few years longer, he would perhaps have executed this vast undertaking. We should then have had an immense repertory on the subject of ancient geography, treated indeed with a degree of circumstantial minuteness, which no other countries perhaps deserve but Greece and Italy. A man of letters is desirous to know every corner of those celebrated countries, the smallest villages of which are distinguished in history or poetry. I begin to read Cluverius with the same views that I read Nardini, both to prepare me for my journey into Italy, and to assist me in my future studies. These two authors, studied with care and reflexion, will serve me as a perpetual commentary; so that I shall not be a stranger in any part of Rome or Italy, to which my enquiries may lead me. I this day read Cluverius *Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. i, ii, iii, iv, v, vi. p. 1—46.* These six chapters are preparatory to his particular description. He examines in them the different names of Italy, its limits, extent, figure, Mount Appennine, which divides the country; its soil, climate, inhabitants, and languages. He every where cites his authorities in their own words, and speaks only occasionally himself, to reconcile, explain, or correct them. Mr. D'Anville accuses him too hastily of confounding the Roman mile with that of the modern Italians.

Cluverius

avec le mille Italien moderne*. Clavier ne les confondoit point; il savoit même que le dernier est plus grand. Il s'est expliqué très clairement là-dessus†. Je conviens que cette connoissance lui étoit assez inutile, puisqu'il ignoroit le rapport précis de ces deux mesures itinéraires.

[Octobre 14.]—J'ai lu *Clavier Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. vii, viii, ix, x, xi. p. 46—90.* Il parcourt toutes les côtes de la Ligurie depuis le *Varus*, qui la séparoit des Gaules, jusqu'au fleuve *Macra*, qui la bornoit du côté de la Toscane; côtes stériles et escarpées, qui en refusant tout à ses habitans ne leur donnoient que la force et le courage. Il est singulier que ce peuple entreprenant n'ait jamais franchi l'Apennin pour s'établir dans cette belle plaine qui s'étend depuis ces montagnes jusqu'au *Po*; et qu'il n'ait enfin dû cette acquisition qu'à un arrangement politique des Romains. L'article de *Pollentia* m'a amusé. Stilicon y combattit l'armée des Goths. Les historiens Chrétiens nous représentent cette affaire comme une trahison indigne, qui ne valut aux Romains que la honte de l'avoir tentée sans succès. Claudien, au contraire, poète payen, l'égalé à la victoire de Marius sur les Cimbres; et ne voit dans Stilicon qu'un héros qui a vengé sa patrie, et qui a délivré l'Italie entière de la tyrannie des barbares.

Octobre

Cluverius does not confound them; he knew that of modern Italy to be the longest of the two, and has explained himself very clearly on that subject†. This knowledge indeed was not of much use to him, since he was ignorant of the exact proportion which the one mile bore to the other.

October 14.]—I read Cluverius, L. i. C. vii, viii, ix, x, xi. p. 46—90. He travels along the coast of Liguria from the Varus, which separated that district from Gaul, to the Macra, by which it was bounded on the side of Tuscany. This coast is rocky and barren; and, by denying all other advantages to its inhabitants, tended to increase their strength and courage. It is extraordinary that this enterprising people should never have thought of crossing the Apennines, in order to settle in the beautiful plain which lies between those mountains and the Po: and that they should have finally been indebted for this acquisition to a political arrangement of the Romans. I was amused by the article Pollentia. There Stilico fought the army of the Goths. The Christian writers represent this transaction as a scandalous piece of unsuccessful treachery, from which nothing but shame accrued to the Romans. Claudian, on the contrary, a Pagan poet, considers Stilico's battle as equal to Marius's victory over the Cimbri, and extols the conqueror as a hero who avenged the cause of his country, and delivered all Italy from the tyranny of barbarians.

October

* D'Anville Mesures Itinéraires, p. 7, 8.

† Clavier Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. iii. p. 25.

1763.

Octobre 16.]—J'ai lu *Cluver Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xii, xiii, xiv. p. 90—102*. On y voit la politique d'Auguste, qui dans toutes les affaires préféroit aux voyes de violence, les moyens doux et lents. Jules César avoit subjugué les Gaules, mais sa conquête étoit bien précaire, pendant que les Alpes étoient remplies des nations féroces, qui étoient maîtresses de tous les passages. Auguste fut obligé d'en réduire une partie par les armes, mais il engagea Cottius, qui regnoit dans les montagnes du même nom, de civiliser ses sujets, de recevoir une garnison Romaine, et d'ouvrir lui-même les communications. Le détail de cette négociation seroit curieux. Je pense qu'Auguste fut ébloui Cottius en lui prodiguant de vains honneurs, au point de lui faire oublier qu'il perdoit son pouvoir et son indépendance. C'étoit au moins le style de la politique de ce prince.

17.]—J'ai lu *Cluver Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xv, xvi, xvii. p. 102—133*. L'article des *Rheti* et des *Euganei*, est un peu embrouillé. Vérone étoit une colonie Rhétienne. La chose est possible. Mais depuis long tems ses habitans, devenus Gaulois, regardoient *Brixia* comme leur métropole. Vérone auroit été bien mieux placée parmi les *Cenomani*; et les *Rheti* auroient dû être relégués dans leurs montagnes, comme ils y étoient en effet. Encore en traitant de ces montagnes par rapport à l'Italie,

October 16.]—I read Cluverius Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xii, xiii, xiv, p. 90 102. He sets before us the policy of Augustus, who in all his transactions preferred slow and gentle measures. Julius Cæsar had subdued the Gauls, but his conquest was precarious while the Alps were peopled by fierce nations, who commanded all the passes. Augustus was under the necessity of reducing some of them by arms; but he persuaded Cottius, who reigned over the mountains which bore his name, to civilize his subjects, to receive a Roman garrison, and to open the roads through his country. It would be curious to know the circumstances of the negotiation. I imagine that Augustus so much flattered Cottius with empty honours, as to make him forget that he was surrendering his independence and power. This at least would have been in the usual style of his policy.

17.]—I read Cluverius Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xv, xvi, xvii. p. 102—133. The article of the *Rheti* and the *Euganei* is somewhat puzzling. Verona was a *Rhætian* colony. The thing is possible; but for a long time its inhabitants, assuming the character of Gauls, considered *Brixia* as their mother country. Verona would have been placed more naturally among the *Cenomani*; and the *Rheti* ought to have been confined to their native mountains, as they were in fact. In treating of these mountains as connected with Italy, I would also have taken notice that

my

lie, j'aurais averti que je ne traitois que d'une partie de la nation. Cette petite remarque auroit répandu une grande clarté sur toute cette description.

Octobre 18.]—J'ai lu *Cluverius Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xviii. p. 133—169*. L'auteur parcourt toute la province dite *Venetia*. Padoue et sa fameuse fontaine *Apona*, l'arrêtent assez long tems. A l'occasion du *Portus Venetus*, auprès d'*Altinum*, à l'endroit où est Venise, il s'étend assez sur l'époque de la fondation; et c'est avec beaucoup de vraisemblance, qu'il lui ôte une centaine d'années, puisque du tems de Théodoric et de Cassiodore, on ne voyoit encore dans ces isles que quelques cabanes de pêcheurs. C'est plutôt la fureur des Lombards que celle des Huns, qui a forcé les peuples voisins à s'y réfugier. La société politique qu'ils y ont formée, a dû pendant long tems être foible et dépendante, l'objet de la pitié, ou du mépris des princes voisins, et surtout des conquérans. Sans avoir approfondi ce sujet, la raison m'engage à croire, que la véritable liberté de Venise ne peut se dater que de la décadence de l'empire des François. Cet empire (pour le dire en passant) a contribué bien plus que les Croisades à faire confondre en Orient tous les peuples d'Occident sous le nom générique de Franks ou de François. Je ne suis point surpris que les Mahométans n'aient

my observations related to only one portion of the Rhatians. This remark would have contributed to the perspicuity of the whole of the description.

October 18.]—I read Cluverius *Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xviii. p. 133—169*. The author conducts us through the province called *Venetia*. He dwells on Padua, and its famous fountain *Apona*. In speaking of the *Portus Venetus*, near to *Altinum*, where Venice now stands, he treats at considerable length of the æra of its foundation, from which he cuts off a century with much probability; since in the time of Theodoric and Cassiodorus, the Venetian isles contained nothing but huts of fishermen. The people on the neighbouring coast of Italy sought refuge there, rather against the fury of the Lombards, than against that of the Huns. The community which these emigrants established, must have long continued weak and dependant, an object of pity or contempt to neighbouring princes, especially to conquerors. Without pretending to have deeply examined the subject, I am convinced that the liberty of Venice ought to be dated from the downfall of the empire of the Franks. This empire, we may observe, contributed far more than the Croisades to make the Orientals extend the name of Franks or Frenchmen to all the nations of the West. It is not surprising that the Mahomedans should be so ignorant

1763. n'ayant pas des idées plus exactes sur notre compte, quand je vois un empereur Grec* qui donne le nom de France à cette province de *Venetia*, que Charlemagne avoit prise avec le reste de la Lombardie. L'erreur est même encore plus grossière, puisqu'en employant ce nom, il fait un anachronisme de trois cents ans. Cluvier donne une autre interprétation aux paroles de Constantin, mais celle-ci me paroît la plus naturelle.

Octobre 19.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xix, xx. p. 169—204.* Il est question des *Carni*. Auguste les ajouta à la *Venetia*, et recula les bornes de l'Italie jusqu'à la rivière d'*Arfia*; il traite fort au long de la ville d'*Aquileia*, la première de la province, et la neuvième de l'empire entière. Très forte par sa situation, et fortifiée à la manière des anciens, elle couvroit la frontière la plus exposée de l'Italie contre les nations Illyriennes. Cette même situation entre les nations polices, et celles qui étoient encore barbares, devint dans la suite la source de sa richesse par le commerce qu'elle faisoit avec les unes et les autres. Si le commerce n'étoit que l'échange mutuel des productions de chaque pays, un peuple industrieux devoit souhaiter des voisins aussi industrieux que lui. Ce principe de mon ami M. de Mirabeau, est incontestable. Celui qui veut débiter une marchandise, cherche ceux qui ont des besoins, et des moyens pour les satisfaire. L'un et

norant of the distinctions among the nations of Europe, when a Greek emperor* gives the name of France to the province of Venetia, which Charlemagne conquered with the rest of Lombardy. In using this name, the emperor's mistake is still more glaring; since he is guilty of an anachronism of three centuries. Cluverius indeed gives a different interpretation of Constantine's words; but the above meaning appears to me to be the most natural.

October 19.]—I read Cluverius *Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xix, xx. p. 169—204.* He treats of the *Carni*. Augustus assigned this people to *Venetia*, and contracted the boundary of Italy within the river *Arfia*. He speaks at length of *Aquileia*, the first city in the province, and the ninth in the whole empire. Its fortifications, built after the fashion of the ancients, and its natural strength, enabled it to cover the frontier of Italy most exposed to invasion from the Illyrians. Its intermediate situation between polished and barbarous nations, became the source of opulence, acquired by its commerce with both. If traffic consisted merely in the mutual exchange of commodities, an industrious nation ought to wish for neighbors as industrious as itself. This principle of my friend Mr. Mirabeau appears to me incontrovertible. He who wishes to sell his goods, seeks for those who need, and can purchase them. Such purchasers are only

* Constantine Porphyrogenitus. V. Cluver. *Italia Antiqua*, L. i. C. xviii. p. 138.

et l'autre ne peuvent se trouver que chez une nation riche et laborieuse. Mais cet échange mutuel n'est qu'une partie d'un commerce actif et étendu. Celui qui rapporte le plus, consiste dans ces voyages, où des aventuriers hardis, mais entendus, vont chercher les productions d'un pays étranger, pour les porter aux peuples qui en ont besoin. Mais dès qu'une nation est sortie de cet état de barbarie absolue, qui la rend inaccessible aux étrangers, plus elle est grossière, et mieux elle leur convient; puisqu'alors on ne peut acheter que les productions du pays dans ce premier état de nature, qui fait méconnoître leur valeur réelle, et qui laisse à ses nouveaux propriétaires le soin et les avantages de les travailler. *Aquileia* jouissoit de plusieurs circonstances heureuses par rapport à son commerce avec les barbares. 1. Il lui étoit assuré, non point par des conventions injustes et précaires, mais par les loix de la nature, et la situation des lieux. Il se faisoit par terre à travers les Alpes Juliennes, et cette ville étoit la seule porte de ces montagnes. *Padoue*, ou *Milan* auroient eu des désavantages infinis dans la concurrence. Il en est bien différemment du commerce de mer, qui est toujours ouvert à toutes les nations, qui ont la hardiesse et l'industrie de l'entreprendre. 2. Il étoit aisé. Il ne falloit que charger les marchandises sur des chariots, et les porter à *Nauportus*. Le chemin n'étoit

to be found in rich and industrious countries. But this mutual exchange is only one part of an extensive and enterprising commerce. Another, still more profitable, is carried on by bold and adventurous, but judicious mariners, who sail in quest of the productions of foreign countries, to carry them to the nations to whom they are objects of desire: and when countries have emerged from the state of barbarism which renders them totally inaccessible to strangers, the more ignorant their inhabitants are, the profit of trading with them will be the greater; because their articles of exportation will be sold far below their real value, and in that rude state of nature, which will leave the whole advantage of manufacturing them to their purchasers. *Aquileia* was placed in most favourable circumstances for carrying on traffic with barbarians. 1. This trade was secured not merely by unjust and precarious treaties, but by the laws of nature, and local situation. It was carried on by land across the Julian Alps, the passage through which was naturally commanded by *Aquileia*. *Padua* and *Milan* would have had great disadvantage in the competition. Maritime commerce is quite different, the sea being always open to those who have industry and boldness. 2. This trade was easy. The merchandize was conveyed on waggons to *Nauportus*, distant from *Aquileia* only

1763.

n'étoit que de cinquante milles, et le passage du Mont *Albius* est le plus facile des Alpes. Des rivières navigables les voitureroient de *Nauportus* jusques dans le Danube. 3. Ils devoient faire un grand profit sur les esclaves qu'ils achetoient à très bon marché. Ils n'avoient cotisé que du sang à leurs vainqueurs, et leur entretien auroit été inutile, dispendieux, et dangereux. Mais pour les peuples policés, c'étoit une marchandise très précieuse. L'Italie seule en demandoit des recrues constantes et nombreuses pour le service domestique, pour les jeux, et pour l'agriculture. Les esclaves qui n'avoient que la vigueur du corps se debitoient bien; mais lorsqu'ils montroient quelques dispositions pour les arts ou les sciences, on avoit soin de les cultiver; et leur maître vendoit très chèrement cette ame et ces talens qu'il n'avoit point achetés. Ce principe de perfectibilité, qui n'existe que dans l'homme, devenoit un effet très réel dans le négoce. On peut remarquer que ce commerce ne pouvoit se faire qu'avec une nation barbare. Les peuples civilisés achètent des esclaves, mais ils n'en font point. 4. Ceux d'*Aquileia* ne portoient aux barbares que des denrées de leur crû, l'huile et le vin; l'entrée et la sortie leur étoient ainsi également avantageuses.

Octobre 20.]—J'ai lu *Cluver Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xxi, xxii, xxiii, p. 204—237*. Après avoir parti de l'Istrie où les fables Grecques cherchoient vainement une embouchure du Danube, Clavier revient sur ses pas pour examiner

only fifty miles; and the passage by Mount *Albius* was the easiest in the Alps. It was then transported by navigable rivers from *Nauportus* to the Danube. 3. The merchants of *Aquileia* must have been great gainers by dealing in slaves, whom they purchased at a cheap rate. They had cost nothing but blood to their barbarous masters; to keep them in whose hands would have been not only useless, but expensive and dangerous. But they were valuable articles of trade with polished nations. Italy alone demanded a constant and large supply, for the purposes of domestic service, the shows, and agriculture. Slaves who had only bodily strength were sure of selling well; but when they shewed any disposition for the arts and sciences, their new masters were careful to cultivate it; and then sold at a high price that mind and ingenuity which they had not purchased. That principle of improvement, which has place in man, became a gainful object of commerce. The slave trade, it may be remarked, can be supported only by barbarians; for civilised nations purchase slaves, but do not produce them. 4. The merchants of *Aquileia* bought slaves with wine and oil, the produce of their country; so that both the exports and imports were much in their favour.

October 20.]—I read *Cluverius Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xxi, xxii, xxiii. p. 204—237*. After speaking of *Istria*, where the Greek fables vainly placed

mmet la Gaule Cisalpine. Il commence par donner une idée générale du pays, et des colonies qui y passèrent de la Gaule Celtique; et les premiers détails sont sur les *Lœvi* et les *Libici*, qui habitoient les frontières du Piémont et du Milanois, et qui étoient dans la dépendance de la puissante nation des *Insubres*.

Je suis monté à la bibliothèque publique, dont mon ami Pavillard me confie la clef, pour consulter quelques livres. 1. Une Dissertation de M. Freret dans le vingt quatrième tome des *Mémoires de l'Académie*, où il étoit question du fameux passage de Plin sur l'enceinte de Rome. J'en ai lu l'explication, et je l'ai abrégée. C'étoit par rapport à Nardini. 2. Ces Gaulois, dont je viens de parler, m'ont rendu curieux du sort de l'autre colonie qui s'est jetée en Allemagne dans le même tems. Pour cet effet j'ai consulté *Le Germania Antiqua de Cluver*.

3. J'ai pareillement consulté le *Dictionnaire des Antiquités de Pitiscus*, par rapport à plusieurs passages de Juvénal. Les articles *Abella*, *Mandra*, *Bardaicus*, *Lectica*, *Carpentum*, *Rheda*, *Essedum*, et *Cisum*, m'ont utilement occupé. Celui de *Lectica* surtout me paroît très bien fait.

J'ai achevé le vingt cinquième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. Je ne l'avois pas négligé, mais on m'avoit fait attendre la suite. J'ai trouvé dans ce volume le *Quintilien de Gesner*: bonne édition d'un écrivain excellent. *Journal du Voyage de M. le Légat Mezzabarba à la Chine,*

placed the mouth of the Danube, he returns backwards to examine Cisalpine Gaul. He begins by giving a general notion of the country, and the colonies which went from Celtic Gaul. The first particulars which he mentions relate to the *Lœvi* and *Libici*, who inhabited the frontiers of Piedmont and the Milanese, and who depended on the powerful nation of the *Insubres*.

I went to the public library, of which my friend Pavillard had given me the key, to consult some books—1. A Dissertation, by Mr. Freret, treating of the famous passage in Pliny concerning the circuit of Rome. I read and abridged his explanation, with a view to Nardini. 2. The Gauls, whom I just mentioned, made me curious to know the fate of the other colony, which penetrated at the same time into Germany. For this purpose, I consulted Cluverius's *Germania Antiqua*. 3. I also consulted Pitiscus's Dictionary of Antiquities, for clearing up some difficulties in Juvénal. The articles *Abella*, *Mandra*, *Bardaicus*, *Lectica*, *Carpentum*, *Rheda*, *Essedum*, and *Cisum*, furnished me with agreeable occupation. That of *Lectica* is particularly well treated.

I finished the twenty-fifth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. I had not neglected that work, but was obliged to wait for the continuation. It contains *Quintilian*, by Gesner: a good edition of an excellent author.

1763.

China, par le Père Viani. Il est question de cette contro-
 versie ridicule sur les cérémonies Chinoises. Il paroît
 par cette relation que l'empereur s'est bien donné la co-
 médie avec la simplicité du bon Légat, et les artifices des
 Jésuites qu'il méprisoit comme missionnaires, quoiqu'il les
 estimât en qualité de gens de lettres. *Structura Juris
 Romani, par Jensus.* Cet auteur apporte des argumens
 très forts pour prouver que le code de Justinien a été
 composé en Grec, et que le texte Latin qui nous reste
 n'en est qu'une version. *Anti-Machiavel.* Rheinsberg
 et Potsdam inspirent des idées très différentes; l'un a
 produit l'Anti-Machiavel, l'autre les *Instructions Militaires*.
 Mais quand le roi de Prusse écrit un ouvrage sur la justice
 et la clémence, il convenoit que Voltaire le publiât à ses
 dépens. *L'Histoire du Dannemarc, par Cragius; le pre-
 mier Extrait.* Il ne contient que la vie de l'auteur, qui
 a vécu à la fin du seizième siècle. *Corpus Juris Germa-
 nici;* ouvrage publié sous les yeux de M. Heineccius. Il
 forme un recueil des loix des anciens peuples de l'Al-
 lemagne aussi intéressant pour la philosophie, qu'il l'est
 pour la jurisprudence. M. Heineccius, dans une savante
 préface, prouve très bien que les Franks firent les fame-
 uses loix Saliques, dans le tems qu'ils étoient encore pay-
 ens, et établis dans la Franconie, peu de tems avant
 l'élection de leur premier roi, en un mot vers l'an 400;
 qu'ils

—*The Voyage of the Legate Menzabarba to China, by Father Viani.* It treats of the idle controversy respecting the Chinese ceremonies. It appears from the narrative that the emperor had diverted himself at the expence of the good legate, and with the intrigues of the Jesuits, whom he despised as missionaries, though he esteemed them as men of letters.—*Structura Juris Romani, a Jensus.* This writer alleges strong arguments for proving that Justinian's Code was written in Greek, and that the Latin text, which has come down to us, is only a translation.—*Anti-Machiavel.* Reinsberg and Potsdam inspire very different ideas; the one produced the Anti-Machiavel, and the other, the Military Instructions. When the king of Prussia composed a work on justice and clemency, it was fit that Voltaire should be at the expence of publishing it.—*The History of Denmark, by Cragius; first Extract.* It contains only the author's life, who flourished towards the end of the sixteenth century.—*Corpus Juris Germanici;* a work published under the eyes of Heineccius, containing a collection of the laws of the ancient nations of Germany, equally interesting to the philosopher and the lawyer. Mr. Heineccius, in a learned preface, proves clearly, that the Franks made the famous Salic laws, when they were yet Pagans, and still remained in Franconia, a little before the election of their first king; in one word, towards the

qu'ils les rédigerent en Latin, comme elles sont à présent, mais que les rois Chrétiens y firent quelques changemens.

Octobre 21.]—J'ai lu *Cluver Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xxiv, xxv, xxvi, xxvii*. Les *Insabres*, les *Orobii*, les *Cenomani*, et les *Ananes* ou *Anamani*. Une chose qui prouve que la différence des noms n'implique pas toujours celle des nations, et que cette dernière différence est souvent plutôt politique que physique; c'est que des noms de neuf peuples Gaulois établis en Italie, on n'en retrouve que quatre dans leur ancienne patrie; et que les *Boii*, à peine connus dans les Gaules, formoient en Germanie et en Italie la plus nombreuse et la plus formidable de toutes ces colonies. J'ai compté les *Insabres* parmi les Gaulois sur l'autorité de tous les anciens. J'ai vu avec surprise que M. Freret les range parmi les *Ombri*: Polybe les appelle toujours *Isombri*, et ce mot en Celtique signifie les *Bas Ombri* *. Mais ce même Polybe convient qu'ils étoient Gaulois †; et quand il n'en conviendrait pas, son autorité, très grande d'ailleurs, ne l'emporteroit pas ici sur les voix réunies de l'antiquité. L'exactitude et la bonne foi brillent dans ses ouvrages. Il étoit militaire, politique, et philosophe; mais je doute qu'il fût bon grammairien ou antiquaire profond.

Octobre

* V. Origine des Peuples d'Italie dans le dix huitième tome de l'Histoire de l'Académie des Belles Lettres.

year 400; and that they wrote them in Latin, as they still remain, except that the first Christian kings made some alterations.

October 21.]—I read Cluverius *Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xxiv, xxv, xxvi, xxvii*. He treats of the *Insabres*, *Orobii*, *Cenomani*, *Ananes* or *Anamani*. The difference of names does not always infer that of nations; and this last difference is often grounded on political rather than physical reasons; for of the nine Gallic nations established in Italy, the names of four only are to be found in their native country; and the *Boii*, scarcely known in Gaul, formed both in Germany and in Italy the most numerous and formidable of all the Gallic colonies. I reckoned the *Insabres* among the Gauls, on the authority of all the ancients; but was surprised to see Mr. Freret classing them with the *Ombri*. Polybius indeed calls them *Isombri*, which in Celtic signifies the Lower *Ombri* †. But Polybius acknowledges them for Gauls ‡; and even did he maintain the contrary, his authority, great as it is, ought not to prevail over the united testimony of antiquity. Accuracy and probity shine in his writings. He was a soldier, a statesman, and a philosopher: but I doubt whether he was a good grammarian, or a profound antiquary.

October

† See The Origin of the Nations of Italy, in the eighteenth volume of the History of the Academy of Belles Lettres.

‡ Polybe, L. ii. apud Cluver *Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xxii. p. 228, 229.*

1763.

Octobre 22.]—Avant que de renvoyer Nardini que la bibliothèque de Genève me redemandoit, je l'ai repassé avec soin ce matin, tâchant d'imprimer toutes les idées principales dans ma mémoire. L'infirmité humaine en laisse toujours échapper une partie, mais je vois avec plaisir qu'il m'en reste, et qu'il m'en restera beaucoup.

J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xxviii, xxix. p. 271—316*. C'étoit fort bien. Comme j'ai passé le jour dehors, je n'ai eu que la soirée, et l'après souper pour ce travail. Ces deux chapitres comprennent le reste de la Gaule Cispadane. Les *Boii*, les *Lingones*, et les *Senones* habitoient les Duchés de Parme, de Modène, de Ferrare, d'Urbino, le Bolognois, et la Romagne. Les Gaulois s'étendoient alors jusqu'à l'*Æsis*, qui les séparoit de l'Italie. Mais bientôt les Romains exterminèrent la nation des *Senones*, ajoutèrent son pays à l'Umbrie, et établirent le Rubicon pour la frontière de l'Italie. Convaincus que des nations Gauloises en deçà du Po, leur seroient toujours redoutables, ils obligèrent encore les *Boii* à quitter leur pays. Ils refondirent en un mot toute cette province, qu'ils remplirent de places fortes, et de colonies Romaines; politique nécessaire, mais ruineuse; ils dépeuplèrent le pays pour le conserver; quelques villes fondées par les vainqueurs, remplaçoient bien mal ces tribus nombreuses de barbares répandus dans les campagnes,

October 22.]—Before returning Nardini, which was wanted for the public library of Geneva, I this morning again went over it carefully, endeavouring to impress its principal contents on my memory. Human infirmity always loses a part; but I see with pleasure that much remains, and will continue to remain, with me.

I read *Cluverius Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xxviii, xxix. p. 271—316*. This was a good deal, considering that I spent the day abroad, and had only the evening, before and after supper, for study. These two chapters comprise the rest of Cispadane Gaul. The *Boii*, *Lingones*, and *Senones*, inhabited the duchies of Parma and Modena, of Ferrara and Urbino; as well as the particular districts of the Romagna and Bolognese. The Gauls therefore extended to the river *Æsis*, which separated them from Italy. But speedily the Romans expelled the *Senones*, and added their country to Umbria, establishing the Rubicon for the boundary of Italy. As they were persuaded that the Gallic nations on their side of the Po could always be formidable neighbours, they compelled the *Boii* to quit their country. They new-modelled, in fine, the whole province, which they filled with Roman fortresses; a necessary but ruinous policy, which, in order to preserve the dominion of countries, rendered them desolate; for a few cities, built and peopled by the conquerors, ill compensated for the loss of the numerous tribes of barbarians formerly inhabiting the plains, forests, and mountains. This province was crossed by the

Emilian

1763.

pagnes, dans les forêts, et dans les montagnes. Le chemin d'*Emilia* traversoit la province de *Pollentia* à *Ariminum*; on y rencontroit un grand nombre de villes florissantes. Mais dès qu'on quittoit cette ligne, on ne trouvoit que des déserts. Tout étoit l'ouvrage de l'art et de l'ostentation. Dans les derniers tems de la république, cette province fut le théâtre de plusieurs événemens intéressans. 1. La campagne de Modène entre Marc Antoine et les Consuls. 2. L'entrevue des Triumvirs dans la petite île du *Renus*, auprès de Bologne. 3. Le passage du Rubicon par Jules César. Les lieux sont très bien désignés par Cluvier, et chaque circonstance fixée à son endroit propre. Le passage du Rubicon fourniroit matière à un bon commentaire politique et militaire. César avoit toujours fait de Lucques son quartier d'hiver, quand il ne vouloit que voir ses amis plus commodément, et se rapprocher de Rome sans sortir de sa province. Mais à la veille d'une guerre, il s'établit à Ravenne. Tâchons de deviner ses motifs. 1. Il vouloit s'emparer du *Picenum*, pays riche et bien peuplé, et arracher ainsi à son rival une province qui étoit entièrement dévouée à la famille de Pompée, et d'où ce général auroit pu en effet faire sortir les légions, en frappant du pied. 2. Il vouloit tourner la capitale. S'il avoit marché droit à Rome, Pompée se seroit emparé des passages difficiles; il auroit arrêté sa marche, et l'Italie

Emilian road from Pollentia to Ariminum, which on both sides shewed many flourishing towns. But at a little distance from the road nothing was to be seen but deserts: the rest was the work of artifice and ostentation. In the latter times of the republic, the transpadane region was the scene of many important transactions. 1. The war of Modena, between Mark Antony and the Consuls. 2. The interview of the Triumvirs in the little island of Renus, near Bologna. 3. The passage of the Rubicon by Julius Caesar. The events and places are well ascertained by Cluverius. The passage of the Rubicon might be the subject of a good political and military commentary. Caesar had always fixed his winter quarters at Lucca, when he wished only to communicate more easily with his friends at Rome, without leaving his province. But at the approach of war, he established his quarters at Ravenna. Let us endeavour to explain his motives for this alteration. 1. He wished to get possession of Picenum, a rich and populous country, and thus deprive Pompey of the resources which he might have found in a province extremely devoted to his family, and from which that general might have made legions spring up merely by striking the ground with his foot. 2. He wished to turn the capital with his army. Had he attempted to march straight to Rome, Pompey would have made himself master of the difficult

1763. L'Italie seroit devenue le théâtre de la guerre. Mais en se portant sur *Ariminum*, *Asculum*, *Corfinium* et *Sulma*, il paroissoit couper la retraite à ses ennemis, et il leur inspira une telle épouvante par cette conduite assurée, qu'ils ne se crurent en sûreté qu'en se sauvant avec précipitation à *Brundisium*. 3. Il vouloit s'assurer d'*Ariminum*. Cette place importante étoit éloignée du *Rubicon* de dix huit milles sur la voye Emilienne, et de onze milles seulement sur le chemin de Ravenne. César pouvoit pousser des corps de troupes jusqu'à cette rivière sous vingt prétextes différens, mais dès l'instant qu'il la passoit, il levoit le masque, et il n'étoit plus question que de s'assurer d'*Ariminum* par une marche forcée, et par un coup de main. Dans une pareille entreprise, il n'est pas nécessaire d'être César pour sentir de quelle importance étoit cette différence de sept milles ou de deux heures de marche.

Octobre 23.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xxx, xxxi, xxxii. p. 316—355*; qui contiennent une description géographique des Alpes en général, de leurs différentes parties, les Alpes maritimes, Cottiennes, Grecques, Pennines, Rhétiques, Tridentines, Noriques, Carniques, Juliennes, et Pannoniques, et de quelques montagnes en particulier, telles que *Vesulus*, *Matrona*, *Adula*, et *Ocra*.

J'ai

difficult passes, and stopped his progress; and Italy would have become the theatre of war. But by marching towards Ariminum, Asculum, Corfinium, and Sulma, he made it seem to be his design to cut off the retreat of his enemies; and his boldness threw them into such consternation, that they hastened to embark at Brundisium. 2. He wished to make sure of Ariminum. This important place was distant from the Rubicon eighteen miles by the Emilian road, and only eleven by that of Ravenna. Caesar could send forward bodies of troops to the river under twenty different pretences, but the moment he passed it, his designs were unmasked. Ariminum, therefore, was to be surprized by a forced march; and it is not necessary to be Caesar, to perceive how much that enterprise might be facilitated by diminishing the distance by seven miles, or a march of two hours.

October 23.]—I read Cluverius Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xxx, xxxi, xxxii. p. 316—355; which contains a general description of the Alps, as well as of their particular branches, distinguished by the epithets, Maritime, Cottian, Greek, Pennine, Rhetian, Tridentine, Noric, Carnic, Julian, Pannonian; and also a description of some particular mountains, as Vesulus, Matrona, Adula, and Ocra.

I read

J'ai achevé le vingt sixième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*.—*Harangues de Lyfias*, par le Docteur Taylor : belle et bonne édition d'un orateur assez languissant. La harangue qu'on a inférée en entier, donne une idée fort exacte de l'économie domestique d'un ménage Athénien.—*Histoire de la Poësie Française*, par l'Abbé Massieu. L'ouvrage est imparfait ; mais on y reconnoît le goût et l'aménité de son auteur. On parle des vers de l'empereur Adrien à son âme, et de ceux de la Princesse Marguerite avant son naufrage ; mais ceux que composa Villon, après son arrêt de mort, et d'une mort infame, sont bien plus extraordinaires.—*Théologie de l'Eau*, par M. Fabricius : bonne compilation philosophique.—*Dialogues de Cortesi sur les Savans de l'Italie*, après le Rétablissement des Lettres. Cortesi avoit de l'esprit, mais il étoit Ciceronien outré et ridicule.—*Lettres sur Rousseau et Saurin*. Ce sont deux lettres indépendantes ; celle-ci est de l'Abbé d'Olivet ; celle-là d'un Lausannois anonyme. Le dernier veut seulement attaquer Saurin, mais l'Abbé d'Olivet prend la défense de Rousseau. Que ce procès interminable a fait de bruit !—*Histoire du Dannemarck*, par Cragius ; deuxième Extrait. Meursius n'avoit pas mal profité du MS. de Cragius.

Octobre 24.]—J'ai fini le premier livre de Cluvier, C. xxxiii, xxxiv. p. 355—418. Il y traite des passages des Alpes et des premiers qui les ont frayés ; d'Hercule, des Gaulois,

I read the sixteenth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains the *Orations of Lyfias*, by Doctor Taylor : a good and beautiful edition of a languid orator. The oration, which is inserted entire, gives a very accurate idea of the oeconomy of an Athenian family.—*The History of French Poetry* by the Abbé Massieu. The work is imperfect ; but it sufficiently indicates the taste and amenity of its author. He speaks of the verses of the Emperor Adrian to his soul, and of those made by the Princess Margaret before her shipwreck ; but those of Villon, after his condemnation to an infamous death, are still more extraordinary.—*The Theology of Water*, by Mr. Fabricius : a good philosophical composition.—*Cortesi's Dialogues on the learned Men of Italy*, after the Revival of Letters. Cortesi had talents ; but he is liable to all the ridicule of a hyperbolic Ciceronian. *Letters on Rousseau and Saurin*. These letters are unconnected : the first is by the Abbé d'Olivet ; the second by an anonymous writer of Lausanne. This writer only attacks Saurin ; but the Abbé undertakes to defend Rousseau. To how many pleadings has this endless process given birth !—*History of Denmark*, by Cragius : second Extract. Meursius much availed himself of Cragius's manuscript.

October 24.]—I finished the first book of Cluverius, C. xxxiii, xxxiv. p. 355—418. He treats of the passages of the Alps, and of the first who crossed them ; Hercules, the Gauls, Hannibal, Hasdrubal, and Pompey.

1763.

Gaulois, d'Annibal, d'Asdrubal, et de Pompée. La discussion de la marche d'Annibal, et de la route que prit ce général pour entrer en Italie, est savante et curieuse. Après avoir lu et médité avec attention ce qu'on dit de plus intéressant là-dessus, voici les idées principales que je m'en suis formé. 1. Si l'on ne cherche qu'à compiler des passages, on peut entasser toutes les autorités de l'antiquité et du moyen âge, et couvrir ainsi par une richesse apparente une pauvreté réelle. Mais si l'on veut éplucher toutes ces autorités par les règles d'une saine critique, on trouvera que de tous ces auteurs, il n'y en a que deux, que l'on puisse qualifier d'originaux, et que tous les autres n'ont fait que les copier. Ces deux auteurs ce sont Tite Live et Polybe. S'ils étoient d'accord, nous n'aurions plus qu'à les étudier et à les suivre. Malheureusement ce parti n'est pas possible; leurs sentimens sont différens: il faut opter. Le premier fait traverser à Annibal les Alpes Cottiennes, c'est proprement le Mont Genevre auprès de Turin, pour le faire entrer par ces passages dans le pays des *Taurini*, ou la plaine du Piémont. Le dernier le mène par le *Summus Penninus*, ou le Grand St. Bernard, dans le pays des *Salassi* ou le *Val d'Aoste*. 2. Il faut donc opter. Pour le faire d'une manière judicieuse, il faut peser les caractères de ces deux écrivains, et la nature de leur témoignage. Personne n'admire

Pompey. The discussion concerning Hannibal's march, and the road which he followed into Italy, is learned and curious. The following is the result of my reading and careful reflection on the subject. 1. By heaping together passages, and collecting all the authorities furnished by antiquity and the middle ages, it is easy to conceal our real poverty under the ostentation of riches; but when these authorities are weighed in the balance of sound criticism, we shall find but two authors deserving the name of originals, who have been servilely copied by all their followers. These two are Livy and Polybius. Did their accounts correspond, nothing would remain but to study and follow them; but unfortunately their sentiments are so different, that this is impossible, and we must make an option. Livy carries Hannibal over the Cottian Alps, properly Mount Genevre, near Turin, and makes him descend by this passage into the country of the *Taurini*, now the plain of Piedmont. Polybius leads him by the *Summus Penninus*, or Great St. Bernard, in the country of the *Salassi*, now the valley of Aoste. 2. To decide judiciously between these opposite authorities, we must weigh the character of the witnesses, and consider the nature of their testimony. Nobody admires more than I do, the historical merit of Livy, the majestic flow of his narrative; in which events follow

1763.

n'admire plus que moi les anciens historiques de Tite Live; la marche majestueuse de sa narration, qui fait succéder les événemens les uns aux autres rapidement, mais sans confusion, et sans précipitation; et l'énergie égale et soutenue de son style, qui arrache les lecteurs de leurs cabinets pour les placer sur le théâtre. Mais il faut écarter ici l'orateur, pour ne voir que le témoin. Je n'appergois plus qu'un homme de lettres, nourri dans la poussière de l'école, peu instruit de l'art militaire, négligent sur la géographie, et qui a vécu deux cens ans après Annibal. Je sens même dans tout ce récit que Tite Live a voulu plutôt plaire à l'imagination par une fable romanesque, que satisfaire à l'esprit par une histoire vraie et judicieuse. Le Dieu qui apparut au général Carthaginois*, ces montagnes inaccessible à tout autre qu'à lui, le vinaigre avec lequel il fendit les rochers†; tous ces faits sont racontés sans critique et sans défiance. C'est Homère que nous lisons, et c'est Achille dont nous suivons les exploits. Dans Polybe, tout est raisonné, tout est simple et sans parure; une justesse d'esprit peu commune dans son siècle et dans son pays, réunie avec une sécheresse d'imagination qui y étoit encore plus rare, lui faisoit facilement préférer le vrai qu'il connoissoit à fond, aux agrémens qu'il méprisoit peut-être encore plus, parcequ'il en étoit incapable. Il avoit examiné lui même tout le pays entre l'Ebre et le Po, et il l'avoit examiné avec des yeux attentifs et éclairés. Il pouvoit y recueillir tous les vestiges

follow each other with rapidity, yet without hurry or confusion; and the continual beauty and energy of his style, which transports his readers from their closets to the scene of action. But here we have to do, not with the orator, but with the witness. Considered in this view, Livy appears merely as a man of letters covered with the dust of his library, little acquainted with the art of war, careless in point of geography, and who lived two centuries after Hannibal's expedition. In the whole of his recital, we may perceive rather a romantic picture, calculated to please the fancy, than a faithful and judicious history, capable of satisfying the understanding. The god who appeared to the Carthaginian general*, the mountains accessible to him alone, the vinegar with which he split the rocks†, are fables which Livy relates without criticism as without suspicion. We seem to read Homer describing the exploits of Achilles. In Polybius, on the other hand, we meet with nothing but unadorned simplicity and plain reason. A justness of thinking rare in his age and country, united with a sterility of fancy still more rare, made him prefer the truth, which he thoroughly knew, to ornaments which he was perhaps the more inclined to despise, because he felt himself incapable of attaining them. He had examined, attentively and

skilfully,

* Tit. Liv. xxi. 22.

† Id. ibid. 37.

1763. vestiges précieux d'une tradition que soixante ans n'avoient pas encore effacés ; il pouvoit s'entretenir avec des vieillards du pays qui s'étoient opposé dans leur jeunesse au passage d'Annibal ; ou qui avoient combattu sous ses drapeaux. Il avoit entrepris ce voyage difficile dans le dessein même de s'instruire sur les lieux, et d'opposer à toutes les fables qui inondoient déjà le public, une histoire vraie et simple de cette fameuse expédition des Carthaginois *. L'ouvrage qu'il nous a laissé, est le fruit de ce dessein. Pour achever ce parallèle, je n'ai plus qu'une observation à ajouter. Il est aussi difficile de concilier Tite Live avec lui-même qu'avec son antagoniste. Les contradictions et les obscurités qu'il a semées dans son recit, embarrassent les plus habiles géographes †. Tout est clair, tout est lié dans le narré de Polybe. La vallée, qui est partagée par le cours du Rhône, détermine le pays dont Annibal s'approcha pour entrer dans les Alpes ; le territoire des *Insubres* se présenta à ce général à sa sortie des montagnes ‡. L'une et l'autre circonstance conviennent parfaitement au passage du Grand St. Bernard. 3. Tite Live sous l'empire d'Auguste n'a pu parler des événemens de la seconde guerre Punique, que sur des autorités plus anciennes que lui. Un passage de cet historien nous découvre les garans qu'il a eus pour les détails de la

marche

skillfully, with his own eyes, the country between the Po and the Ebro : where he might collect the precious remains of tradition which the period of sixty years had not been able to efface ; and where he might converse with some of the old men of the country, who had in their youth either resisted Annibal's invasion, or followed his standard. His journey to those parts was undertaken with the express purpose of gaining information in the country itself, and of substituting, instead of the fables which already overflowed the public, a plain and authentic history of this famous expedition of the Carthaginians *. The work which has come down to us, is the fruit of this design. To finish the parallel, I must add that Livy's narrative cannot be reconciled with itself any more than with that of Polybius. His obscurities and contradictions baffle the ablest geographers † ; whereas the account of Polybius is clear and well connected. The valley, being divided by the Rhone, ascertains the country through which Hannibal made his approach to the Alps ; from which he emerged into the territory of the Insubres ‡. Both these circumstances clearly indicate the passage of the great St. Bernard. 3. Livy, in the Augustan age, could not describe the events of the second Punic war but from ancient authorities. A passage in this historian informs us who was his

voucher

* Polyb. Hist. L. iii. Cluver. Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xxxiii. p. 363.

† Cluver. L. i. C. xxxiii. p. 370—375.

‡ Polyb. Hist. L. iii. Cluver. L. i. p. 365.

1763.

marche d'Annibal. C'est Annibal lui-même. Cette autorité ne l'emporte-t-elle pas sur celle de Polybe? ou plutôt, quel peut-on opposer au témoignage d'un général qui rend compte des pays qu'il a parcourus? Je vais développer ce fait intéressant. Ce détail, curieux en lui-même, répandra un grand jour sur toute cette question. L. Cintius Alimintus, un des plus anciens annalistes de la république, avoit été fait prisonnier dans la seconde guerre Punique. Sa prison le mit à portée d'entendre une conversation d'Annibal, où ce général avoua, que depuis son passage du Rhône, jusqu'à sa descente en Italie, dans le pays des *Taurini*, il avoit perdu trente six mille hommes, et un grand nombre de chevaux*. Cette conversation, que Cintius avoit conservée dans son histoire, a fait pencher la balance, et a déterminé Tite Live à rejeter le système reçu, qui conduisoit Annibal en Italie par le pays des *Salassi*, et non par celui des *Taurini*. Voici les paroles de l'original: *Ex ipso autem audisse Hannibale, postquam Rhodanum transierit, triginta sex millia hominum, ingentemque numerum equorum, et aliorum jumentorum amisisse in Taurinis, quæ Gallis proxima gens est, in Italiam digresso.* Avant que de voir si cette conversation est aussi décisive qu'elle le paroît au premier coup d'œil, je pourrois demander si elle est bien constatée. La vanité est un si grand

voucher for the particulars of Hannibal's march. It was Hannibal himself. Is not this authority better than that of Polybius? or rather, what can be said in opposition to the testimony of a general giving an account of the country through which he passed? This interesting circumstance deserves to be explained, and the explanation, curious in itself, will throw much light on the whole question. L. Cintius Alimintus, one of the most ancient annalists of the republic, was taken prisoner in the second Punic war. His captivity gave him an opportunity of one night hearing the conversation of Hannibal, in which that general confessed, that from the time when he passed the Rhone, to that of his entering the country of the Taurini in Italy, he had lost 36,000 men, and a great number of horses*. This conversation, which was preserved by Cintius in his history, was sufficient to turn the balance, and to make Livy reject the received account, which brought Hannibal into Italy by the country of the Salassi, and not that of the Taurini. The following are the words of the original: *Ex ipso autem audisse Hannibale, postquam Rhodanum transierit, triginta sex millia hominum, ingentemque numerum equorum, et aliorum jumentorum amisisse in Taurinis, quæ Gallis proxima gens est, in Italiam digresso.* Before examining whether this conversation be as decisive as it at first sight appears, it may be asked whether it actually took place.

Vanity

* Tit. Liv. xxi. 38.

1763.

grand principe, et l'idée d'avoir puisé son information de la bouche d'un héros ennemi, est si séduisante, que cet Annibal a pu n'être qu'un soldat assez mal instruit du camp des Carthaginois. Je conviens cependant de bonne foi, que la simple possibilité ne suffit point, pour autoriser ce soupçon, sans y pouvoir ajouter des connoissances, dont nous sommes privés, celles du caractère personnel de Cinius, du jugement que ses contemporains ont porté de son histoire, et s'il la publia du vivant d'Annibal, ou après sa mort. Je renonce donc entièrement à ce soupçon; je suppose la vérité de cette conversation, et je me bornerai à quelques observations là-dessus. Y auroit-il de la témérité à récuser l'autorité d'Annibal, et à lui préférer celle de Polybe? Un géographe étudie un pays dans les signes et les noms arbitraires que les hommes lui ont imposés. Un général l'étudie en lui-même. Il se place sur une hauteur pour embrasser une grande étendue; il monte à cheval pour en parcourir le détail; il s'informe des gens du pays, des circonstances qu'il ne peut pas connoître par lui-même. Dès qu'il a acquis cette science réelle des lieux, celle des noms n'est presque un objet de curiosité. C'est surtout dans un pays barbare, que le petit nombre de ces noms, qui s'est placé par hasard dans sa mémoire, s'efface bientôt de son esprit. Ses occupations se succèdent avec rapidité, et ses anciennes idées s'affoiblissent insensiblement, pour faire place à celles qui sont plus importantes, parcequ'elles sont plus

Vanity is so strong a principle, and the notion of deriving our intelligence from the mouth of a hero, and an enemy, is so flattering to the mind, that this Hannibal perhaps was no other than some very ill-informed soldier belonging to the Carthaginian camp. I acknowledge, however, that bare possibility is not sufficient to justify this suspicion, unless we could support it by proofs which are now wanting, namely, the personal character of Cinius, the opinion formed by contemporaries of his history, and the time of its publication before or after Hannibal's death. I give up therefore this conjecture; and, taking the conversation for authentic, shall make some remarks on its purport. 1. Is it possible without temerity to reject the authority of Hannibal for that of Polybius? A geographer studies countries in the names or arbitrary signs by which they are known. A general studies the countries themselves. He ascends an eminence to learn the general outline, and mounts on horseback to examine the detail; conversing with the inhabitants to discover circumstances which would otherwise escape his observation. Having acquired this real knowledge of the places themselves, he is careless of the names by which they are called. These names are easily effaced from his memory, especially in barbarous countries, where their number is small. His multiplied occupations rapidly succeed to each other; and his

1763

plus nouvelles. Dans quel tourbillon Annibal n'a-t-il pas vécu depuis son passage des Alpes jusqu'à la bataille de Cannes ? car je décide hardiment que Cinius n'a pu être fait prisonnier avant cette affaire mémorable. Jamais auparavant le vainqueur ne s'étoit humanisé avec ses captifs Romains, au point de leur parler avec quelque douceur*. Ne peut-on pas soupçonner qu'au bout de deux ans, sa mémoire ne l'aura pas fidèlement servi à l'égard de ces noms barbares ? Dans la fameuse retraite des dix mille, nous possédons le général et l'écrivain dans la même personne. Sa relation n'est pas cependant exempte de quelques erreurs, et de quelques difficultés géographiques. Si l'on conçoit la négligence de Zenophon dans une composition travaillée, celle d'Annibal dans la simple conversation, ne doit pas nous surprendre. 2. Ces doutes me paroissent légitimes ; je sens néanmoins qu'ils ont un air un peu trop recherché, et que le grand nom d'Annibal en imposera toujours. Eh bien ! ne doutons plus de son exactitude ; mais n'est-il pas permis de douter de sa sincérité ? Selon les maximes barbares de l'antiquité, un prisonnier de guerre étoit traité en criminel. Il se voyoit chargé de fers, jetté dans un cachot, livré quelque fois à la cruauté des bourreaux, sans que la naissance, le rang, ou le mérite l'exemptassent de ce sort affreux.

Annibal

his old ideas are gradually obliterated to make room for others which are more important, because more connected with the actual state of his affairs. In what a perpetual storm did Hannibal live after passing the Alps till he won the battle of Cannes ? Cinius, I am persuaded, was not taken prisoner before that engagement ; previously to which Hannibal was too much exasperated against the Romans to talk familiarly with his captives†. May it not therefore be suspected that at the end of two years he had lost an accurate recollection of those barbarous names ? In the famous retreat of the 10,000, the general has recorded his own exploits. His narrative, however, is not exempt from errors and geographical difficulties. The negligence of Xenophon in an elaborate composition, will remove our surprise at that of Hannibal in a simple conversation. 2. These doubts appear to me well founded ; yet I perceive that they have the appearance of too much refinement, and that the great name of Hannibal will be sufficient to make them vanish. Let us give full credit, then, to his accuracy, and only inquire whether the same be due to his sincerity. According to the barbarous maxims of antiquity, a prisoner of war was treated as a criminal. He was loaded with irons, cast into a dungeon, delivered over sometimes to the cruelty of an executioner, without the smallest regard to his rank, birth, or merit. In this pretended conversation,

† Tit. Liv. xxii. 58.

1763. Annibal déroge ici à ses maximes ordinaires ; il s'entretient avec un prisonnier Romain, non seulement avec douceur, mais avec confiance. Cinius n'a pu avoir cette conversation, sans que le Carthaginois en fit naître l'occasion, et dans quel dessein l'auroit-il fait naître, sinon dans celui de tromper ? Peut-être que ce général, à qui la ruse étoit aussi naturelle que la valeur, cherchoit à cacher aux Romains la route qu'il avoit prise, et à couvrir la marche des secours qu'il attendoit. Les Romains n'avoient jamais fait la guerre dans les Alpes, et la férocity de leurs habitans répandoit sur elles une nuit épaisse, qui permettoit à Annibal de faire croire tout ce qu'il vouloit à l'égard des lieux qu'il avoit parcourus. 3. Mais il me reste un moyen encore plus doux et plus naturel ; c'est d'expliquer ce propos d'Annibal au lieu de le contester. Il vouloit donner une idée des pertes qu'il avoit effuyées en passant les montagnes, par les combats, par le froid, et par la fatigue. Il commence par son passage du Rhône, et il finit par son arrivée dans le territoire des *Taurini*. C'est en effet dans leur pays, et par la prise de leur capitale, qu'il commença la guerre en Italie *. Il falloit s'y arrêter, pour ne pas confondre deux choses très différentes, ce qu'il avoit perdu dans les Alpes, et ce qu'il perdit en Italie. Il n'étoit pas nécessaire que

versation, Hannibal lays aside ordinary maxims, and talks with a Roman prisoner with not only mildness, but confidence. Cinius could not have had this interview with Hannibal unless the Carthaginian had taken the trouble to bring it about; and with what view could that be, except to deceive him? Perhaps this general, who excelled as much in artifice as in valour, wished to conceal from the Romans the road by which he had entered into Italy, and to cover the march of the reinforcements which he yet expected. The Romans had never fought among the Alps, the ferocity of whose inhabitants had involved them in such obscurity, that Hannibal might make the prisoner believe what fables he pleased concerning the countries which he had traversed. 3. A way of arguing still more natural and milder remains, which is to explain Hannibal's conversation, instead of calling in question either its reality or sincerity. He wished to give an idea of the losses which he had sustained in passing the mountains, in consequence of battles, cold, and fatigue. He begins therefore from his crossing the Rhone, and ends at his arrival in the territory of the *Taurini*; since it was really in their country, and by taking their capital, that he began his operations in Italy *. Their territory, therefore, formed the limit between two things totally distinct; his losses in Italy and those in the Alps. It was not necessary that the

* Tit. Liv. xxi. 39. Polyb. Hist. L. iii.

1763.

que le pays des *Taurini* fût le premier pays d'Italie qu'il trouvât à la descente des Alpes, mais seulement que ce fût le premier où il livrât un combat. Tite Live adopte la première des explications; mais la dernière me paroît très soutenable. Elle ôte à l'historien Latin la preuve qui lui paroît décisive. Elle se tourne contre lui, puisqu'elle ne sert plus qu'à découvrir la source de sa méprise. Non seulement l'autorité de Tite Live est réfutée, mais elle est détruite, et celle de Polybe subsiste seule, et sans rivale. J'avoue bien qu'on devine ce fameux passage, plutôt qu'on ne l'explique, tant la construction en est embarrassée, défectueuse, et même vicieuse. Les critiques ont voulu le corriger. N'est-il pas naturel de dire que Tite Live avoit copié Cintiüs, et que celui-ci avoit conservé avec plaisir les propres paroles du général Carthaginois, dont la langue étoit celle d'un étranger. 4. Dans la recherche de la vérité historique, nous devons considérer l'autorité et la vraisemblance, le caractère de l'écrivain lui-même, et celui des faits qu'il rapporte. Si le premier est entièrement à l'avantage de Polybe, le dernier nous offre quelques circonstances qui s'expliquent difficilement dans son hypothèse, et qui paroissent même opposées à la vraisemblance. 1. Dès qu'on jette les yeux sur la carte, on est étonné et revolté du détour qu'Annibal a dû faire pour traverser le St. Bernard, et l'on pente avec Tite Live qu'un général aussi habile n'auroit jamais préféré une route

country of the *Taurini* should be the first place of Italy into which he descended from the Alps; it sufficed that it was the first where he fought a battle. The former explication is adopted by Livy, but the latter appears to me very capable of being defended. It deprives the Latin historian of what appears to him a decisive proof. It even turns this alleged proof against himself, by laying open the source of his mistake. The argument on which Livy builds, is not only refuted, but destroyed; and the authority of Polybius subsists alone and unrivalled. I confess indeed that the sense of this famous passage is rather guessed at, than explained; so perplexed, defective, and faulty is its construction. Critics have endeavoured to correct it; but it should seem more natural to say that Livy copied Cintiüs, and that the latter had preserved the very words of the Carthaginian general, who spoke Latin like a foreigner. 4. In our search after historic truth, we must pay a regard to authority and probability; to the character of the author, and to the nature of the facts which he records. Although the first is entirely on the side of Polybius, yet the second offers some circumstances which it is difficult to explain on his hypothesis, and which appear even contrary to probability. 1. When we cast our eyes on the map, we must be surprized that a general of Hannibal's abilities should have followed so circuitous a road

1763. route longue, difficile, et hérissée de peuples barbares, qui étoient plus Germains que Gaulois. On a beau dire que le Carthaginois vouloit éviter la mer, et l'armée de Scipion. La raison est fondée; mais pour sentir jusqu'où elle peut s'étendre, et si elle peut s'appliquer ici, il faut connoître la situation et les vues d'Annibal. Ce général, après avoir passé le Rhône, essuya un petit échec dans un combat de ses Numides avec la cavalerie de Scipion. Les Romains ne cherchoient qu'à engager une affaire générale; mais Annibal, convaincu qu'on ne pouvoit les vaincre qu'en Italie, vouloit éviter une bataille. Il décampa sans bruit, gagna trois jours de marche sur l'ennemi, et arriva le quatrième, sans être poursuivi, à la jonction du Rhône et de l'Isère*. Les Romains ne pouvoient plus l'atteindre; trois jours de marche ne se regagnent pas sur un général actif, vigilant, et qui, par la supériorité de sa cavalerie légère, est en état de couvrir toutes ses manœuvres, et d'éclairer celle des ennemis. Annibal ne craignoit plus d'être poursuivi; et il a dû apprendre bientôt qu'il ne le feroit point, que l'armée de Scipion continuoit sa route en Espagne, et que ce Consul retournoit en Italie pour se mettre à la tête de celle qui étoit sur les bords du Po. Libre de cette inquiétude, il s'arrêta

as that of St. Bernard, which was long, difficult, and surrounded by barbarians, who were rather Germans than Gauls. It is of no weight to say, that he wished to keep clear of the sea, and of the army of Scipio. The observation is just; but to see whether it applies to the present question we must make ourselves acquainted with Hannibal's situation and views. After he had passed the Rhone, his Numidians met with a little check from Scipio's cavalry. The Romans wished to come to a general engagement, which Hannibal desired to avoid, being convinced that they were only to be subdued in Italy itself. He therefore silently raised his camp, gained a march of three days on the enemy, and on the fourth day arrived, without being pursued, at the conflux of the Rhone and the Isère*. The Romans could not overtake him. The loss of three days is not to be recovered in contending with a general, active and vigilant; and who by the superiority of his light-armed cavalry, was able to conceal his own movements, and to make himself acquainted with those of the enemy. Hannibal was not therefore afraid of being pursued; he soon learned that such fear would have been groundless; that Scipio's army continued its march into Spain; and that the consul himself returned into Italy, to take the command of the army on the banks of the Po. Hannibal being delivered from all uneasiness on this subject, made a halt in the country of the Allobroges, decided a contest between the heirs of the crown, and prepared his troops for the fatigues which they were

* Strabon. Geog. L. iv. p. 141. Bergier Histoire des grands Chemins L. iii. C. 31. . 471.

1763.

s'arrêta dans le pays des Allobroges, décida une controverse entre les héritiers du royaume, et fortifia ses troupes pour les fatigues qu'elles alloient essayer. Le seul motif qui pouvoit encore le déterminer sur le choix de sa route, étoit l'envie de prendre la plus courte et la plus commode. Or celle du grand St. Bernard n'étoit certainement pas la plus courte. 2. Elle n'étoit pas non plus la plus commode. Du tems d'*Auguste*, lorsque la politique Romaine avoit aplani les Alpes, ce prince construisit deux voyes militaires, qui partoient d'*Augusta Prætoria*, et qui se réunissoient à Lyon. Une de ces routes, qui traversoit les Alpes Pennines, étoit encore si difficile, qu'on ne pouvoit point y passer en voiture*. Qu'on juge maintenant ce qu'elles devoient être du tems d'Annibal, et qu'on croie que ce général, qui trainoit après lui beaucoup de chevaux et d'éléphants, ait voulu, ou même qu'il ait pu, se frayer une route. 3. Annibal employa quinze jours à son passage, sur lesquels il en faut déduire quatre; deux pendant lesquels il reposa sur le sommet, et deux autres qu'il employa à se faire un chemin dans la neige. La traversée des Alpes est de 1200 stades selon Polybe (150 milles Romains†). Ce calcul s'accorde avec l'état des lieux, mais s'accorde-t-il aussi avec la vraisemblance?

* Le passage du mont Pennin étoit cependant le plus court. Dans cet endroit les montagnes étoient fort resserrées.

were going to undertake. In choosing his route into Italy, he could be determined by no other consideration but that of preferring the shortest and the most convenient. But the passage by St. Bernard is certainly not the shortest. 2. Neither is it the most convenient. In the reign of Augustus, when Roman policy had levelled the Alps, that prince made two military ways, which, diverging from *Augusta Prætoria*, again united at Lyons. One of those roads, which crossed the Pennine Alps, was still so difficult that it could not be passed by carriages†. When we consider how much more difficult it must have been in the time of Hannibal, it is not credible that that general should have been either willing, or able, to cross it with his great numbers of horses and elephants. Hannibal consumed fifteen days in passing the Alps, from which four days must be deducted, two of which were spent on the top of the mountains, and two employed in clearing the road from the snow. The breadth of the Alps, according to Polybius, is 1200 stadia (150 Roman miles†). This calculation agrees with the geography of the country; but is the march consistent with

Vol. II.

F I

with

† the passage by the Pennine Alps was, however, the shortest; here the mountains are much narrowed.

† Polyb. L. iii. Cluveri. C. 33. p. 382.

1763.

vraisemblance? Une armée nombreuse, peut-elle faire quatorze milles par jour dans les Alpes, toujours occupée à lutter contre la difficulté des lieux, et souvent à repousser les attaques des montagnards? Je défère beaucoup à l'autorité de Polybe, mais j'en doute. Voilà quelques difficultés qui se présentent dans le système de Polybe, et qui ne paroissent point à mépriser. 5. Rentrés, à force de recherches, dans notre première incertitude, quel parti faut-il prendre? Le récit de Polybe a toute l'évidence extérieure qu'on puisse demander; celui de son rival paroît s'accorder mieux avec d'autres circonstances connues. Une seule réflexion peut nous déterminer. Il est plus vraisemblable que nous nous trompons, qu'il ne l'est que ces circonstances aient échappé à Polybe. Elles sont d'ailleurs fortes, mais elles ne sont pas décisives. La première et la plus importante dépend de plusieurs suppositions: que les textes de Polybe et de Tite Live sont corrompus; qu'au lieu du *Scarar*, qui est inconnu, et de l'*Arar*, qui n'est pas à sa place, il faut lire *Isara* dans l'un et dans l'autre. Je conviens que cette correction est des plus vraisemblables; mais des vraisemblances qui découlent d'autres vraisemblances, s'affoiblissent en s'éloignant de leur source. Si je suppose de mon côté, 1. que les Allobroges occupoient alors une partie du territoire des *Ambarri*; 2. que le mot *triduo* dans Tite Live est corrompu; ou, 3. qu'Annibal passa le Rhône plus haut

with probability? Is it possible for a numerous army to proceed fourteen miles a-day, across mountains where the soldiers were obliged continually to struggle against the difficulties of the road, and often to repel the attacks of the mountaineers? I have great respect for Polybius' authority, but cannot help doubting the fact. These are some of the difficulties which occur in his narrative, and which are not to be despised. 5. Our researches having brought us back to our first uncertainty, how are we to form an opinion? Polybius' narrative has all the external evidence that can be desired; but that of his rival seems more consistent with other circumstances that are well ascertained. One reflexion may suffice to regulate our decision. It is more probable that we should be deceived, than that the above circumstances should have escaped the notice of Polybius. These circumstances are indeed important; but they are not decisive. The first and most considerable depends on many suppositions; that the text both of Livy and Polybius is corrupt; that instead of the unknown word *Scarar*, and of *Arar*, which is misplaced, we should read on both occasions *Isara*. I acknowledge that this correction is extremely probable, but probabilities which result from other probabilities, continually grow weaker as they recede from their source. If I suppose on my side; 1. that the Allobroges then occupied a part of the territory of the *Ambarri*; 2. that the word *triduo* in Livy is corrupt; 3. that

Hannibal

haut qu'on ne pense, la première objection s'évanouit d'elle-même. Annibal placé à la jonction du Rhône et de la Saône, prenoit la route la plus courte en passant le Grand St. Bernard. Concluons donc, mais avec un reste de scepticisme, que si le récit de l'historien Latin est plus vraisemblable, celui de l'écrivain Grec paroît plus vrai. Une seule chose m'arrête. Dans la carte de l'expédition d'Annibal, par M. d'Anville, ce géographe exact, dont les positions sont toujours raisonnées, trace sa marche à travers les Alpes Cottiennes. L'autorité encore plus grande, parcequ'il a caché les raisons qu'il a eues, m'en impose et m'arrête.

Octobre 25.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. ii. C. i. p. 418—433.* L'auteur y traite du nom et de l'origine des *Etrusques*. Il rejette, avec Denys d'Halicarnasse, leur origine prétendue Lydienne, et comme cet historien, il les croit indigènes. Mais Cluvier étoit bon Chrétien; quelle idée pouvoit-il attacher à ce mot? Il y en a cependant une, mais je doute que Cluvier l'ait apperçue. C'est celle d'une nation qui se forme par la réunion d'un grand nombre de familles, qui s'étoient établies dans

ce

Je n'ai presque rien tiré de Cluvier, que sa conclusion générale tournée très différemment. J'ai peu cité. La véritable citation, celle qui peut tenir lieu de toutes les autres, c'est le vingt-unième livre de Tite Live, le troisième livre de Polybe, et le trente troisième chapitre du premier livre de Cluvier.

Hannibal passed the Rhone higher than is supposed, the first objection totally disappears. Hannibal, at the confluence of the Rhone and Soane, followed the shortest rout into Italy, when he crossed the Great St. Bernard. Let us conclude then, though with some remainder of scepticism, that though Livy's narrative has more of probability, yet that of Polybius has more of truth. There is one perplexing consideration behind. In Mr. D'Anville's map of Hannibal's expedition, that accurate geographer, whose positions are always chosen on reflexion, makes the Carthaginians pass by the Cottian Alps. I am stopped and silenced by the authority of this learned man, which in this case is the greater, because he conceals the reasons on which his opinion is founded.

October 25.]—I read *Cluverius Ital. Antiq. L. ii. C. i. p. 418—433.* The author treats of the name and original of the Tuscans. He rejects, with Dionysius of Halicarnassus, their pretended Lydian descent, and believes with that historian that they were indigenes. But as Cluverius was a good Christian, what idea could he affix to that word? There is, however, one, which I doubt whether he was sensible of: it is that of a nation

I have copied nothing from Cluverius, except his general conclusion, very differently modified. I have cited but few authorities. The only important citations, which supersede all others, are the twenty-first book of Livy, the third book of Polybius, and the thirty-third chapter of the first book of Cluverius.

1763. ce pays en différens tems, et indépendamment les unes des autres. La nation, le corps politique, est indigène, quoique les individus ne le soient pas. J'ai achevé la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*, le tome vingt-septième. J'y trouve, *Jubilé de l'Imprimerie*, par M. Seiz. On y soutient les prétentions de Harlem, et l'on tâche de faire voir que Laurent Costar, bourgeois de cette ville, découvrit vers l'an 1449 ce bel art, que l'infidélité de Fauste, son domestique, transporta bientôt à Mayence. Cette histoire me paroît claire, liée, et dégagée de difficultés; mais si l'on avoit inventé l'imprimerie à Harlem, il paroît singulier que tous les pays de l'Europe l'eussent tenue, ou du moins qu'ils l'eussent cru tenir, de Mayence. Tant de filles se seroient elles réunies pour méconnoître leur mère? Je n'ignore point le voyage de Corneille en Angleterre; mais après la réfutation du Docteur Middleton, il n'est plus permis de citer cette fable. — *Recueil de quelques Opuscules sur la Prononciation de la Langue Grecque*, par M. Havercamp. Dans cette fameuse dispute, Erasme, avec la prudence ordinaire, se seroit lui-même de la prononciation ancienne, quoiqu'il parût approuver la nouvelle. Quand on voit les orages que cette dispute ridicule a suscités dans le commencement du seizième siècle, (et surtout à Cambridge,) on ne sauroit blâmer sa réserve. — *Lettres d'Arétin*. C'est le commencement d'un grand recueil qu'on publie en Italie, des Lettres des

formed by the re-union of different families, settled in the country at different times, and independently of each other. The nation and body politic is indigeneous, but not the individuals.

I finished the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*, volume the twenty-seventh. It contains the *Jubilée of Printing*, by Mr. Seiz. He supports the pretensions of Harlem, and endeavours to prove that Laurence Costar, a citizen of that place, discovered in 1449 that beautiful art, which the dishonesty of his servant Faustus carried with him to Mentz. The narrative appears clear, well connected, and free from difficulties; yet if printing was invented at Harlem, it appears extraordinary that all the countries of Europe should have received it, or believe they received it, from Mentz. Could so many daughters agree in mistaking their mother? I am not ignorant of Corneille's voyage to England; but after Dr. Middleton's refutation, it is no longer allowable to cite that fable. — *A Collection of some small Works on the Pronunciation of Greek*, by Mr. Havercamp. In this famous dispute, Erasmus, with his ordinary prudence, used the ancient pronounciation, though he seemed to approve the new. When we consider the storms excited by this ridiculous question in the beginning of the sixteenth century, particularly at Cambridge, his caution will not appear blamable. — *Arétin's Letters*. The beginning of a great collection of letters between the learned men of the fifteenth century, which is publishing

des Savans du quinziesme siècle. Il peut servir à l'histoire littéraire. *Histoire de Danhemarch, par Cragius.* Elle me paroit assez bien faite. On y voit les commencemens de la réformation de ce pays, et la mauvaise foi d'Henri VIII. roi d'Angleterre. — *Le Czar Pierre I. en France.* C'est un Roman philosophique, le fruit d'une imagination vive et féconde, mais sans goût et sans règle. De pareils ouvrages éblouissent un instant, mais ils ne se soutiennent jamais.

OCTOBRE 26.] — J'ai lu *Cluver Ital. Antiq. L. ii. C. 1. p. 434—455.* On est étonné de voir les arts, le luxe, et les richesses des Etrusques. J'ai de la peine à croire avec Cluver, que la Gaule Cisalpine étoit l'ancienne patrie de cette nation. Il me paroit au contraire par tous les anciens, qu'elle habitoit, depuis les tems les plus reculés, l'Etrurie proprement dite; et que dans la suite elle envoya deux grandes colonies, chacune composée, comme la métropole, de douze cités, dont l'une chassa les *Ombri* de tout le pays entre les Alpes et l'Apennin, et l'autre s'établit dans la Campanie. Dans ce tems là, on pouvoit dire, presque sans hyperbole, que les Etrusques étoient maîtres de l'Italie entière. Les Gaulois, qui subjuguèrent la première de ces deux colonies, vers l'an 800 avant l'ère Chrétienne, la trouvèrent riche, puissante, et amollie par les délices. Sa métropole l'étoit encore davantage.

publishing in Italy. It may be useful in literary history.—*The History of Denmark, by Cragius.* It appears to me well executed. We see in it the beginning of the reformation in that country, and the dishonesty of Henry VIII. of England.—*The Czar Peter I. in France:* a philosophical romance, the work of a lively and fruitful imagination, but destitute of taste or method. Such works dazzle for a moment, and are forgotten.

October 26.] — I read *Cluverius Ital. Antiq. L. ii. C. 1. p. 434—455.* The arts, the luxury, and the riches of the Tuscans, are matter of astonishment. I can scarcely believe with Cluverius, that Cisalpine Gaul was the original seat of that nation. It appears to me on the contrary from ancient writers, that the Tuscans, from the remotest times, inhabited Etruria, properly so called, and sent forth two great colonies, each of which was, like the mother country, divided into twelve communities: one of which colonies expelled the *Ombri* from the whole of that tract which lies between the Alps and the Apennines; while the other formed settlements in Campania. It might have been said in that age, almost without exaggeration, that the Tuscans were masters of Italy. The first of those colonies was subdued by the Gauls, eight centuries before the Christian æra, when it was already rich and powerful, but softened by luxury. The mother-country exhibited the same character in still stronger

1763. davantage. Elle penchoit déjà vers sa ruine. Combien de siècles ne leur a-t-il pas fallu pour cette progression lente, mais sûre, qui conquiert une nation de la barbarie à l'industrie, aux arts, au luxe, et à la mollesse? N'en doutons point, les Etrusques étoient un des plus anciens peuples que nous connoissions.

Octobre 27.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. ii. C. ii. iii. p. 455—518*. L'auteur y parcourt les côtes de l'Etrurie avec beaucoup d'exactitude, depuis Luna jusqu'à l'embouchure du Tybre, et les îles qui sont vis-à-vis. Toujours des fables Grecques! Pour la plupart des écrivains Grecs avant Polybe, on pourroit partager les lieux, comme Varron a fait les tems, en historiques, mythologiques, et inconnus. La Grèce, la Sicile, l'Afrique, l'Egypte, et l'Asie Mineure, occuperoient seules la première classe. Dans la seconde, je placerois l'Italie, avec tous les pays entre la Grèce et le Danube, entre l'Euphrate et la mer Caspienne. Tout ce qui est au delà de ces limites, seroit relégué dans le pays inconnu. Homère devroit satisfaire un génie qui aime la fable. Cependant ses fables ne font que la partie la plus petite, et la plus vraisemblable de la mythologie Grecque.

28.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. ii. C. iii. p. 518—537*. L'auteur y parle de *Tarquini* et de *Veii*, les deux cités d'Etrurie les plus proches de Rome. *Tarquini* étoit fameux par la science augurale, qui y avoit pris naissance. On peut se dispenser de chercher dans d'autres l'origine de cet

stronger colours. It verged towards its ruin. How many ages must have been required for this slow, but sure progression, by which nations proceed from barbarism to industry, arts, luxury, and effeminacy? We cannot doubt the fact; the Tuscans are certainly one of the most ancient nations with which we are acquainted.

October 27.]—I read Cluverius, L. ii. C. ii. iii. p. 455—518. He describes with much accuracy the coast of Tuscany, with the opposite islands, from Luna to the mouth of the Tiber. We meet every where with Greek fables. With respect to the greatest part of Greek writers before Polybius, space may be divided, as Varro divided time, into the historical, fabulous, and unknown. The historical ground was confined to Greece, Sicily, Africa, Egypt, and Lower Asia. In the fabulous, I would place Italy, with the countries between Greece and the Danube, and those between the Caspian sea and the Euphrates. The countries beyond those limits were altogether unknown. Homer might have satisfied the lovers of the marvellous; yet his fables form but the smallest and most probable part of the Greek mythology.

28.]—I read Cluverius Ital. Antiq. L. iii. C. iii. p. 518—537. The author treats of *Tarquini* and *Veii*, the two cities of Tuscany that were nearest to Rome. *Tarquini* was celebrated for the science of augury,

1763.

cet art imposteur. Il naquit chez les Etrusques. Je conclus par la fable ridicule de ce Tages, qu'il étoit homme du pays; pour concevoir un système aussi extraordinaire, et pour le faire adopter de ses compatriotes, il devoit être homme de génie. Tages sortit d'un sillon: il n'étoit pas étranger. Le poisson Oannes des Chaldéens s'éleva du sein de la mer. Ce langage symbolique s'explique avec la même facilité.

Il est difficile de fixer la situation de l'ancien *Veii*. Les anciens avoient de la peine à la déterminer. Déjà détruite du tems de Lucain, on découvroit à peine les ruines de cette ville célèbre, dont la grandeur égaloit celle de Rome. On ne peut connoître son emplacement que par son éloignement de la capitale; éloignement sur lequel les auteurs ne sont point d'accord. On peut les réduire à deux sentimens. 1. Tite Live, parlant du siège de *Veii*, dit qu'il se faisoit *intra Vicesimum lapidem* *. Eutrope nous apprend que *Veii* étoit à dix huit milles de Rome. 2. Les Itinéraires le placent à douze milles de Rome †; et Denys d'Halicarnasse à cent stades, ou à douze milles et demi ‡. J'apperçois aussi deux moyens de conciliation. 1. *Falerii*, aussi bien que *Veii*, étoit sur une hauteur. Détruit par les Romains, on le rebâtit ensuite dans les environs, mais dans la plaine. Si la même

to which it had given birth. The origin of this deceitful art need not be sought elsewhere: it began in Tuscany. The ridiculous fable concerning Tages, teaches us that he was a native of the country: his success in contriving such an extraordinary system, and in making it be adopted by his countrymen, proves him to have been a man of genius. Tages sprung from a furrow; he was not a foreigner. The Chaldean fish Oannes sprung from the sea; this symbolic language explains itself.

The ancients themselves found it difficult to ascertain the situation of *Veii*. In the time of Lucan, this famous city had already been destroyed, and the ruins of a place which had been as large as Rome could scarcely be discovered. Its site could only be known by its distance from the capital; but with respect to this distance, authors are not agreed. Their opinions may be reduced to the two following. 1. Livy, speaking of the siege of *Veii*, says, that it was carried on within the twentieth milestone. Eutropius tells us that *Veii* was eighteen miles distant from Rome. 2. The Roman itineraries make the distance twelve miles †; and Dionysius of Halicarnassus, an hundred stadia, or twelve miles and a half ‡. There are two ways of reconciling those opinions. 1. *Falerii*, as well as *Veii*, was situate on an eminence. The former was destroyed by the Romans, and a town of the same name rebuilt on the plain

* Tit. Liv. L. iv. † V. Tabul. Peutinger. ‡ Dionys. Halicarn. L. ii.

1763.

même chose arriva à Veii. Dions d'Halicarnasse ne se sera trompé, que par une méprise légère qui lui aura fait croire que Veii avoit toujours eu la situation actuelle. J'aime assez cette explication. L'intervalle de dix huit milles convient beaucoup mieux que celui de douze, pour y placer toutes les guerres que les deux républiques rivales se livrèrent. 2. On peut tout concilier, en ne sacrifiant qu'Eutrope, écrivain méprisable, s'il en fut jamais. Les Romains avoient entouré Veii par de bonnes lignes et des retranchemens. Peu contents de s'être fortifiés du côté de la ville, ils avoient élevé beaucoup de forts, pour arrêter les secours qui pouvoient venir aux assiégés, des autres cités Etrusques. Veii étoit donc à douze milles et demi de Rome, le diamètre d'une ville, qui égaioit celle d'Athènes et de Rome, devoit être de deux milles et demi. Si les forts les plus avancés, du côté de l'Etrurie, étoient à quatre milles au delà de la ville, nous avons dix neuf milles qui suffisent à la rigueur, pour justifier l'expression d'Appian Claudius.

Octobre 29.]—J'ai lu *Cluver. Ital. Antiq. L. ii. C. iii. p. 537—550.* J'y vois une bonne description de Falerii, la capitale des Falisci; ville qui conserva, jusqu'au siècle d'Auguste, des vestiges très marqués de son origine Grecque.

plain. If a similar change took place with respect to Veii, Dionysius of Halicarnassus would only be guilty of the small mistake of supposing Veii to have always had the same site. I am well pleased with this explanation. The interval of eighteen miles answers better than that of twelve, considering the many wars carried on within those narrow limits, between the two rival republics. 2. All differences may be reconciled by giving up the authority of Eutropius, one of the most contemptible authors that ever wrote. The Romans had surrounded Veii with walls and entrenchments. Not satisfied with fortifying themselves on the side of the city, they had also raised bulwarks to intercept the succours that might be sent to the besieged, from the other cities of Tuscany. Veii was therefore twelve miles and a half from Rome, since the diameter of a city as extensive as Athens must have been two miles and a half. If the most advanced forts on the side of Etruria were four miles beyond the city, we have the distance of nineteen miles, which sufficiently justifies the expression of Appian Claudius.

October 29.]—I read Cluverius, L. ii. C. iii. p. 537—550. That chapter contains a good description of Faleria, the capital of the Falisci; a city which preserved to the age of Augustus, clear marks of its Grecian origin.

† Tit. Liv. L. v.

J'ai monté à la bibliothèque. Dans le grand recueil des Historiens d'Italie, par Gravés, tom. viii. partie iii, j'ai trouvé un ouvrage du savant Mazocchi, qui prétend que *Civita Castellana*, à trente milles de Rome, étoit l'ancien *Ves*, et sa réfutation par mon ami Nardini. Il falloit que Mazocchi fut bien aveuglé par un faux amour de sa patrie. Il n'a pas jusqu'à l'ombre d'une preuve. J'ai achevé le premier tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y trouve *Schedius, de Diti Germanis*: une compilation immense, sans goût, sans critique, et sans discernement. — *Henry Ditton, Démonstration de la Religion Chrétienne, Qu'on a abusé de ces deux mots ! — Lettre d'un Ex-Jésuite, sur les Paradoxes du P. Hardouin.* On y fait parler ce savant. Son zèle pour la tradition, et sa haine des Jansénistes et des philosophes, l'avoient jeté dans tous ses égaremens. Comme il trouvoit dans les pères, et surtout dans St. Augustin, beaucoup de choses favorables aux ennemis, il almoit mieux renoncer aux faits qu'au dogme; il conclusoit hardiment que des ouvrages aussi impies étoient supposés. La chute du livre de St. Augustin, de *Libero Arbitrio*, faisoit tomber tous les autres pères qui l'avoient cité. Ceux-ci entraînoient avec eux les auteurs profanes: et l'édifice entier s'écrouloit. C'est ce que ce Jésuite appelloit *défiler le chapelet de l'antiquité*. Il auroit pu tirer beaucoup d'idées de M. de Barbeyrac, qui

I went to the public library. In the great collection of Italian Historians, by Gravés, vol. viii. p. iii. I found a performance of the learned Mazocchi, pretending to prove that Civita Castellana, thirty miles from Rome, was the ancient Ves; and a refutation of that work by my friend Nardini. Mazocchi must have been strangely blinded by his prepossession in favour of his native city. He has not the shadow of a proof.

I finished the first volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains *Schedius, de Diti Germanis*: an immense compilation, without taste, criticism, or discernment. — *Henry Ditton's Demonstration of the Christian Religion.* How grossly have those two words been abused! — *Letters of an Ex-Jesuit, on the Paradoxes of Father Hardouin.* This learned man is here allowed to speak for himself. His zeal for tradition, and his hatred towards the Jansenists and the philosophers, involved him in all his absurdities. Finding in the fathers, and particularly in St. Augustine, many things favourable to the cause of his enemies, he was willing to expose facts to opinions, and boldly declared Augustine's impious works to be spurious. The fall of Augustine's work, de *Libero Arbitrio*, brought down with it the other fathers by whom it was quoted. The ruin of the fathers involved that of profane writers; the whole edifice fell in pieces. This was what he called unstringing the beads from the rosary of antiquity. He might have drawn many good thoughts from M. Barbeyrac, who wrote

1763. qui a fait un excellent traité sur la Morale des Pères. Que ces docteurs de l'église entendoient mal la première de toutes les sciences ! Ils interdisoient les plaisirs les plus innocens, et les occupations les plus légitimes. Tout cela sentoit le mondain, ou pouvoit avoir quelque rapport avec l'idolatrie. Ils auroient voulu détruire le genre humain pour le sanctifier. D'un autre côté, posant pour principe que toute action rapportée dans l'ancien testament, sans y être condamnée, est approuvée par ce silence, ils justifioient, ils louoient l'adultère, le mensonge, l'inceste, et la cruauté.

Octobre 30.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. ii. C. iii, iv, v, vi. p. 550—624*. L'auteur parcourt les autres cités Etrusques, situées dans l'intérieur des terres, *Volsinii, Clusium, Aretium, Perugia, et Cortona*. Les passages qu'il a rassemblés au sujet du lac de Trasymène, représentent au naturel ce terrein fameux, bordé d'un côté par le lac même, et environné de l'autre par des montagnes très hautes, et qui ne s'ouvroient que par deux défilés fort étroits. Ce fut là qu'Annibal sut attirer habilement l'armée de Flaminius, pour la prendre d'un coup de filet. Cluvier passe ensuite dans l'Ombrie ; il parle de l'origine de ces peuples (qui paroît Celtique, quoiqu'il en dise). Il décrit le territoire, qui étoit coupé en un sens par l'Apennin, et dans l'autre par la Voie Flaminienne.

Cette

wrote an excellent treatise on the morality of the fathers. How ill did those doctors of the church understand the most valuable of all sciences. They prohibited the most innocent pleasures, and the most lawful occupations, as savouring of the world, and nearly connected with idolatry. They would have destroyed human kind in order to sanctify it. But on the other hand, regarding it as a principle that every action related in the old testament, and not therein condemned, was by this silence approved, they justified and praised adultery, falsehood, incest, and cruelty.

October 30.]—I read Cluverius *Ital. Antiq. L. ii. C. iii, iv, v, vi. p. 550—624*. The author describes the other cities of Tuscany, situate inland ; *Volsinii, Clusium, Aretium, Perugia, and Cortona*. The passages which he has collected, respecting the lake Trasymenus, afford a very natural picture of this famous spot, which was bounded on one side by the lake itself, and on the other by a range of high mountains, which opened only by two narrow defiles. Thither Hannibal had the address to decoy the army of Flaminius, that it might be taken, as it were, in a net. Cluverius afterwards passes into Umbria, and treats of the origin of its inhabitants, who, notwithstanding his opinion to the contrary, appear to have been Celts. He describes their territory, which was divided in one direction by the Apennines, and in another by the Flaminian

Cette portion qui se trouvoit entre la mer, l'Etrurie, et l'Apennin, l'occupe dans les chapitres V. et VI.

Octobre 31.]—Je suis resté tout le jour à la maison. Cluvier a profité de ma retraite; j'en ai lu *Ital. Antiq. L. ii. C. vii, viii, ix, x. p. 624—722*. Près de cent pages tous les jours m'avanceroient bien; mais un pareil effort ne revient pas souvent. Dans ces quatre chapitres mon auteur finit l'Ombrie, en décrivant la portion de ce pays entre l'Apennin et le pays des Sabins. Celui-ci devient ensuite l'objet de ses recherches. Il traite finalement du Tybre, et des rivières qui s'y jettent. Ce chapitre, avec celui du Pô, comprend presque toutes les eaux de l'Italie. Le fleuve lui-même se nommoit *Tiberis*, et par une licence poétique *Tybris*. Le dieu du fleuve s'appelloit *Tiberinus*. Presque tous les bons auteurs ont observé cette distinction, qui nous est indiquée par Servius.

Novembre 1.]—J'ai lu Cluvier, *L. ii. C. xi, xii, xiii, xiv, xv. p. 722—762*. L'auteur y décrit le *Picenum*, un des pays les plus fertiles et les mieux peuplés de l'Italie. Il passe delà à plusieurs nations peu nombreuses, mais distinguées par leur valeur. Les *Marrucini*, les *Marfi*, les *Vestini*, et les *Peligni*. *Corfinium* étoit une des villes principales de cette dernière tribu. Elle s'est vue une fois à la veille de faire une grande fortune. Si la guerre sociale

nian Way. That portion of it which lies between the sea, Etruria, and the Apennines, is the subject of his fifth and sixth chapters.

October 31.]—I remained all day at home, by which Cluverius was a gainer. I read *Ital. Antiq. L. ii. C. vi, vii, viii, ix, x. p. 624—722*. Nearly an hundred pages daily would greatly quicken my progress; but such efforts are seldom made. In those four chapters, the author concludes his account of Umbria by describing that portion of it which extends between the Apennines and the territory of the Sabines. That territory itself forms the next object of his research. He treats finally of the Tiber, and of the rivers which fall into it. This chapter, with that on the Pô, includes almost all the rivers in Italy. The river *Tiberis* was, by a poetical licence, spelt *Tybris*. The god of the river was called *Tiberinus*. All good writers have attended to this distinction, which is pointed out by Servius.

November 1.]—I read Cluverius, *L. ii. C. xi, xii, xiii, xiv, xv. p. 722—762*. The author describes *Picenum*, one of the most fertile and best peopled districts in Italy. He then proceeds to several communities, inconsiderable in point of their numbers, but highly distinguished by their valour: the *Marrucini*, *Marfi*, *Vestini*, and *Peligni*. *Corfinium* was one of the principal cities belonging to the last. This place was once in hopes of being highly distinguished. Had the social war been prosperous,

Rome

1763.

socials avoit réussi, Rome faisoit place à *Corfinium*, qui devenoit sous le nom d'*Italica*, la capitale de la nouvelle confédération. Je vais hasarder quelques idées sur cette guerre singulière, dont l'Abbé de Vertot a un peu défiguré les circonstances essentielles. Ses ouvrages, qui se font lire comme des romans, ne leur ressembloient que trop. 1. L'Abbé de Vertot fait paroître les Latins sur la Scène assez mal à propos. "C'étoient des Latins, ces peuples du *Latium*, ceux qui jouissoient du droit Latin, à qui Drusus avoit fait espérer la bourgeoisie de Rome, et qui se soulevèrent, lorsque son assassinat leur avoit ôté ce protecteur." Cependant il est constant que les peuples du *Latium* ne furent point mêlés dans cette guerre. Il ne se montrèrent même qu'une seule fois, c'étoit pour envoyer des troupes auxiliaires à l'armée de la république †. Ils ne songèrent point à rappeler un ancien procès, que le sort des armes avoit décidé contre eux plus de deux siècles et demi auparavant. Avant que d'y succomber, ils firent trembler la république plus d'une fois. C'est à cette époque qu'il rapporte tout ce que dit l'Abbé de Vertot, après Tite Live, de cette ressemblance de langue, de mœurs, et de discipline militaire, qui lui donnoit l'air d'une guerre civile ‡. Du tems de la guerre sociale, Rome s'étoit élevée trop haut, pour être encore un objet

Rome must have yielded to Corfinium; which, under the name of Italica, was to have been the head of the new confederacy. I shall venture to make some reflexions on this extraordinary war, the principal circumstances of which have been somewhat misrepresented by the Abbé Vertot: an author whose works are read with the same pleasure as romances, to which in other respects they bear too much resemblance. 1. The Abbé Vertot introduces the Latines very unseasonably. "The Latines, those inhabitants of Latium who enjoyed the Latin law, and to whom Drusus gave hopes of acquiring the citizenship of Rome, rose in arms, when assassination had robbed them of their protector." Yet it is certain that the people of Latium had no share in this rebellion. They are mentioned but once in the war; and, on that occasion, as sending auxiliaries to the army of the republic †. They did not think of renewing an ancient quarrel, which the fortune of war had, more than two hundred and fifty years before, decided against them. Previously to their subjugation, they had more than once made Rome to tremble. All that Vertot copies from Livy respecting that similarity of language, manners, and military discipline, which gave to the social the appearance of a civil war, must be referred to the former era ‡. In the time of the social war, Rome was too great to be an object of jealousy to the little

* Vertot *Revolut. Romaines*, tom. iii. p. 26—30.

† T. Liv. *Epitom.* L. lxii. ‡ T. Liv. viii. 6.

objet de jalousie aux petites cités du *Latium*, qui deven- 1763.
oient tous les jours des villages et des maisons de campagne
des environs de la capitale. La communication perpétu-
elle, et les alliances nombreuses, avoient cimenté les
liens de leur origine commune. Plusieurs de ces cités
avoient acquis la bourgeoisie. Dans d'autres de ces villes,
le droit Latin la donnoit tous les ans à deux familles.
Elles jouissoient toutes de plusieurs avantages qui devoient
leur inspirer de l'attachement pour la république, et de
la haine pour les alliés plus récents. 2. L'auteur des
révolutions Romaines exagère la confédération Italique
au point de répandre sur son récit un romanesque, qui n'est
pas moins réel, pour avoir échappé à la plupart des lec-
teurs. Non content d'y avoir fait entrer les Latins, il la fait
signer à tous les peuples de l'Italie, qui envoyèrent une
ambassade commune au sénat pour demander la bourgeoisie.
On ne peut que s'étonner qu'une seule ville ait pu se dé-
fendre contre la réunion de tant d'alliés, qu'elle avoit sub-
jugués si difficilement les uns après les autres. Heureuse-
ment ce fait extraordinaire ne s'accorde pas mieux avec la
vérité qu'avec la vraisemblance. L'abbreviateur de *Tite*
Live nous a conservé les noms de tous les peuples qui
formèrent cette alliance. Elle fut composée des *Sam-*
nites, des *Lucani*, des *Picentes*, des *Marfi*, des *Peligni*,
des *Vestini*, et des *Marrucini* †. Sur un pareil fait, il
n'y

little cities of *Latium*, which were continually converted into villages and
pleasure-houses in the vicinity of the capital. Perpetual communication;
and numerous alliances, had cemented the bands of their common
origin. Many places had acquired the rights of citizenship; in others,
the Latin law gave that right to two families annually. All the cities of
Latium enjoyed many advantages, which must have naturally inspired
them with affection for Rome, and hatred towards her more recent allies.
2. The author of the History of the Revolutions of Rome, so much ex-
aggerates the strength of the Italian confederacy, that an air of romance
is thereby thrown on his whole narrative, though it may not be percep-
tible to the greater part of his readers. According to his account, not
only the Latins, but all the nations of Italy, signed this alliance, and
sent a common embassy to Rome, demanding the rights of the city. It
is a matter of astonishment that one city should have been able to make a
defence against the united force of so many allies, whom it had found so
much difficulty in subduing successively. Happily this wonderful circumstance
contains as little truth as probability. The abridger of *Livy* has preserved
the names of all the communities which composed this confederacy. They
were, the *Samnites*, *Lucani*, *Picentes*, *Marfi*, *Peligni*, *Vestini*, and *Marru-*
rucini †.

† Tit. Liv. Epitom. L. lxxii.

1763.

n'y a point d'autorité qui égale celle de Tite Live; et dans une énumération de cette espèce, ou abrégier, n'est que copier, je dois croire que son abrégiateur a fidèlement rendu son sentiment. Les Samnites étoient donc les chefs de cette ligue, dans laquelle ils avoient fait entrer six autres peuples leurs voisins, leurs alliés, ou leurs colonies. Plusieurs autres nations y entrèrent dans la suite, mais ce ne fut que lorsque les Romains, revenus de leur première consternation, avoient eu le tems de rappeler leurs armées, de fortifier leurs passages, et de remporter même quelques avantages sur les alliés. Tite Live convient de ces nouvelles défections*; mais c'est dans Appien† et Strabon‡, qu'il en faut chercher le détail. J'y trouve les trois nations des *Frentani*, des *Hirpini*, et des *Peucetii*, avec quelques cités de l'Apulie et de l'Ombrie. Parmi celles là, Appien nomme *Canusium* et *Venusia*; mais il ne parle des cités des *Umbrii* qu'en général. Je vois avec surprise qu'à ces alliés, cet historien ajoute les *Pompeiani*§. Ce nom ne peut s'appliquer qu'aux habitans de *Pompeii*, ville maritime de la Campanie, aux environs de Naples||. Mais cette ville existoit elle du tems de la guerre sociale? Elle n'étoit pas plus ancienne que la famille dont elle a reçu le nom, et

rucini. With regard to this fact, Livy's authority is better than any other; and in such an enumeration, an abridger having nothing to do but to copy, it is to be supposed that he does it correctly. The Samnites then were at the head of this league, into which they had prevailed on six other communities to enter, who were their neighbours, allies, or colonies. They were afterwards joined by several other cities, but not until the Romans, recovering from their consternation, had recalled their armies from abroad, fortified the passes into their territory, and even gained several victories over the allies. Livy informs us in general of those subsequent revolts*, but the particulars are to be found in Appian† and Strabo‡. They number among the rebels, the *Frentani*, *Hirpini*, *Peucetii*, with some cities of Apulia and Umbria. Of the former, Appian names *Canusium* and *Venusia*; speaking only in general of the *Umbrii*, I was surprised to find this historian also name the *Pompeiani*§. These could only be the inhabitants of *Pompeii*, a maritime city of Campania, near to Naples||. Did *Pompeii* exist in the time of the social war? It cannot be of an earlier date than the family from which it derived its name; and this family was unknown until the time of the great Pompey's father, that Cneius Pompeius Strabo, who was consul in the 66th year of Rome,

* Tit. Liv. Epitom. L. lxxiii. † Appian de Bell. Civil. L. i. p. 374. 376. 379. ‡ Strab. Geograph. L. v. p. 166, 167. § Appian de Bell. Civil. L. i. p. 374. || Cluv. Ital. Antiq. L. iv. C. iii. p. 1124.

cette famille étoit ignorée avant le père du grand Pompei, ce Cn. Pompeius Strabon, qui ne parvint au consulat que l'an de Rome 665, la seconde année de la guerre sociale. Mais à supposer l'antiquité de Pompeii, peut-on croire qu'une seule petite ville, au milieu de tant de cités bien affectionnées à la république, ait osé se déclarer contre elle? Je sais qu'on a porté le théâtre de la guerre dans la Campanie, et je veux bien croire qu'un corps d'alliés s'étant emparé de Pompeii, y aura soutenu un siège; mais cette explication excuse l'erreur d'Appien plutôt qu'elle ne la justifie. J'ai mieux aimé chercher les peuples ligüés contre Rome, dans les détails que Tite Live, et les autres historiens, nous ont laissés, de cette guerre, que dans la description générale qu'Appien nous en donne, quand il dit que tous les peuples entre le *Liris*, ou le *Liturnus*, et la mer Ionienne, se soulevèrent contre les Romains. Un des membres de cette description est faux, et l'autre est peu exact. La mer Ionienne, prise dans plusieurs sens différens, signifie tout ce qu'on veut. Le *Liris* et le *Liturnus*, très différens en eux-mêmes, n'avoient de commun que le nom de *Clanis*, ou *Clanius*, qu'ils

† J'ai vu de puis que l'étymologie de Pompeii est incertaine, et que le siège que j'avois deviné a eu lieu. *V. Vell. Patercul. L. ii. C. 16.*

Rome, and the second year of the social war. But supposing the antiquity of Pompeii, can it be imagined that a single city, and that a small one, should have ventured to revolt against the republic, though situate in the midst of so many more important places, which faithfully maintained their allegiance? I know that the scene of the war was changed to Campania, and am willing to believe that a party of the allies, having taken possession of Pompeii, there stood a siege: but this explication tends rather to extenuate, than to justify Appian's mistake. I am inclined to seek the names of the states which entered into confederacy against Rome, in the narrative which Livy and other historians give of the war, rather than to content myself with Appian's general description, when he says that the confederacy comprehended all the nations between the Liris, or Liturnus, and the Ionian sea. Of this description, one of the clauses is false, and the other inaccurate. The Ionian sea is taken in so many different meanings, that it denotes any thing you will. The Liris and Liturnus were quite different rivers, and had only one circumstance in common, that both were sometimes called Clanis, or Clanius. Such then were the allies. They surely were formidable; but fear or affection

† I have since discovered that the etymology of Pompeii is uncertain, and that I was right in my conjecture of its having been besieged. *V. Vell. Patercul. L. ii. C. 16.*

† Appian de Bell. Civil. L. i. p. 374.
§ Vide Cluv. Ital. Antiq. L. iii. C. x. p. 1075; et L. iv. C. xiii. p. 1334.

1763. qu'ils portoient tous les deux. Tels étoient les alliés. Ils étoient redoutables ; mais il restoit encore beaucoup de nations Italiennes que l'amour, ou la crainte, attachoit aux drapeaux de la république : le *Latium* entier, la *Campania*, le *Brutium*, la *Calabre*, le pays des *Sabins*, toute l'*Etrurie*, une partie de l'*Ombrie*, et de l'*Apulie*, et toutes les colonies de la grande Grèce. Les cités Etrusques alloient se déclarer pour les alliés ; mais le sénat fait passer ce danger, en accordant de lui-même la bourgeoisie Romaine à cette province importante *. Un grand nombre de colonies répandues dans toutes les provinces de l'Italie, et dont l'intérêt, aussi bien que la reconnaissance, assuroit la fidélité, présentoient aux armées Romaines des magasins et des places fortes. Dans les cités qui s'étoient déclarées contre la république, les conseils n'étoient certainement pas unanimes. Rome conservoit, ou se faisoit, des créatures dans chacune de ces communautés, dont l'opposition déclarée, ou les intrigues sourdes, embarrassoient les mesures du parti dominant †. Chacun se rangeoit sous les étendards du sénat, ou de la ligue, qui devenoient les mots de railllement pour toutes les factions de l'Italie, semblable au nom de *Guelphs* et de *Gibelins*, qui divisèrent et désolèrent les mêmes pays treize

* Vell. Patercul. L. ii. C. 16. La *Minatius Magius* dont il y est parlé, étoit de la ville même qui commença la guerre, par le meurtre d'un préteur et d'un légat.

affection still collected many Italian nations around the standard of the republic ; the whole of *Latium*, *Campania*, *Brutium*, *Calabria*, the *Sabines*, all *Etruria*, a part of *Umbria* and *Apulia*, and the whole of the colonies of *Magna Græcia*. The cities of *Tuscan* prepared for joining the allies ; but the senate warded off this danger, by granting, of its own accord, the rights of the city to that important province *. A great number of colonies spread over all the districts of Italy, whose fidelity being secured by interest as well as gratitude, supplied the Romans with magazines, and with the protection of their fortresses. In those republics which declared against Rome, the citizens were not unanimous. The Romans had their creatures in each of those communities, whose avowed opposition, or secret intrigues, disturbed the measures of the prevailing party †. Each individual sided with the senate or the league, which became the watch-word of faction, like the names *Guelphs* and *Ghibelines*, which divided and desolated the same country thirteen centuries afterwards. The *Abbé Vertot*, when he explained the difficulties with which the Romans had to contend, should also have mentioned the resources which

* Appian de Bell. Civil. L. i. D. 374.

† Vell. Paterculus, L. ii. C. 16. The *Minatius Magius* there spoken of, belonged to the very city which began the war, by the murder of a prætor and a legate.

treize siècles plus tard. L'Abbé de Vertot, en exposant 1763.
 les obstacles que les Romains avoient à combattre, n'au-
 roit pas dû oublier leurs ressources. 3. La nation des
 Marses, redoutable par sa valeur, étoit inférieure en force
 aux Samnites et aux Picentes. Elle eut cependant l'hon-
 neur de donner son nom à cette guerre, qu'on appelloit
 aussi souvent la *Guerre Marsique* que la *Guerre Sociale*.
 Mais les Marses furent la seule nation en deçà de l'Apen-
 nin, qui osât se déclarer contre les Romains. Leur pays
 devint le premier théâtre de la guerre, et lorsque le sénat
 donna aux consuls le commandement des armées, ce fut
 en leur accordant les *Marsi* pour leur province. Ce n'est
 pas la première fois que la partie la moins considérable
 d'une ligue de peuples, a fait donner son nom au corps
 entier, parcequ'elle s'est présentée la première aux yeux
 des étrangers. Nous designons tous les anciens Scythes
 par le nom générique de Tartares, parceque la petite
 tribu des Tartares, formoit toujours l'avant garde des
 armées Mogoles dans les conquêtes étendues de Gengis-
 can et de ses successeurs *. 4. Les alliés, quoique vain-
 cus dans cette guerre, obtinrent à la fin cette bourgeoisie
 qu'ils avoient recherchée avec tant d'ardeur. Mais ils ne
 devinrent citoyens de Rome, que pour participer avec
 elle, dans des malheurs dont ils étoient une des causes
 principales, pour la perdre, et pour se perdre avec elle.
 Des

* Voyez Réflexions sur les Anciens Peuples, par M. Fréret, dans
 le dix huitième tome de l'Histoire de l'Académie des Belles Lettres.

which they were enabled to surmount them. 3. The nation of the
 Marsi, though formidable by its valour, was inferior in strength to the
 Samnites and the Picentes. Yet it had the honour of giving its name to
 the war, which is as well known by the appellation of the Marsic, as
 the Social. The Marsi were the only people on the Roman side of the
 Apennines, who ventured to declare against the republic. Their country
 became the first theatre of the war, and when the senate assigned ar-
 mies to the consuls, it was by granting them the Marsi for their pro-
 vince. This is not the first example of the least considerable portion of
 a league giving its name to the whole. We know the ancient Scythians
 by the general denomination of Tartars, because the small tribe so called
 always formed the van of the Mogul armies during the extensive con-
 quests of Zingis Khan and his successors †. 4. The allies, though finally
 defeated in the war, obtained the rights of Roman citizens, which they
 had so eagerly desired. But they obtained this honour only to partici-
 pate with Rome in all the calamities of which their own revolt had been
 the principal cause; and to ruin that republic and themselves. Genera's
 Vol. II. G g commanding

† See Reflexions on Ancient Nations, by Mr. Fréret, in the eigh-
 teenth volume of the Memoirs of the Academy of Belles Lettres.

1763. Des généraux armés au milieu de l'Italie; l'Italie elle-même devenue une seule ville, dont les citoyens ne l'étoient que par une espèce de fiction, tout lui annonçoit et lui paroit des fers. Que les alliés ont dû regretter ce bonheur obscur et tranquille, dont ils jouissoient sans en connoître le prix! Les cent vingt ans écoulés entre la seconde guerre Punique et la guerre sociale, ont vu fleurir les peuples d'Italie sous le plus doux de tous les gouvernemens. Ils avoient perdu ce malheureux droit de la guerre et de la paix, qui ne leur étoit plus nécessaire. Tranquilles sous la protection des Romains, ils n'avoient rien à craindre des étrangers; s'il survenoit quelque dispute parmi eux, la décision d'un sénat, qui les voyoit tous du même œil, les dispensoit de la triste nécessité de recourir aux armes. Pour tant de bienfaits, l'Italie entière ajoutoit aux légions, un corps d'infanterie égal à celui qu'on tiroit de la seule ville de Rome, et le double de cavalerie*. Tribut léger, et qui d'ailleurs en aguerissant la jeunesse des alliés, les rendoit respectables aux Romains eux mêmes. Tous les autres droits qui peuvent servir au bonheur des peuples, la justice, la police, l'économie

* T. Live, L. xxii. C. 36. Il paroît par beaucoup de passages de cet auteur, que c'étoit la proportion la plus ordinaire. Velleius Paternulus doit exagérer un peu, quand il parle du double des troupes. L. ii. C. 15.

commanding armies in the heart of Italy, and Italy converted into one city, whose inhabitants were citizens only by a kind of fiction, were circumstances which too plainly prepared the way for slavery. How much must the allies have regretted that tranquillity and happy obscurity, which they had long enjoyed without knowing its value! During the period of an hundred and twenty years that elapsed from the second Punic, to the Social war, the nations of Italy flourished under the mildest of all governments. They had lost that unhappy right of making war on each other, which was no longer necessary for their defence. Secure under the protection of the Romans, they had nothing to fear from invaders. Their domestic disputes were settled by the senate, who beheld them all with the same paternal eye, and whose interposition liberated them from the miserable necessity of having recourse to arms. In return for these benefits, the whole of Italy supplied a body of infantry equal to that drawn from the single city of Rome, and double the number of cavalry†; a light contribution in itself, and which, by giving a military turn to their youth, tended to render them respectable to the Romans. Their

† T. Livius, L. xxii. C. 36. It appears from several passages of this author, that this was the ordinary proportion. Velleius Paternulus exaggerates a little, when he speaks of double the number of troops. L. ii. C. 15.

l'économie politique, ils les possédoient en toute souve-
raineté. Ils ne voyoient point de ces gouverneurs, dont
l'insolence égaloit l'avarice, toutes leurs affaires évoquées
à la capitale, et un mur d'airain qui séparait à jamais le
citoyen et le sujet. On refusoit la bourgeoisie Romaine
aux cités, mais dès qu'un particulier faisoit paroître une
ambition justifiée par les talens, la république con-
noissoit trop bien ses intérêts pour ne pas la lui accorder.
J'écris dans le Pays de Vaud. Ses habitants doivent être
contens de leur état. Qu'on le compare cependant à
celui de ces peuples d'Italie. Je sens qu'ils étoient ex-
cités de quelques avantages dans la vie privée, dans les
mariages, les testamens, &c. que l'orgueil seul des
citoyens empêcha de leur communiquer. Je vois même
qu'ils avoient à se plaindre de quelques actes de violence,
surtout dans les derniers tems; et je sais que de pareils
maux frappent plus vivement, que tous les avantages
généraux qu'on doit aux loix dont on s'appergoit à peine.
5. Les Italiens oublièrent la prudence dans cette prise
d'armes; oublièrent ils aussi la justice? Pouvoient ils
justifier leur refus d'observer les anciens traités, et le
soulevement qu'occasiona ce refus? Je ne vais point
approfondir une question aussi étendue qu'elle est difficile.
J'essayerai cependant de poser quelques principes. Les
traités qu'un corps de nation fait avec un corps étranger
doivent

Their authority was sovereign, as to all other matters which contribute
to the happiness of nations, namely, the affairs of justice, police, and
political economy. They had not to endure the tyranny of governors,
as insolent as rapacious; their law-suits were not carried by appeal to the
capital; and a wall of brass did not form an unsurmountable barrier be-
tween the citizen and the subject. They were debarred indeed collectively
from the rights of Roman citizens; but whenever an individual proved
that his ambition was justified by his merit, Rome was too attentive to
her interests not to acknowledge him for her own. † I write in the Pays
de Vaud. Its inhabitants ought to be contented with their condition;
yet it will not gain by a comparison with that of the people of Italy. I
know that some advantages were withholden from that people by the
pride of the Romans, as to the concerns of private life, marriages, testa-
ments, &c. I perceive also that they had reason to complain of some
acts of violence, especially in latter times; and I am sensible that such
things are more striking to the fancy, than all the general advantages
derived from the operation of good laws, which pass almost unobserved.
5. In undertaking this war, the allies were guilty of imprudence; were
they also unjust? Could they justify their refusal to observe their former
treaties, and the insurrection which their refusal produced? I do not mean
completely to discuss a question as extensive as it is difficult. I will
endeavour,

† Tacit. Annal. xi. 24.

1763

doivent lier leurs héritiers, et leurs successeurs, puisqu'il faut toujours supposer qu'ils n'ont pris des engagements onéreux, qu'à proportion des avantages qu'on leur a accordés; et que ceux qui ont recueilli les bénéfices des uns, doivent supporter le fardeau des autres. Il n'en est pas de même dans ces contrats qu'un peuple est censé faire avec ses chefs. Ceux-ci méritent à peine ce nom. Ils sont destitués d'une condition essentielle à tout traité: l'indépendance mutuelle des parties, et le pouvoir de stipuler les avantages respectifs. C'est plutôt une résolution commune, qui ne tire sa force que de la volonté du corps qui l'a faite. 2. La validité d'un traité est fondée sur la volonté des contractans. Cette volonté a dû être libre. On convient sans peine que toute violence qui agit sur le corps, ne peut produire que des actes nuls et sans valeur. Mais cette violence ne gêne pas la volonté, elle l'anéantit. Il y a une violence plus douce, que nous éprouvons tous les jours, qui n'agit sur la volonté, qu'en lui présentant le choix presque nécessaire du bonheur ou du malheur. Jamais particulier, jamais nation, n'a pris des engagements que par ce motif universel. Ou le droit naturel doit reconnoître qu'il peut subsister avec la liberté, ou la fidélité à ses promesses, n'est plus qu'une vertu vaine et idéale. Si la crainte d'un autre côté, ne détruit pas

endeavour, however, to establish the following principles. 1. The treaties entered into by the general assemblies of two nations ought to bind their heirs and successors; because it is not presumable that either party has agreed to submit to any inconvenience without obtaining some advantage in return; and he who reaps the benefit of one part of a contract, ought to bear the burden contained in the other. The same principle does not apply to treaties entered into between nations and their leaders. These treaties hardly deserve the name, being destitute of a condition essential to the validity of every contract; namely, the mutual independence of the parties, and their power to provide for their respective advantages. They deserve the name rather of general resolutions than of treaties, and derive their force merely from the will of those by whom they were embraced. 2. The validity of a treaty is founded on the will of the contracting parties. That will ought to be free. It will be granted that every kind of violence, affecting the body, renders a contract null; for such violence does not merely constrain, but annihilates the will. But there is a milder violence which we daily experience, that acts on the will by presenting it with the almost necessary alternative of happiness or misery. It rarely happens that individuals or nations undertake engagements, unless when they are impelled by this universal motive. The law of nature must either allow that this violence is consistent with liberty, or fidelity to our engagements will be reduced to an empty

pas les engagements qu'elle fait prendre, l'honnête homme sera la victime de sa vertu, et les scélérats auront bientôt acquis un droit légitime sur tous les biens de la terre. Au moyen d'une distinction simple et facile, on peut éviter tous ces écueils. On n'est obligé de tenir sa promesse, qu'à l'égard de ceux qui auroient eu le droit de nous faire éprouver ces maux dont ils nous menaçoient. Ces maux changent alors de nature. Le mal que nous évitons devient un bien réel qu'il nous accordent, un avantage qui sert de base aux traités, et de contrepoids aux engagements que nous prenons. 3. Puisque la société n'est que la réunion de tous les droits, et de toutes les volontés particulières, il s'ensuit que la société en corps, jouit de toutes les prérogatives que les individus possédoient dans l'état de nature. Le droit de conservation est le premier de tous. Il renferme nécessairement celui de se défendre contre toute violence étrangère, d'employer la force pour repousser la force, et de rejeter sur l'agresseur injuste tous les maux, et jusqu'à la mort même, dont il nous menaçoit. Dans les sociétés politiques les mêmes droits ne peuvent que subsister; le magistrat est armé de la force publique pour faire la guerre, non point aux individus, mais aux membres de la société ennemie, dont ils ne sont que les instruments. C'est la société qu'il attaque. Si sa cause est juste, si la haine et la violence de son antagoniste, ne lui laisse de sûreté que dans sa mort, il agit en homme naturel;

empty name. On the other hand, if fear does not nullify a promise, honesty must be its own victim, and robbers will acquire a right to all the goods of the earth. These difficulties may be removed by the following easy and simple distinction. Promises are binding only with respect to those who were entitled to inflict the evils with which they threatened us. These evils not being inflicted, change their nature, and become real goods bestowed on us, which serve as a sufficient basis to treaties; being a proper compensation for the burdens to which we engage to submit. 3. Society reuniting in the body politic the rights and wills of individuals, the community at large enjoy all the rights which were enjoyed by individuals in a state of nature. The right of self-preservation holds the first place. It necessarily includes the right of self-defence, of repelling force by force, and of subjecting the unjust aggressor to all the evils with which he threatens us, even to death itself. This right therefore still subsists in communities; the magistrate is entrusted with the national force to make war, not against individuals, but against the members of a foreign community, of which individuals are merely the instruments. He attacks the community only. If his cause is just, and the hatred and violence of his antagonist renders his death necessary to his own safety, he then exercises the rights of nature, and takes away his life; that is, his civil

1763

rely it lai ôte la vie, c'est à dire la vie civile; la constitution politique; il le subjugué. Voilà le droit de conquête. Si le vainqueur se sert de ce droit d'un jet rigoureux, et que le peuple soumis le reconnoisse pour son maître, je croirois qu'il est obligé de tenir ses engagements par lesquels il s'est acquis la paix publique. Mais de ce point, le lien peut être le plus foible de la foi des hommes, je vois deux genres de traités, qui s'éloignent insensiblement de leur source, et qui se fortifient en s'en éloignant. Dans le premier, à mesure que la conquête est moins complète, l'obligation diminue; mais l'égalité augmente, jusqu'à ce qu'on remonte à cet état d'indépendance, où les deux sociétés ont agi, avec la liberté la plus entière, dans leurs conventions reciproques. De l'autre côté, si le vainqueur, maître de détruire la société ennemie, la laisse subsister, la convention acquiert de la force, à proportion des avantages qu'il pouvoit leur ôter, et qu'il leur a conservés. Ce que j'ai déjà dit des peuples de l'Italie, peut faire comprendre quelle validité ces sages vainqueurs, ces Romains, avoient su donner à leurs traités. 4. Mais leur avoient ils donné (me dira-t-on) la première de toutes les conditions? Le droit de conquête n'est fondé que sur la justice, qualité assez étrangère à ces brigands de l'univers. J'évite les discussions, il me faut ici des principes, et non pas des faits. Dans notre état d'erreur, de vice, et de foiblesse, on est souvent obligé de

civil life, by subduing and destroying the constitution of his country. On this principle the right of conquest is founded. If the conqueror exercise his right in all its rigour, and the conquered acknowledge him for their master, I think they are bound to maintain inviolate an engagement by which they have acquired the benefit of public tranquillity. But from this point, which is perhaps the feeblest bond of human probity, two kinds of treaties gradually diverge, and gradually gain strength as they remove from their source. The first is that, where, in proportion as the conquest is less complete, the necessity of contracting the obligation is indeed diminished, but the equality between the parties is increased to that perfect independence, which leaves them at the full liberty of their own wills in their respective engagements. If the conqueror, on the other hand, having it in his power to destroy his enemies, has thought proper to save them, the contract acquires a degree of force proportional to the advantages which he might have taken away, but which he has been pleased to leave. The observations formerly made concerning the happy state of the people of Italy, sufficiently show how much validity the wisdom of the Roman conquerors had given to their treaties with the vanquished. 4. But it will be asked, had these treaties the most essential of all conditions? The right of conquest ought to be founded on justice; a virtue to which those robbers of the earth were strangers. I wish not to enter into historical discussions, because I am in quest, not of facts,

de renoncer à la vérité réelle, pour s'attacher à une vérité de convention, qui est seule à notre portée. C'est ainsi que parmi les individus, ou parmi les sociétés indépendantes, la raison nous permet l'examen sur les fondemens de leur autorité, et la défend sur l'exercice qu'ils en font. Il en est du droit de faire la guerre, comme de celui de profiter de ses conquêtes; l'un et l'autre n'appartiennent qu'au parti de la justice. Mais comme notre raison n'a souvent pas assez de lumières pour le distinguer, et qu'elle ne peut jamais avoir l'autorité nécessaire pour faire accepter sa sentence, elle est obligée de supposer cette justice à l'un et à l'autre, et de leur accorder tous les droits qui y sont attachés.

Je me suis ferré autant que j'ai pu. J'ai évité les réflexions accessoires, les conséquences, et surtout les applications. Mais je ne puis que donner mes conclusions contre les alliés.

En tout cas, on ne pourroit que condamner Velleius Patereulus. Après avoir reconnu la justice des prétensions des alliés †, il ose louer la conduite de Minatius Magius, un de ses ancêtres, qui demeura fidèle aux Romains, qui leva une légion lui même, et qui se distingua dans les sièges d'*Herculaneum*, de *Pompeii*, et de *Casa* ‡. Mais ce Minatius, l'appui de ses tyrans selon Velleius, ne pouvoit être fidèle à Rome sans être traître à *Asculum*. On

facts, but of principles. In our present state of error, vice, or weakness, we are often obliged to give up absolute truths, for those that are merely conventional, because the only truths within our reach. It is thus that, with regard both to individuals and societies, reason allows us to examine the foundation of their authority, but not to find fault with the manner in which they are pleased to exercise it. Both the right, and the exercise of that right, ought to be founded on justice; but as our reason is not always able to distinguish wherein that justice consists, we are obliged to suppose it on the side of those whose power we are unable to resist.

I have endeavoured to be as concise as possible, avoiding reflections merely accessory; consequences; and, above all, applications. On the whole, I am forced to give sentence against the allies.

But on every supposition, Velleius Patereulus is blameable. After acknowledging the just pretensions of the allies †, he has the impudence to praise the conduct of Minatius Magius, one of his own ancestors, who, maintaining his fidelity to the Romans, raised a legion for their service, and distinguished his valour in the sieges of *Herculaneum*, *Pompeii*, and *Casa* ‡. But this Minatius, who, according to Velleius, was the defender of tyrants, could not approve his fidelity to Rome, without being a traitor

† Vell. Patereul. l. ii. C. 12. ‡ Ibid. C. 16.

1763. voit bien que l'adulateur de Séjan, étoit peu propre à juger des grands principes du droit naturel.

Novembre 22.]—J'ai lu la suite d'un extrait dans le deuxième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*, dont le commencement est l'*Histoire de Servet*, rédigée par M. Alevoerde, sous les yeux du fameux Mosheim. Le journaliste, (qui pourroit être M. de la Chapelle,) ajoute beaucoup de recherches et d'observations sur cet événement singulier, qui sont d'un prix fort au dessus du livre lui-même. Les deux auteurs avoient fort maltraité Calvin. Le journaliste les relance vigoureusement, et n'attribue cet acharnement qu'à un zèle Lutherien, qui en vouloit au patriarche des Calvinistes. Le supplice de Servet ne peut se justifier; mais Calvin n'a point agi dans cette affaire par des motifs humains, mais par un zèle mal entendu, par un attachement à des maximes meurtrières à la vérité, mais qui étoient les maximes de toutes les églises Chrétiennes. Cependant il y a encore bien des choses à dire. 1. Tous les exemples qu'on a ramassés, tant d'églises, tant de théologiens, qui se sont déclarés pour la punition des hérétiques, sont un hors d'œuvre ici. Jamais les principes et les actions des hommes, ne sont plus différents, que lorsque les principes sont opposés aux sentimens naturels de l'humanité. Le cœur corrige les erreurs de l'esprit. Un caractère humain, sous les influences d'un faux zèle, condamnera l'hérétique au

to Afculam. It is plain, that the flatterer of Sejanus was not a fit judge, of the great principles concerning the law of nations.

November 2.]—I read the continuation of an extract in the second volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*, containing the history of Servetus written by Mr. Alevoerde, under the eyes of the famous Mosheim. The journalist (perhaps Mr. de la Chapelle) has many observations and researches concerning this extraordinary transaction, which are far more valuable than the book itself. The two authors had treated Calvin with great severity. The reviewer repels their attacks, which he ascribes to the rancour of Lutheran zeal against the patriarch of the Calvinists. The punishment of Servetus cannot indeed be justified; but, in this business, Calvin was not actuated by worldly motives, but by a mistaken religious zeal, and a respect for maxims which, though cruel and sanguinary, were acknowledged and avowed by all Christian churches. But many observations still remain to be made. 1. The examples of churches and theologians who declare in favour of the punishment of heretics, are nothing to the present question. Men's actions are never less guided by their principles, than when those principles run counter to the natural sentiments of humanity. The heart here corrects the errors of the understanding. A man of a humane character, under the influence of a false zeal, will in his closet

au supplice dans son cabinet, mais le conduira-t-il lui-même au bucher? Pour ne pas être effrayé au moment de répandre le sang innocent, il faut un cœur dur et sans pitié. 2. Je conviens que le zèle d'une conscience erronée est bien puissant. Il fera taire la voix de la pitié, mais étouffera-t-il ses murmures? Ne verra-t-on pas dans le malheureux théologien un combat entre la religion et l'humanité? Ne s'apercevra-t-on pas par sa douleur et sa tristesse, avec combien de regret il fait répandre le sang de son frère. Brutus vit que la liberté, ou ses fils alloient périr. Il prononça l'arrêt de ses fils; mais s'il les avoit envoyés au supplice sans effort, et sans douleur, on diroit avec raison que sa ferocité naturelle, l'empêchoit de sentir la grandeur du sacrifice, ou qu'il le faisoit plutôt à sa haine et à sa vengeance, qu'au bien de la patrie. Je ne vois dans la conduite de Calvin qu'une dureté affreuse à l'égard de Servet; il l'accable d'invectives; il tremble que sa victime ne lui échappe, et c'est avec une espèce de triomphe qu'il annonce sa condamnation. Mais Servet épargna assez peu le théologien de Genève. Je le fais. Mais l'un accable d'injures un malheureux qu'il a mis dans les fers, pendant que l'autre laisse exhaler trop amèrement le sentiment de ses maux. Malheur au cœur qui ne sent pas cette différence! 3. Quelques années auparavant, Servet avoit communiqué à Calvin toutes

closet condemn a heretic to death; but will he drag him to the stake? Not to shudder at the shedding of innocent blood, requires a heart totally insensible to pity. 2. I acknowledge the power of false zeal and an erroneous conscience. It is sufficient to silence the voice of pity; but can it stifle its murmurs? Will not the unhappy theologian feel a combat in his own breast between religion and humanity? Will not the outward expressions of sorrow indicate how deeply he is afflicted to shed his brother's blood? Brutus saw that the death of his sons was necessary to save the liberty of Rome. He pronounced the fatal sentence; but had he sent them to punishment without any emotions of grief, it might have been justly said that his natural ferocity hindered him from perceiving the magnitude of the sacrifice that he had made, and even that he had sacrificed them rather to his own hatred and vengeance than to the safety of his country. In Calvin's behaviour, I can see nothing but the most abominable cruelty. He loads Servetus with invectives, he fears lest his victim should escape from his hands; and, in a tone of triumph, passes on him his sentence of condemnation. But Servetus did not spare the Geneva divine. I know it. But the one loaded with reproaches a wretch whom he had confined in irons; the other only breathed out too loudly his agonies of suffering. Hard must be the heart which does not feel the difference! 3. A few years before, Servetus had communicated to Calvin all his religious opinions. Their epistolary correspondence

1763.

toutes ses opinions. Cette controverse épistolaire dura pendant quelque tems. Lorsque Servet fut arrêté à Vienne, Calvin envoya aux magistrats toutes ses lettres. Je lui reproche ici d'avoir manqué à la probité d'un honnête homme, d'avoir violé la promesse tacite du secret qui est toujours supposé dans un pareil commerce, et d'avoir profité de la franchise de cet Espagnol pour le perdre. 4. Il faut se rappeler la situation de Calvin à Genève. Législateur d'une république nouvelle, il subissoit le sort des innovateurs. Une faction nombreuse, ayant en tête le premier Syndic, le poussoit avec acharnement, et ce parti, voyant que leur ministre poursuivait Servet, avoit épousé son parti. Le procès de l'hérétique étoit le procès de Calvin; le journaliste avoue ingénument, que Calvin étoit perdu, si Servet ne périssoit. Les amis du premier reconnoissent qu'il étoit opiniâtre, fier, et jaloux de son autorité. Qu'ils en tirent eux-mêmes la conséquence. Il falloit que le trône du réformateur, fût cimenté du sang de Servet. 5. Dans une lettre écrite à un ami intime, Calvin ne dissimule point son espérance, que Servet seroit condamné à mort; il souhaite, cependant, qu'on adoucisse la rigueur de sa peine, qu'on lui épargne apparemment le supplice du feu. Il l'éprouva cependant ce supplice, et Calvin étoit tout puissant à Genève. Ou ce réformateur a trahi la vérité par une
noire

correspondence was of considerable duration. But when Servetus was seized at Vienna, Calvin sent all his letters to the magistrates. In this instance, he may justly be reproached with having violated the tacit promise which is always supposed in such a correspondence, and which an honest man would have held sacred, instead of availing himself of the frankness of this Spaniard, for the purpose of destroying him. 4. We must recollect Calvin's situation in Geneva. He was the legislator of a new republic, and experienced the difficulties incident to innovators. A numerous faction, headed by the first syndic, pressed on him with rancour, and espoused the cause of Servetus because Calvin was his enemy. The latter was sensible that the process of Servetus was his own: and the reviewer ingenuously confesses, that unless Servetus perished, Calvin was ruined. Calvin's friends acknowledge that he was opinionative, haughty, and jealous of his authority. Let themselves draw the consequence. It was necessary that the throne of the reformer should be cemented with the blood of Servetus. 5. In a letter written to an intimate friend Calvin does not dissimble his hopes that Servetus would be soon condemned to death. He wishes, however, that he may escape the utmost rigour of that punishment; probably, that he might not be burnt alive. Yet this very rigour was afterwards approved by himself; and that at a time when he was all-powerful at Geneva. Either this reformer concealed
his

1703.

noire hypocrisie, et par une douceur d'inquisiteur, ou quelques motifs très-différents de la religion, l'a empêché de solliciter une grâce que sa conscience l'obligeoit de demander au magistrat, et qu'il auroit sûrement obtenue. 6. En rassemblant ces circonstances, et en les combinant avec le caractère connu de Calvin, ne conclura-t-on pas qu'un cœur dur et farouche, une âme ambitieuse, la haine pour un homme qui frondoit ses opinions, et qui méprisoit ses instructions, s'étoient joints au zèle religieux, pour engager Calvin à poursuivre le malheureux Servet? M. de Voltaire avoit donc raison, quand il a dit que Calvin avoit l'âme atroce et l'esprit éclairé.

Novembre 3.]—J'ai lu *Cluver Ital. Antiq. L. ii. C. xv, xvi. p. 762—786*; fin du premier tome. Il achève la nation des *Marfi*, et parcourt ensuite le pays rude et montagneux des *Equi*, qui donnèrent tant de peine aux Romains dans le commencement de leur état. *Alba Fucentina* étoit une colonie Romaine dans le territoire des *Marfi*, sur les bords du Lac *Fucinus*. Comme le pays étoit agréable, et que la situation au milieu des terres le rendoit fort assuré, le sénat y envoyoit souvent des prisonniers d'état, des rois vaincus et détronés, à qui on vouloit accorder une prison douce et aisée. Persée, roi de Macédoine, y mourut; on lui fit un enterrement public: traitement bien différent de celui qu'éprouva le malheureux Jugurtha,

his real sentiments under dark hypocrisy and inquisitorial mildness, or motives very different from those of religion hindered him from soliciting from the magistrates a favour, which his conscience obliged him to demand, and which he was sure would not have been refused. 6. When we collect and combine all these circumstances with the acknowledged character of the reformer, can we doubt that a hard and cruel heart, an ambitious soul, and hatred towards the man who despised his instructions, and impeached his opinions, united with religious zeal in impelling Calvin to persecute the unfortunate Servetus? Voltaire therefore is right, when he says, that Calvin had an enlightened mind, but an atrocious soul.

November 3.]—I read *Cluverius Ital. Antiq. L. ii. C. xv, xvi. p. 762—786*; where the first volume ends. He concludes his account of the *Marfi*, and then describes the rude and mountainous country of the *Equi*, whom it cost the Romans, in the infancy of their state, so much trouble to conquer. *Alba Fucentina* was a Roman colony in the territory of the *Marfi*, on the banks of the lake *Fucinus*. The pleasantness of the country, and the security of its inland situation, made the Romans often send thither prisoners of state, conquered and dethroned kings, to whom they wished to give, instead of a prison, a soft and comfortable retreat. Persius, king of Macedon, died there, and was honoured with a public funeral; a treatment very different from that of the unfortunate Jugurtha,

1763.

Jugurtha, qu'on précipita dans le *Carcer Tullianus*, pour le laisser expirer de faim et de froid. La raison de cette différence sera expliquée ailleurs*.

Novembre 4.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier L. iii. C. i. p. 787—820*. Il est enfin arrivé à la partie la plus intéressante de l'Italie; le Latium et les environs de la capitale; mais, avant que d'entrer dans ce détail, il faut essuyer des préliminaires assez ennuyeux; les *Oenotri*, les *Siculi*, les *Pelagii*, et les *Aborigines*, recherches obscures, où le fil nous échappe à chaque instant des mains. Cluvier n'avoit point assez de netteté dans l'esprit, ni assez de critique pour débrouiller cette antiquité reculée, dont Fréret n'a pu résoudre les difficultés, qu'en les dissimulant.

J'ai achevé le vingt huitième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y trouve *Histoire de la Société de Jésus*: mauvaise rapsodie de contes assez connus, qui suppose partout, peut-être avec raison, que la crédulité du public, et la méchanceté des Jésuites, sont sans bornes. Elle est au reste mal écrite, sans méthode, et remplie de hors-d'œuvres.—*Défense de la Traduction de l'Histoire du Concile de Trente, par le père le Courayer*. Le journaliste s'emporte contre cet écrivain aimable, pour avoir accepté le titre de

Docteur.

* Voyez Pièces Détachées, No. 7.

Jugurtha, who was thrown into the *Carcer Tullianus*, to die of cold and hunger. The reason for this difference will be explained elsewhere †.

November 4.]—I read Cluverius, L. iii. C. i. p. 787—820. He comes at length to the most interesting part of Italy; Latium, and the neighbourhood of the capital; not however without leading us through the tiresome round of the *Oenotri*, *Siculi*, *Pelagii*, and *Aborigines*; in which obscure researches the thread of connection is always slipping through our hands. Cluverius had not that clearness and criticism necessary for unravelling the perplexities of those remote antiquities; the difficulties of which Fréret has eluded, because he was not able to resolve them.

I finished the twenty-eighth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains the *History of the Jesuits*: an idle rhapsody of well known stories, the belief of which supposes, perhaps with good reason, unbounded wickedness in the Jesuits, and unbounded credulity in the public. This work, besides, is ill-written; without method, and deformed by digressions.—*Defence of the Translation of the History of the Council of Trent, by Father Courayer*. The reviewer is angry at this amiable writer for accepting of the degree of Doctor from the university of Oxford, although he was not a protestant. Yet, without coming to a perfect identity of opinions, the two religions nearly meet; the university carrying to the utmost

† See Detached Pieces, No 7.

1763.

Docteur de l'université d'Oxford, sans être protestant. Cependant à moins que de vouloir une identité de sentiments, l'université, à force d'outrer les doctrines Anglicanes, et le père le Courayer, en adoucissant celles de Rome, s'étoient approchés d'assez près.—*Gesta Danorum extra Daniam*, par Pontoppidan : recueils curieux de vérités et de fables, pour servir à la gloire d'une nation qui n'avoit besoin que des premières.—*Commentaire du P. Hardouin, sur le Nouveau Testament*. Il veut que la Vulgate soit l'original, dont on a fait cette version, que nous appellons le texte Grec.—*Machiavel Républicain*. Dans cette défense l'on emploie l'argument banal, que Machiavel n'a fait son *prince*, que pour inspirer aux Médicis des maximes qui les rendissent odieux à tout le monde ; mais on l'affoiblit encore, en prouvant qu'il a écrit ce traité avant leur usurpation.—*Antiquités de la Nation Française*, par M. le Gendre. Savantes, mais sans critique. J'aime le bon Le Gendre, qui reconnoît les Scythes libres d'Hérodote, pour les ancêtres des François, à leurs égards pour les Amazones.—*Discours politiques de M. Gordon ; et Parallèle des François et des Romains*, par l'Abbé Mably. Voilà deux écrivains qui se sont acquis une grande réputation ; l'un par la fierté de sa marche, et par son enthousiasme ; l'autre par un air d'honnête homme, et par son ton sec et raisonneur. Je ne leur ai jamais trouvé
cependant,

utmost length the opinions of the Anglican church, and the Father Courayer softening as much as possible those of the church of Rome.—*Pontoppidan's Gesta Danorum extra Daniam* : a curious collection of truths and fable to raise the glory of a nation, which required only the former.—*Hardouin's Commentary on the New Testament*. He pretends that the Vulgate is the true original, of which the Greek text is only the translation.—*Machiavel a Republican*. The author makes use of the vulgar argument, viz. that Machiavel wrote his *Prince* to inspire the Medicis with maxims that must render them universally odious ; but this argument is destroyed by proving that treatise to have been written before their usurpation.—*Antiquities of the French Nation by M. Le Gendre* : learned, but without criticism. The simplicity of the good Le Gendre discovers the Scythians to be the ancestors of the French from their polite behaviour to the Amazons.—*Political Discourses, by Mr. Gordon ; and a Parallel of the French with the Romans, by the Abbé Mably*. These two writers have gained a great reputation ; the one by boldness and enthusiasm, the other by his appearance of honesty and calm reasoning. Yet I have never been able to discover in their works any thing but common place. I have been in
company

5763. cependant, que des idées fort romanesques. J'ai vu le dernier, je puis répondre que son goût pour la monarchie, s'est bien ralenti depuis une vingtaine d'années. [November 5.]—J'ai lu *Cluverius Ital. Antiq. L. iii. C. ii. p. 820—870*. Il y joue plutôt le rôle d'antiquaire et de critique, que celui de géographe, qui lui convenoit bien mieux. Par une incrédulité inconnue aux Pouilly et aux Beaufort, il relegue toute l'histoire des premiers siècles de Rome, dans la classe de fictions. Il fait main basse sur les rois de Rome, aussi bien que sur ceux d'Albe. Il ne croit pas plus à Romulus qu'à Enée; les contradictions des écrivains sur les origines de Rome, la grossièreté des premiers Romains, l'histoire peu vraisemblable de la naissance et de l'éducation de leur fondateur; voilà ses armes qu'il rassemble avec savoir, mais dont il se sert assez mal adroitement. Après avoir renversé le système reçu, il expose le sien. Quand les Aborigènes sortirent du pays des Sabins, pour attaquer les *Siculi*, ils avoient pour alliés, une colonie Pelasgique sortie de l'Arcadie. La conquête achevée, le chef de ces Pelasges s'empara de *Valentia*, ville des *Siculi*, sur les bords du Tybre, et lui donna le nom de Rome. Ils se répandirent dans la suite, se mêlèrent aux Aborigènes, et formèrent la nation commune des Latins. Cet événement arriva plus de quinze siècles avant l'ère Chrétienne. C'est à ce chef Pelasgique, le véritable fondateur de Rome, qu'il faut rapporter le peu de

company with the latter, and can answer for it, that his admiration of monarchy has much cooled in the space of twenty years.

November 5.]—I read Cluverius *Ital. Antiq. L. iii. C. ii. p. 820—870*. He is here rather the critic and antiquary than the geographer, which last character becomes him far the best. With an incredulity beyond that of Pouilly and Beaufort, he regards the whole history of the first ages of Rome as fabulous. He dethrones the Roman, as well as the Alban kings; and has no more belief in Romulus than in Æneas; using learned arguments, weakly urged, drawn from the contradictory accounts of writers concerning the origin of Rome, the gross ignorance of the first Romans and the improbable circumstances told of the birth and education of their founder. Having overturned the received system, he proceeds to explain his own. When the Aborigines left the country of the Sabines to invade the *Siculi*, they were in alliance with a Pelasgic colony from Arcadia. The *Siculi* were conquered; and the leader of the Pelasgi took possession of *Valentia*, one of their towns on the banks of the Tiber, and gave it the name of Rome. The Pelasgi afterwards separated; and mixing with the Aborigines, formed with them the nation called Latins. This event happened fifteen centuries before the Christian era; and

de vérités, sur lesquelles on a bâti toutes les fables d'un Janus, d'un Evandre, d'un Enée, et d'un Romulus. Ce système est neuf; il a des côtés spécieux, mais qu'il est foible! Deux réflexions suffiront pour le détruire. 1. Peut-on comprendre que les Romains ayent perdu toute mémoire des huit premiers siècles de leur histoire; et que ne pouvant remonter plus haut que le huitième siècle avant Jésus Christ, ils ayent été obligés de cacher leur ignorance, sous la fable assez grossière qu'ils y ont placée, d'un prétendu fondateur? Beaucoup de villes ont inventé des fictions, pour reculer l'époque de leur fondation, pour se donner une origine plus ancienne et plus noble. Celle-ci en auroit-elle fabriqué une pour abrégier sa durée de sept cens soixante ans, pour substituer à la vérité, qui lui donnoit pour fondateurs les anciens Pelâsques, une fable honteuse, qui la peuple de bergers et de voleurs? Les Romains savoient, ils croyoient du moins, qu'Evandre s'étoit établi sur le Mont Palatin; s'ils ignoroient l'histoire des siècles intermédiaires, n'auroient-ils point su lier ces vérités éloignées par une chaîne de noms, de générations, et de fables, comme ils ont su placer une succession de rois Albains, pour remplir le vuide entre Enée et Romulus. On ne peut accorder à Cluvier toutes ces suppositions, qui lui sont nécessaires, sans porter l'ignorance et la grossièreté des premiers Romains, à un point inconcevable dans un peuple qui habitoit les villes et qui

and to this Pelasgic chief, the true founder of Rome, ought to be referred the few facts on the basis of which so many fables have been built concerning the supposed personages—Saturn, Janus, Evander, Æneas, and Romulus. This system is new, and in some parts specious; but it is so weak, that two reflections are sufficient to overturn it. 1. Can it be imagined that the Romans, having lost all memory of eight hundred years of their history, and not being able to go higher than the eighth century before Christ, should have been obliged to conceal their ignorance under the absurd fable which they gave out concerning their pretended founder? Many cities have invented fictions for the purpose of magnifying their antiquity and nobility. But the fable fabricated by the Romans, abridges their history by the period of 760 years, and substitutes for their ancient Pelasgic origin, a pretended descent from shepherds and robbers. The Romans knew, at least they believed, the settlement of Evander on Mount Palatine; and if they were ignorant of the transactions of the intermediate centuries, would not this space have been filled up by names, genealogies, and fables, such as were interposed to form the chain between Æneas and Romulus? These suppositions are necessary for Cluverius' system, but cannot be made without supposing in the first Romans a degree of gross ignorance, inconceivable in a nation inhabiting

1763. qui avoit l'usage des lettres. 2. Mais en les accordant à Clavier, elles ne prouveroient que contre lui. Cette ignorance, qui nous a défigurés l'histoire des Romains, n'auroit-elle pas anéanti celle des Pélasges, leurs ayeux si reculés? Quel privilège singulier que celui de ce peuple, dont on choisit des migrations; comme des faits dont il n'est pas permis de douter, et qui doivent servir à dissiper tous les nuages, toutes les fables dont on a obscurci l'histoire plus récente de leur descendans!

Le sort de l'hypothèse du savant géographe ne me paroît pas douteux; mais elle peut être chimérique, sans que l'histoire Romaine soit vraie. J'abandonne de bonne grâce au Pyrrhonisme historique, ou plutôt au mépris et à l'oubli, les hauts faits d'Enée, la colonie Troienne, les rois d'Albe, et la louve de Romulus. Mais quel degré de foi peut on ajouter à la première décade de Tite Live? Pour discuter une semblable question, il faudroit du loisir et des connoissances. Je n'ai ni l'un ni l'autre. Pour ouvrir cependant une route nouvelle dans un sujet presque épuisé, je dirai seulement; 1. Il faut se fixer, plus qu'on n'a fait, à des idées précises. Clavier lui-même avoueroit qu'on peut y découvrir quelques vérités ensevelies sous un amas de fables. L'Abbé Sallier ne disconvient pas que l'histoire Romaine n'ait subi le sort commun de toutes les histoires, dont la pureté est souillée par quelques

habiting cities, and enjoying the use of letters. 2. But these suppositions, if granted, would militate against the system which they are meant to establish. The same ignorance which obliterated the history of the Romans, must also have destroyed that of the Pelasgi, their remote ancestors. How extraordinary is the privilege granted to the latter nation, whose ancient migrations are supposed to be undoubted facts that admit not of dispute, and that ought to be employed for dissipating all the clouds that obscure the history of their more recent posterity.

The hypothesis of the learned geographer must fall to the ground; but the falseness of that hypothesis does not prove the Roman history to be true. I readily give up to historical scepticism, or rather to contempt and oblivion, the high exploits of Æneas, the Trojan colony, the king's of Alba, and the wolf of Romulus. But what degree of credit ought to be given to the first decade of Livy? To discuss fully such a question would require knowledge and leisure. I have neither of the two. Yet merely to break new ground on a question almost exhausted, I would observe; 1. That it requires greater precision of ideas, than has hitherto been aimed at. Cluverius would allow that some truths may be discovered amidst the heap of fables; and the Abbé Sallier would acknowledge that the Roman has shared the fate of all histories, whose purity has been corrupted by some actions. Before entering upon the controversy,

quelques fictions. Avant que d'entamer la controverse, 1763.
je donnerai mon symbole, et pour ne pas embrasser trop de terrain, je me bornerai aux faits énoncés dans les abrégés des dix premiers livres de Tite Live. Je me chargerois hardiment de leur défense, sans abandonner cependant celle de quelques détails qui me paroîtroient les plus vraisemblables. 2. Toutes les preuves externes sont épuisées. Sur les grandes annales, les mémoires domestiques, &c. il est difficile d'ajouter quelque chose aux argumens de M. M. Sallier et Fréret, et aux objections de M. M. de Pouilly et de Beaufort. Je changerois de batterie, et je me servirois plutôt des preuves que les théologiens ont appelé internes. J'établirais que les premiers historiens Romains étant du tems de la guerre d'Annibal, les fables qu'ils nous rapportent selon mes adversaires, ont dû être établies dans la foi publique, une cinquantaine d'années auparavant. Je combinerois la nature de ces fables avec l'état du peuple Romain, et j'examinerois s'il est vraisemblable qu'on eût inventé, et qu'on eût pu faire adopter des fables de cette espèce sous des circonstances pareilles.

Novembre 6.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. iii. C. iii. p. 870—900*. Il y parle des lieux maritimes du *Latium*. Ils étoient en petit nombre; mais on y voit les noms célèbres du fleuve *Numicus* et *Ofstie*, de *Laurentum* et de *Lavinium* (qu'on a souvent confondu avec *Lanuvium*).

Je

verfy, I shall give my own articles of faith; and not to expatiate in too wide a field, shall confine myself to the transactions related in the abridgment of the first books of Livy. I would venture to maintain that these transactions happened, without giving up some of the more probable circumstances with which they are said to have been accompanied. 2. The subject of the external proofs is exhausted. Concerning the great annals, the domestic memoirs, &c. nothing can be added to the arguments of Messrs. Sallier and Fréret on one side, and the objections of Messrs. Pouilly and Beaufort on the other. I would change the mode of attack, and make use of the proofs which divines call internal. My argument would be, that the first Roman historians having lived in the days of Hannibal, the fables which, according to my adversaries, they refuted, must have gained possession of the public fifty years before that period. I would combine the nature of those fables with the condition of the Romans, and examine whether it is likely that, under such circumstances, similar fables should either have been invented or believed.

November 6]—I read Cluverius *Ital. Antiq. L. iii. C. iii. p. 870—900*. He treats of the maritime places of *Latium*. They were few in number; we meet however with the celebrated names of the river *Numicus*, *Ofstia*, *Laurentum*, and *Lavinium*, often confounded with *Lanuvium*. I am

Vol. II.

H h

surprised

1763. Je suis surpris qu'il n'ait rien dit de la *Villa Laurentina* de Pline le jeune, que son possesseur a si bien décrite. Il auroit facilement pu en déterminer la situation, et placer fort à propos ces passages de Pline, qui nous représentent si vivement la face du pays. Je vois que selon Virgile, les Troyens remontèrent le Tybre, et qu'Enée appuya son premier camp sur la rivière; pendant que la foule des écrivains, fortifiée par la fable de la truie, et par quelques expressions assez vagues à la vérité du poëte lui même, place le débarquement d'Enée à l'embouchure du *Numicus*, auprès de cet endroit, où il bâtit peu de tems après la ville de *Lavinium*.

Novembre 7.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. iii. C. iv. p. 900—950*. L'auteur continue à décrire le *Latium*; la partie méditerranée renfermoit *Lanuvium*, *Aricia*, *Alba*, *Tusculum*, *Gabii*, &c. lieux célèbres dans les commencemens de Rome par la résistance que ces cités libres lui opposerent, et dans la suite par tant de belles *villa* dont les grands de la république, et les empereurs, remplirent tous les environs de la capitale. Toujours des fables Grecques: il n'y a presque point de ces villes aux quelles on n'ait donné un fondateur de cette nation. De toutes ces fictions assez mal imaginées, que les Grecs ont fabriquées sur les régions occidentales, et surtout l'Italie, il y en a quelques unes isolées, mais la plupart tiennent à l'un de ces trois événemens célèbres: le retour d'Hercule de

surprised he should omit to speak of Pliny the younger's *Laurentina villa*, which is so well described by its master. He might easily have ascertained its situation, and have very properly inserted those passages of Pliny, which exhibit so lively a picture of the circumjacent country. I perceive that Virgil makes the Trojans sail up the Tyber, and places Eneas' first camp on the banks of the river; whereas the greater part of writers, relying on the story of the sow, and some very vague expressions indeed of the poet himself, suppose that hero to have landed at the mouth of the *Numicus*, near to the place where he built shortly afterwards the city of *Lavinium*.

November 7.]—I read *Cluverius Ital. Antiq. L. iii. C. iv. p. 900—950*. The author continues to describe *Latium*; the inland country contained *Lanuvium*, *Aricia*, *Alba*, *Tusculum*, and *Gabii*; places famous during the first ages of Rome on account of their resistance to its arms; and afterwards, on account of the beautiful villas with which the great men of the republic, and the emperors, crowded the neighbourhood of the capital. Continually Greek fables; there is scarcely one of those cities which has not a supposed founder belonging to that nation. Of all those fables, often very ill-contrived by the Greeks, concerning western nations, especially Italy, there are some few that stand apart, but the greater number are connected with one or other of those three celebrated events; the

de son expédition Iberienne, les voyages des Argonautes, et ceux d'Ulysse.

1763

J'ai achevé le vingt neuvième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y trouve *De Traditione Principiorum Legis Naturalis*, par *Aufaldus*. La révélation primitive conservée par la tradition, ou par des principes que chaque individu ne peut que découvrir par lui même; ces deux systèmes, dis-je, produisent le même effet, mais ce dernier est plus simple, et convient mieux aux attributs du créateur.—*Histoire Universelle, par une Société de Gens de Lettres; premier et second Extrait*. On fait que le commencement de ce grand ouvrage est excellent. Le journaliste fait voir assez bien que la grêle, qui acheva la défaite des Cananéens, n'étoit qu'une grêle ordinaire, et que des historiens, qui y ont vu des pierres énormes formées et soutenues dans l'air jusqu'au moment de leur chute, sont des physiciens un peu trop crédules.—*Catalogue méthodique des Plantes Suisses, par Albert Haller*. Un ouvrage de botanique m'intéresse peu, mais M. de Haller m'intéresse beaucoup. Ce génie universel a su réunir le feu du poète avec la sagacité et la défiance du physicien: ses connoissances égalent ses talents. Une application soutenue lui fait tout dévorer; une conception facile le fait marcher d'un pas rapide; une mémoire heureuse jusqu'à renir du prodige, ne laisse rien échapper de ce qu'on lui a confié. Il y a quelques années qu'il soupa chez

the return of Hercules from his Iberian expedition, the voyages of the Argonauts, and those of Ulysses.

I finished the twenty-ninth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains *De Traditione Principiorum Legis Naturalis*, by *Aufaldus*. The primitive revelation, whether preserved by tradition, or by principles which each individual may discover by the exercise of his own reason, will be attended with the same consequences; but the latter hypothesis is more simple, and more consonant to the attributes of the Creator.—*The Universal History, by a Society of Men of Letters: first and second Extra*. The excellence of the first part of this great work is well known. The reviewer shows clearly that the hail-stones which completed the defeat of the inhabitants of Canaan, was only a storm of ordinary hail, and refutes the credulity of those historians who think that it consisted of large stones, formed and supported in the air 'till the moment of their fall.—*A methodical Catalogue of the Plants found in Switzerland, by Albert Haller*. I am little interested in a work on botany, but very much in Mr. Haller. This universal genius unites the fire of poetry, with the sagacity and discernment of the philosopher; his natural abilities are equal to his acquired knowledge. His memory is retentive to a degree almost miraculous. A few years ago he supped

1763.

chez M. de G. dont la mémoire n'est pas moins surprenante : on y parloit des affaires de Suède, des antiquités de Rome; et le littérateur redressoit toujours le voyageur. Parmi beaucoup d'admirateurs, il a cependant peu d'amis. A Gottingen, à Berne, au pays de Vaud, son caractère fier, violent, et ambitieux, a toujours révolté tout le monde. *Histoire de Guillaume le Conquérant, par l'Abbé Prevost.* J'y ai trouvé quelques morceaux d'un vieux chroniqueur, dont la naïveté m'a fait grand plaisir. *Histoire du Mont Vesuve, par l'Académie de Naples* : très curieuse. La chaleur des Lavanges, quand leur première fureur s'est amortie, est encore très supérieure au fer ardent.

Novembre 8.]—Me trouvant un peu incommodé, je n'ai rien fait que de lire un petit ouvrage que M. Pavillard m'avoit prêté. Il s'appelle *Lettres écrites de la Campagne*. Il roule sur les troubles de Genève, que je ne connois que comme tout le monde. Ces lettres sont d'un homme d'esprit, qui affecte un peu trop la manière de Montesquieu. Il se déclare pour le magistrat, et regarde comme un frein salutaire, cette approbation préalable du petit conseil, sans laquelle nulle affaire ne peut être portée devant l'assemblée générale. Il la compare à la voix négative du roi dans la constitution d'Angleterre. Mais quelle différence immense entre la voix négative qui précède la délibération, et celle qui la suit!

Novembre

with Mr. de G. whose memory is also surprising. The conversation turned on the affairs of Sweden, and the antiquities of Rome; and the scholar always corrected the traveller. With all his admirers, Hallet has but few friends. Wherever he has happened to reside, at Gottingen, Berne, or the Pays de Vaud, his harsh, haughty, and ambitious character has offended all his acquaintances.—*The History of William the Conqueror, by the Abbé Prevost.* I found in it some quotations from an old chronicle, the natural simplicity of which gave me great pleasure.—*History of Mount Vesuvius, by the Academy of Naples*: very curious. The heat of the lava, even after its first violence has abated, is far greater than that of red-hot iron.

November 8.]—Being unwell, I did nothing but read a small work which Mr. Pavillard had lent to me. It is entitled, *Lettres écrites from the Country*, and relates to the troubles of Geneva; concerning which I know nothing more than the public at large. These letters are written by a man of abilities, who affects too much however the style of Montesquieu. He is an advocate for the magistrates, and considers as a salutary check the previous approbation of the little council, before any bill can be proposed to the general assembly. This regulation he compares with the King's negative in the constitution of England. But there is a wide difference between a negative before, and after deliberation.

November

Novembre 11.] J'ai achevé le trentième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y trouve *Lettres de Cuper* ; savantes, et qui donnent une aussi bonne idée du cœur, que de l'esprit de ce savant Hollandois. — *Histoire Croüe du Royaume de Naples*, par M. Giannone. — La candeur, la pénétration, et la liberté de cet excellent juriconsulte, feront toujours estimer son ouvrage par tous les sages. Les ecclésiastiques ne sont pas de ce nombre. — *Poësies du Roi de Navarre* : le rang de l'auteur, l'antiquité de ces poësies, et plus encore leurs beautés réelles, leur donnent un très grand prix. — *Dissertation de M. Taylor, sur la Loi des Décmoïrs contre les Débiteurs insolubles*. L'idée n'est pas nouvelle. Il falloit vendre un tel débiteur, et partager le prix de l'esclave, et non pas l'esclave lui-même. Comme ce journal commence à s'humaniser un peu trop, on n'a point osé insérer le Latin, dont on peut à peine se passer dans cette discussion. — *Histoire Universelle* ; *Extrait troisième* : le journaliste ramasse beaucoup d'exemples curieux sur la force de la musique. — *Histoire Naturelle des Poissons*, par Klein : curieuse. — *Lettres du Comte d'Esttrades*. On y voit tous les ressorts de la politique Françoisë, et toute l'ambition de Louis XIV. — *Traité sur le Nombre des Habitans de la Hollande et de la West Frise*, par M. Kerseboom. Comme cet ouvrage curieux est en Hollandois, je m'étendrai un peu sur cet extrait. Voici le précis de ses observations. 1. Le nombre des enfans nés tous les

November 11.] I finished the thirtieth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains *Cuper's Letters*, which give as favourable an impression of the heart as of the understanding of this learned Dutchman. — *The Civil History of the Kingdom of Naples*, by Mr. Giannone. The candour, penetration, and freedom, of this excellent lawyer, will ever ensure to this work the esteem of all wise men. Churchmen are not always of the number. — *Poems, by the King of Navarre* : highly valuable, on account of the rank of the author, their antiquity, and their own real beauties. — *Taylor's Dissertation on the Law of the Decemoirs, against Insolvent Debtors*. His conclusion is not new. He thinks the debtor was sold as a slave, and the price received for him divided amongst his creditors, and not the slave himself. As this journal begins to grow too fashionable, the reviewer does not venture to insert the Latin, which cannot however easily be dispensed with in this discussion. — *Universal History*, third Extract. The reviewer collects a great number of curious examples on the power of music. — *Natural History of Fishes*, by Klein : curious. — *The Count d'Esttrades's Letters* lay open upon the strings of the French policy, and all the ambition of Louis XIV. — *A Treatise on the Number of Inhabitants in Holland and West Frisland*, by Mr. Kerseboom. As this curious work is in Dutch, I shall speak of it at some length. The result of his observation is, 1. The number of children born yearly amount

1763. les ans est 28,000. 2. Le total des habitans est de 980,000; c'est à dire dans la proportion de 35 à un, aux naissances. 3. Il y a dans cette province 169,000 couples de gens mariés. Après avoir défalqué un nombre convenable de bâtards, sur les 28,000 enfans, il resultera une proportion exacte, que sur treize mariages de tout âge, il y en a deux de procréans tous les ans. 4. M. Kerseboom a trouvé par ses combinaisons, que de deux personnes mariées entre les âges de 20 et de 50 ans il y a 13 chances contre 7, qu'au bout de 20 ans l'une ou l'autre des deux sera morte. 5. Sur 1400 enfans nouvellement nés, voici les vraisemblances pour le nombre, d'entre eux, qui restera en vie à chaque âge.

Age.	Resteront en vie.	Age.	Resteront en vie.
1	1125	60	382
10	895	70	245
20	817	80	100
30	711	90	10
40	605	95	1
50	507		

Novembre 12.]—J'ai lu un petit ouvrage nouveau, un poème en prose, nommé *Olivier*. Le style en est aisé, facile, et coulant; mais rarement assez élevé, pour mériter à l'ouvrage le nom de poème. Les détails sont intéressans; les aventures de cet Olivier, qui subjugué la haine du Comte à force de bienfaits, nous attachent, Celles

amount to 28,000. 2. The total of the inhabitants to 980,000; that is, in the proportion of 35 to 1, of the births. 3. The number of married couples is 169,000. After subtracting the bastards, it turns out that of thirteen married couples of all ages, two produce children yearly. 4. Mr. Kerseboom finds by his calculation, that of two persons that enter into wedlock between the ages of 20 and 50, it is 13 to 7 that one will die before the lapse of twenty years. 5. Of 1400 new-born children, the probable number of those who will remain alive at each of the assigned ages, is as follows:

Age.	Alive.	Age.	Alive.
1	1125	60	382
10	895	70	245
20	817	80	100
30	711	90	10
40	605	95	1
50	507		

November 12.]—I read a small new work, a poem in prose, intitled, *Olivier*. The style is easy and flowing, but rarely elevated to a pitch deserving the name of poetry. The story is interesting; we are pleased with the adventures of this Olivier, who subdues the Count's hatred by good

1763.

Celles d'Enguerrand et de son écuyer, nous amusent. Son aventure dans le village du Limousin, fait le pendant de Gil Blas, et de l'archevêque de Grenade. Elle est du vrai comique. Les voyages de Fleur d'Épine sont partout trop extravagans. L'île des musiciens n'est pas mauvaise; cependant toute la plaisanterie n'est fondée que sur un jeu de mots, et sur l'équivoque du mot *air*. Mais l'ordonnance du poëme est détestable. Ces recits, coupés par chants, et repris quand on les a presque oubliés, m'ont excédé. C'est la méthode de l'Arioste. Eh bien! la méthode de l'Arioste ne vaut rien; mais pourquoi confondre les écarts naturels d'un génie qui ne connoît point de règles, et le désordre étudié d'un esprit qui extravague avec méthode, et qui se gêne pour violer les loix qu'il connoît?

Novembre 14.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. iii. C. iv, v. p. 950—979*. L'auteur y parcourt les autres villes Méditerranées du Latium; *Tibur, Præneste, Gabii*. &c. Il passe delà aux *Rutuli*, qui occupoient un petit territoire entre les Latins, les Volsques, et la mer. Il paroît que cette petite tribu s'étoit détachée du corps politique des Latins, puisqu'elle ne participoit point aux sacrifices du Mont Albain, qui le réunissoit tous les ans. Mais les poëtes ont souvent confondu ces deux peuples, qui sembloient l'être déjà par la situation de leur pays et par

good offices. The characters of Enguerrand and his squire are amusing. His adventure in the village of the Limousin is a counterpart to that of Gil Blas with the Archbishop of Grenada. The travels of Fleur d'Épine are throughout too extravagant. The isle of musicians is not a bad fancy; but the whole pleasantry is founded on a pun, the double meaning of the word *air*. The arrangement of the poem is detestable. I am provoked to find the narrative continually broken into cantos; and those parts of it resumed which had been almost forgotten. The author has imitated Ariosto. That is true; but Ariosto's arrangement is good for nothing. Besides, we ought not to confound the natural wanderings of a great genius unacquainted with rules, and the studied disorder of a writer who is extravagant by design, and who gives himself much trouble to violate those laws of composition with which he is acquainted.

November 14.]—I read Cluverius, L. iii. C. iv, v. p. 950—979. The author treats of the other inland cities of Latium; *Tibur, Præneste, Gabii*, &c. He thence proceeds to the *Rutuli*, who inhabited a small district between the sea, the Latins, and the *Volsci*. This little community must have separated itself from the political confederacy of the Latins, since it did not participate in the sacrifices on Mount Alba, which the members of that confederacy annually met to celebrate. The poets, however, often confound those two nations; which were indeed nearly united by the situation of their territories and their common origin.

Ardea,

1763. par leur origine commune. La ville d'*Ardea* étoit la capitale des *Rutuli*, prise et incendiée par *Enée*. Les poètes la font sortir de ses cendres, pour se changer en oiseau. Quelle fable ! elle ne choque pas moins l'imagination que la raison. Mais le dogme général de la métempsychose, étoit très-métaphysique ; d'une métaphysique dont les conséquences s'épueroient, à mesure que les fictions devenoient plus absurdes. Notre religion nous assure de l'immortalité de l'âme. On y trouve son immatérilité ; mais le dogme de la résurrection du corps, nous fait regarder ce corps comme une partie essentielle de l'homme, et nous infinue que sans le secours de pareils organes, l'âme seroit incapable d'agir. Mais la doctrine de la métempsychose détache l'âme du corps qu'elle occupoit, sans lui ôter la moindre de ses facultés. Elle ne le doit qu'à elle-même, et l'homme toujours homme dans le corps d'un autre animal, peut penser, peut réfléchir, avec la même facilité que dans le sien. Dès qu'on a adopté ce dogme, on peut disputer sur la nature de cette âme, mais il faut convenir qu'elle n'a rien de commun avec le corps qu'elle habite.

Novembre 15.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. iii. C. vi, vii, viii. p. 979—1048*. Cluvier jette un coup d'œil sur le petit pays des *Herniques*, niché parmi les montagnes. Mais il décrit fort au long, les territoires étendus des *Volsques* : *Antium* en étoit la capitale. Ces peuples avoient une marine composée de vaisseaux légers, avec lesquels ils faisoient

Ardea, the capital of the *Rutuli*, was taken and burnt by *Eneas*; the poets feign that a bird flew from its ashes; a strange fable, as shocking to the fancy as to reason. But the dogma of the metempsychosis was extremely metaphysical; and of that kind of metaphysics, of which the consequences became the more refined in proportion to the absurdity of the fictions on which they were founded. Our religion assures us of the soul's immortality, and even immateriality; but the doctrine of the resurrection makes us consider the body as an essential part of the man, and tends to persuade us that without the assistance of organs, the soul would not be capable of action. The metempsychosis, on the contrary, separates the soul and body without depriving the former of any of its faculties. These faculties it owes only to itself; man is still a man; and in the body of another animal can think and reflect as well as in his own. When this opinion is adopted, though we may dispute concerning the nature of this soul, we must allow that it has nothing in common with the body which it inhabits.

November 15.]—I read *Cluverius Ital. Antiq. L. iii. C. vi, vii, viii. p. 979—1048*. He casts a glance on the little country of the *Hernici*, inclosed in the mountains; and describes at length the extensive territories of the *Volsci*, of which *Antium* was the capital. This nation had a marine, consisting of light vessels, with which they infested the

seas

faisoient des courses dans les mers de l'Italie, et de la Grèce. Alexandre se plaignit à Rome par ses ambassadeurs de ces déprédations; et les Romains essayèrent de les réprimer. Quel étoit cet Alexandre? Je pense que ce fut le roi d'Épire, qui fit la guerre en Italie, et que les colonies Grecques choisirent pour leur général et leur protecteur contre les barbares. Cet emploi devoit naturellement le mettre en liaison avec les Romains. Si quelques écrivains ont parlé d'une ambassade que le sénat envoya à Alexandre le Grand, ils auront confondu l'oncle et le neveu. L'autorité des anciens, aussi bien que la vraisemblance, m'engageront toujours à croire que le peuple Romain n'a point connu le conquérant de l'Asie.

Novembre 16.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. iii. C. ix. p. 1048—1062*. Il y est question de cette confusion de noms de peuples et de tribus, qu'il est si difficile de démêler. Des *Opici*, des *Osci*, des *Aufones*, et des *Aurunci*. Ils sont tellement confondus, qu'ils n'ont dû être que des noms différens pour le même peuple, ou les territoires de ces peuples ont été étrangement enclavés les uns dans les autres.

Novembre 17.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier, L. iii. C. x. L. iv. C. i, ix p. 1062—1102*. L'auteur examine le détail du pays des *Aufones*, qui devint dans la suite une partie du nouveau Latium. *Formia* paroît avoir eu l'honneur infame d'être capitale des *Lestrigones*, dans le tems que l'Italie

seas of Greece and Italy. Alexander sent ambassadors, complaining to the Romans of their depredations; and the Romans endeavoured to repress their piracy.—Who was this Alexander? I think he was that king of Epirus, who made war in Italy, and whom the Greek colonies there chose for their general and protector against the barbarians. This office naturally connected him with the Romans. When some writers speak of an embassy sent by the senate to Alexander the Great, they confound the uncle with the nephew. The authority of the ancients, as well as the improbability of the thing itself, convince me that the Romans never had any communication with the conqueror of Asia.

November 16.]—I read Cluverius *Ital. Antiq. L. iii. C. ix. p. 1048—1062*. He speaks of that confusion of the names of nations and tribes, which it is so difficult to unravel. The *Opici*, the *Osci*, the *Aufones*, and *Aurunci*, are so continually confounded, that there must have been different names for the same people, or their territories must have been strangely intermingled.

November 17.]—I read Cluverius, *L. iii. C. x. L. iv. C. i, ix. p. 1062—1102*. The author enters into particulars concerning the country of the *Aufones*, which became afterwards a part of New Latium. *Formia* was distinguished by the infamous honour of being the capital of the *Lestrigones*, at the time when Italy was to the Greeks what the inland parts of America are to us. Homer has rendered this fable interesting.

The

1763.

l'Italie étoit pour les Grecs, ce que l'intérieur de l'Amérique est pour nous. Cette fable est intéressante chez Homère; la découverte d'un pays inconnu, où tous les objets nous étonnent et nous touchent, où la curiosité est aiguillée, et satisfaite à chaque instant, nous procure le plaisir que nous goûtons dans les voyages. Cependant je reprocherois au poète deux traits, dont le peu d'exactitude défigure un peu le tableau. 1. Les *Lestrigones* sont à la fois trop barbares et trop policés. Cependant ils sont Antropophages. Heureusement pour l'espèce humaine cette fureur n'a jamais subsisté que chez les nations dénuées de toute culture, et même parmi ces peuples, l'homme ne devore guères son semblable, qu'il n'y soit poussé par la disette, ou la vengeance. 2. Les *Lestrigones* étoient des géans. Tout devoit y être proportionné, leurs enfans, leurs maisons, et leurs villes. Les espions d'Ulysse traversent cependant le pays; il s'entretiennent avec la fille du roi; ils la suivent sans défiance jusques dans la maison de son père, et ils ne s'effrayent qu'à la vue de la reine des *Lestrigones*. Gulliver a mieux observé les proportions.

Novembre 18.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. iv. C. ii. p. 1102—1115*. Après avoir déterminé la situation et les bornes de la Campanie, Cluvier décrit les côtes depuis *Sinuessa*: *Vulturnum*, *Liternum*, *Silva Gallinaria*, et *Cumes*. Cette dernière ville lui fournit beaucoup. Sa fondation,

The discovery of an unknown country, where every object surprises and affects us, where curiosity is continually excited, and continually gratified, affords a pleasure similar to that felt in our travels. Yet the poet may be reproached with two incorrect touches, which somewhat disfigure his picture. The *Lestrigones* are either too refined, or too barbarous. They inhabit cities, they have chariots, and hired shepherds. Yet they are men-eaters. Happily for human nature, this ferocity never existed but in nations totally devoid of culture; and even among them man does not devour his fellow-creatures unless driven to this madness by famine or vengeance. 2. The *Lestrigones* were giants. Every thing belonging to them ought to be in due proportion; their children, houses, and cities. Yet Ulysses' spies travel through the country, converse with the king's daughter, and follow her without distrust to her father's palace. Their fears are not mentioned, till they see the queen of the *Lestrigons*, Gulliver was a better observer of proportions.

November 18.]—I read Cluverius *Ital. Antiq. L. iv. C. ii. p. 1102—1115*. After having determined the situation and bounds of Campania, he describes the sea-coast from *Sinuessa*, viz. *Vulturnum*, *Liternum*, *Silva Gallinaria*, and *Cumæ*: This last place is described at great length. Its foundation and power, above all its *Sibyl*, immortalized by Virgil, furnish the geographer with an abundant crop. This last article

fondation, sa puissance, mais surtout sa Sybille, que Virgile a immortalisée, lui fournissent une riche moisson. Ce dernier article me paroît bien traité, sans confusion, mais avec l'abondance qui est naturelle. 1763.

20.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. iv. C. ii. p. 1115—1146*. Il poursuit toujours son dessein, et parcourt les côtes de la Campanie, de *Cumes* jusqu'à *Naples* : petit canton, mais célèbre dans tous les siècles. *Misenum*, *Baia*, *Puteoli*, et les lacs *Avernus* et *Lucrin*, la terreur des premiers Grecs, et les délices des Romains, le rendront toujours plus intéressant.

21.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. iv. C. iii. p. 1146—1164*. Il continue et achève les côtes de la Campanie, de *Naples* jusqu'au promontoire de *Minerve*, qui la sépare du territoire des *Picentini*. *Herculaneum*, *Pompeii*, *Stabia*, et *Surrentum*, sont les principaux endroits qu'il trouve sur la route.

Sur le lieu du sépulcre de Virgile, il y a une diversité d'opinions. St. Jerome et Donat paroissent d'un côté ; mais Cluvier, suivi d'Addison, rejette sans façon leur témoignage, et se fonde sur l'autorité de Stace, pour transporter ce monument à l'autre côté de la ville, et aux pieds du Mont Vésuve. Je préférerois bien avec eux l'autorité de Stace, s'il s'étoit exprimé d'une façon précise ; mais ce poète ne parle qu'en général des rivages *Chalcidiques*, lieux qui avoient éprouvé la colère du Vésuve ;

article is well treated, without confusion, but with his natural copiousness.

20.]—I read Cluverius, L. iv. C. ii. p. 1115—1146. In pursuance of his design, he describes the coast of Campania, from Cumæ to Naples; a small district, famous in all ages. Misenum, Baia, Puteoli, with the lakes Avernus and Lucrinus, the terror of the early Greeks, and the delight of the Romans, will always render this coast highly interesting.

21.]—I read Cluverius Ital. Antiq. L. iv. C. iii. p. 1146—1164. He continues and concludes his account of the coasts of Campania and Naples, to the promontory of Minerva, which separated them from the territory of the Picentini. Herculanum, Pompeii, Stabia, and Surrentum, are the principal places described in his rout.

There are different opinions concerning the place of Virgil's tomb. St. Jerom and Donatus appear on one side; but Cluverius, followed by Mr. Addison, on the other, rejects without ceremony their evidence; and, upon the authority of Statius, transports this monument to the other side of the city, and the foot of Mount Vesuvius. I should with them prefer Statius's information; were it conveyed in precise terms. But this poet speaks in general only of the Chalcidic shores, places which experienced the rage of Vesuvius; and such vague language seems merely to indicate the neighbourhood of Naples. St. Jerom and Donatus, on the

1763. Vesuve, épithètes vagues, et qui ne semblent désigner que les environs de Naples. St. Jerome et Donat nous apprennent que Virgile fut enseveli à deux milles de cette ville sur le grand chemin de Puteoli. Cette description est claire en sans équivoque; elle peut s'accorder avec Stace; elle est soutenue par la tradition du pays. Pourquoi la récuser?

Novembre 22.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. iv. C. iv. p. 1164—1171*. Il y est question des îles qui se trouvoient opposées aux côtes de la Campanie. Les deux plus considérables paroissent des ouvrages avancés, qui gardoient les deux promontoires de la Baye de Naples. L'une s'appelloit *Ænaria* et *Pithecusa*; et l'autre étoit la fameuse *Caprée*.

24.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. iv. C. v. p. 1171—1179*. Après avoir parcouru les côtes et les îles de la Campanie, il passe à l'intérieur des terres. Nous y voyons les champs fertiles de *Falerne* et de *Capoue*, dont le vin et le bled faisoient le revenu le plus assuré de la république, et qui nourrissoient un si grand nombre de citoyens. Les côteaux du Mont *Massicus* bordoient les champs de Falerne. Les anciens ont souvent confondu ces deux crûs. Capoue paroît ensuite; ville orgueilleuse, qui croyoit follement qu'il suffisoit d'être riche, pour oser lutter contre Rome. Les Romains détruisirent la république de Capoue, mais ils épargnèrent la ville. S'ils

ne

the other hand, tell us, that Virgil was buried at the distance of two miles from that city, and on the high road to Puteoli; this account is so clear, that it cannot be mistaken. It may be reconciled with that of Statius, and is justified by the tradition of the country. Why should it be rejected?

November 22.]—I read Cluverius *Ital. Antiq. L. iv. C. iv. p. 1164—1171*. He treats of the isles lying opposite to the coast of Campania. The two largest appear like advanced works, intended to guard the two promontories of the Bay of Naples. The one is called *Ænaria* or *Pithecusa*; the other is the famous *Capree*.

24.]—I read Cluverius, *L. iv. C. v. p. 1171—1179*. After having treated of the coasts and islands of Campania, he proceeds to the inland country. We behold the fertile fields of Falernum and Capua, whose corn and wine formed the surest revenue of the republic, and nourished a vast multitude of citizens. The district of Falernum was bounded by the vineyards of Mount Massicus. The ancients often confounded these two growths. Capua appears next; that proud city, whose inhabitants foolishly thought that their riches would enable them to contend with Rome. The Romans destroyed the republic, but spared the city, and in never re-establishing its political constitution, an event which they always feared, they were guided rather by a concern for the safety of their own government,

ne voulurent jamais y rétablir une constitution politique, qu'ils paroissent toujours redouter, les craintes domestiques y avoient bien plus de part que la politique étrangère. Dans l'affaire de Rullus, Cicéron les a confondus à merveille; il avoit des raisons très sages pour le faire.

Novembre 25.]—J'ai lu *Cluver Ital. Antiq. L. iv. C. vi, vii, viii. p. 1179—1205.* L'auteur décrit tout le reste de la Campanie, le territoire des *Picentins*, et le pays des *Samnites* et des *Hirpini*. Ces deux pays, remplis de montagnes et peu fertiles, étoient presque déserts du tems des Romains. Cette nation n'avoit pu vaincre les Samnites qu'en les exterminant. Florus avoit bien raison. On cherchoit vainement dans ces provinces l'objet de vingt quatre triomphes. Pourquoi faut-il que je trouve encore M. Addison sur mon chemin? mais aussi pourquoi veut-il transporter dans l'Ombrie le lac d'*Ampsanctus*, que Virgile a si bien décrit? Ignoroit-il, méprisoit-il, les autorités de Cicéron et de Pline, qui le placent parmi les *Hirpini*? La Furie ne faisoit-elle pas un choix digne de son caractère, lorsqu'elle se plongeoit dans les eaux d'un lac, qui étoient fatales pour tous ceux qui osoient y entrer?

J'ai achevé le trente unième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y trouve *Le Lucien de MM. Hemsterhuis et Gesner* qu'ils ont accompagné de tous les secours qui peuvent donner du prix à une édition: des manuscrits collationnés;

ment, than by maxims of external policy. Cicero artfully confounds those two objects in his pleadings against Rullus; he had good reasons for so doing.

November 25.]—I read Cluverius *Ital. Antiq. L. iv. C. vi, vii, viii. p. 1179—1205.* The author describes the remainder of Campania, and the territories of the Picentini, Hirpini, and Samnites. These two nations inhabited mountains of little fertility, which were almost deserts, under the Romans; who had conquered the Samnites only by extirpating them. Florus is right. It is impossible to find in these districts objects worthy of twenty-four triumphs. Mr. Addison is again in my way. Why should he place in Umbria lake Ampsanctus, which Virgil had so well described? Was he ignorant of, or did he despise, the passages of Cicero and Pliny which place that lake in the country of Hirpini? The Fury could not make a choice more worthy of her character, than that of plunging into a lake whose waters proved fatal to all who approached them.

I finished the thirty-first volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains *Lucian*, by Messrs. Hemsterhuis and Gesner; accompanied with every help that can render an edition valuable: manuscripts collated, a new translation, and remarks of many of the learned. In speaking of the *Philopatra*, the editors prove that it must have been written under an emperor

1763.

collationnés, une version nouvelle, les observations d'un grand nombre de savans. A l'occasion de *Philopatrie*, ils prouvent qu'il étoit fait sous un empereur de Constantinople, qui permettoit qu'on insultât aux Chrétiens. Cette époque, qui ne convient qu'à Julien, fait tomber toutes les conséquences qu'on a voulu tirer de cet ouvrage. — *Relation d'une Mission faite en Groenland, par M. Egede, en Danois*. Tout y est curieux : l'objet du voyage, assez rare parmi les Protestants, le pays, et ses habitans. La nature y est affreuse ; les animaux y sont rares et petits. Il n'y peut venir que de ces plantes qui viennent à leur maturité pendant un été de deux mois, et qui peuvent supporter un hyver de dix. Au delà du soixante quatrième degré on ne peut pas faire croître le bled ; au soixante cinquième l'esprit de vin gèle. Point de neige ; tout est en vive glace, dont les couleurs différentes égayent la scène au milieu de toutes ces horreurs. Oui, l'homme est naturellement bon : J'en appelle à ces Groenlandois, qui connoissent l'amour au milieu de leurs frimats, mais qui ne connoissent la guerre qu'envers les animaux. Ils sont paresseux, légers, sans malice, et sans vertus. Les Iroquois, qui mangent leurs prisonniers, ont aussi des loix, des idées, des arts ; arts dont les autres sont destitués. Comparé au Groenlandois, l'Iroquois est déjà un homme civilisé. Que j'aime à voir la nature ! — *Théologie des Insectes, par M. Lefner* : très curieuse. — *Lettres du Comte*

emperor of Constantinople, who allowed the Christians to be insulted. This era, being applicable only to Julian, destroys all the consequences which have been deduced from this work. — *Account of a Mission into Greenland, by Mr. Egede, in Danish*. All here is curious : the design of the voyage, uncommon among Protestants ; the country ; and its inhabitants. Nature is clad in terror ; the animals are small and few. No other plants can thrive, excepting those which ripen in a summer of two months, and can bear a winter of ten. Corn will not grow beyond the sixty-fourth degree : beyond the sixty-fifth spirits of wine freeze. There is not even snow ; all is hard ice, whose sparkling colours gladden this scene of horror. Yes ; man is naturally good ; I appeal to these Greenlanders, who are no strangers to love in the midst of their frozen regions, but are strangers to war excepting against the brute creation. They are lazy, inconstant ; exempt from ill-nature, but destitute of great virtues. The Iroquois, who eat their prisoners, have also laws, ideas, and arts ; with which last the Greenlanders are unacquainted. Compared with the Greenlanders, the Iroquois are a civilised nation. How delightful is the contemplation of nature ! — *Theology of Insects, by Mr. Lefner* : very curious. — *Letters of Count d'Esstrades* : highly useful for the history of negotiations, a kind of history almost unknown to antiquity. — *Fourmont's Chinese Grammar*. A striking proof of the superiority of the Europeans.

Comte d'Esstrades : très utile pour l'histoire des négociations qui composent un genre presque inconnu à l'antiquité.—

1763.

Grammaire Chinoise de Fourmont. Quelle preuve de la supériorité des Européens ! On fait des grammaires Chinoises à Paris : en fera-t-on jamais de Françaises à Pekin ; Je doute qu'il y ait des Mandarins qui sachent leur langue d'une manière aussi raisonnée que M. Fourmont.—

Traité des Sens, par M. le Cat. La connoissance des sens touche d'assez près à celle de l'ame, dont ils sont les organes. M. le Cat développe leur construction, leurs fonctions, et leurs objets, avec une pénétration toujours guidée par l'expérience ; il m'a fait un plaisir indicible.—

Histoire universelle, par une Société de Gens de Lettres. Cet extrait roule sur l'histoire des Perses, selon les écrivains Orientaux, que les éditeurs préfèrent sans façon aux Grecs. Beaucoup de savans ont été du même goût, qui me paroît insoutenable. 1. Tout ressent la fable ; point de chronologie ; des erreurs géographiques à chaque instant ; un merveilleux qui fait le fonds de la narration, au lieu d'en être l'accessoire. 2. Il y a dans l'histoire de Perse beaucoup de faits sur lesquels les Grecs n'ont pu se tromper, tels que le tems de l'établissement de cet empire par Cyrus, et les guerres entre les Perses et les Grecs. Les Orientaux ne leur sont cependant pas moins opposés sur ces faits, qu'à l'égard de tous les autres. 3. Je sais que les Grecs ne firent que se montrer en Perse,

Europeans. Chinese grammars are written in Paris : will French grammars ever be written in Pekin ? I am doubtful whether the Mandarins themselves know the principles of their own language as well as Mr. Fourmont.—*A Treatise on the Senses, by Mr. Le Cat*. The knowledge of the senses approaches nearly to that of the soul, of which they are the organs. Mr. Le Cat explains their anatomy, functions, and objects, with penetration always guided by experience. His work has given me a pleasure not to be described.—*The Universal History, by a Society of Men of Letters*. This extract relates to the history of the Persians, according to oriental writers ; whom the editors boldly prefer to the Greek. Many learned men have entertained the same opinion, which appears to me indefensible. 1. In the oriental writers, the characteristics of the fabulous are predominant ; there is no attention to chronology ; geographical errors abound ; and the marvellous forms the essential part of the narrative, instead of being merely an accessory. 2. In the history of Persia, there are many transactions concerning which the Greeks could not be mistaken ; as the time of the establishment of Cyrus' empire, and the wars between the Persians and themselves. But the Persian accounts differ as widely from the Greek, with respect to those matters, as they do with respect to all others. 3. I know that the Greeks only shewed themselves in Persia, and that their eastern subjects lived quietly under their

1763.

Perse, et que leurs sujets vivoient assez tranquilles sous leurs loix. Mais les Parthes, leurs successeurs, nation Scythique, et ennemie des Perses, dont ils méprisoient la mollesse, les tinrent pendant cinq cens ans sous un joug de fer. Une incendie, un fléau passager, détruit rarement les monumens d'une nation; mais un gouvernement dur, où chaque génération du peuple vaincu, est plus abruti que ne l'étoient ses pères, les fait abandonner bientôt aux vers et à la poussière, et la vérité est bientôt étouffée par une tradition fabuleuse. L'histoire des rois Sassanides n'est point sujette à des objections aussi fortes. Elle est mieux liée, plus vraisemblable, et plus conforme aux écrivains d'Occident. Cependant après les conquêtes des Arabes, il s'est écoulé quelque tems, avant que les Perses songeassent à rassembler leurs tradition et leurs monumens.

Novembre 27.]—Le fameux *factum* de Saurin contre Rousseau m'est tombé entre les mains. La singulière affaire! pendant que des guerres et des traités sont presque oubliés, ce procès de quelques particuliers occupe encore la mémoire, et fait agir les passions des hommes au bout de soixante ans. Tout ce que je trouve d'assuré, c'est que ce *factum* de Saurin est un grand morceau de goût et d'éloquence.

their transitory reign. But their successors, the Parthians, a Scythian nation who hated the Persians, whose effeminacy they despised, kept them during five centuries under a yoke of iron. A conflagration, or other transient calamity, rarely destroys the whole monuments of a country; but, under a cruel government, which renders each generation more stupid than the preceding, they crumble into dust, and become a prey to worms; and truth is soon stifled under a weight of fabulous tradition. The history of the dynasty of the Sassanides is less liable to objection. It is better connected, more probable in itself, as well as more conformable to the narratives of European writers. Yet a considerable time elapsed from the Arabian conquest, before the Persians endeavoured to collect their historical monument.

November 27.]—I read Saurin's famous pleading against Rousseau. How singular a business is this! While wars and negotiations are almost forgotten, this dispute between two private individuals is still remembered, and after the lapse of sixty years, still foment party passions. All I can decide is, that this performance of Saurin's is a fine exhibition of taste and eloquence.

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